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APRIL
1940

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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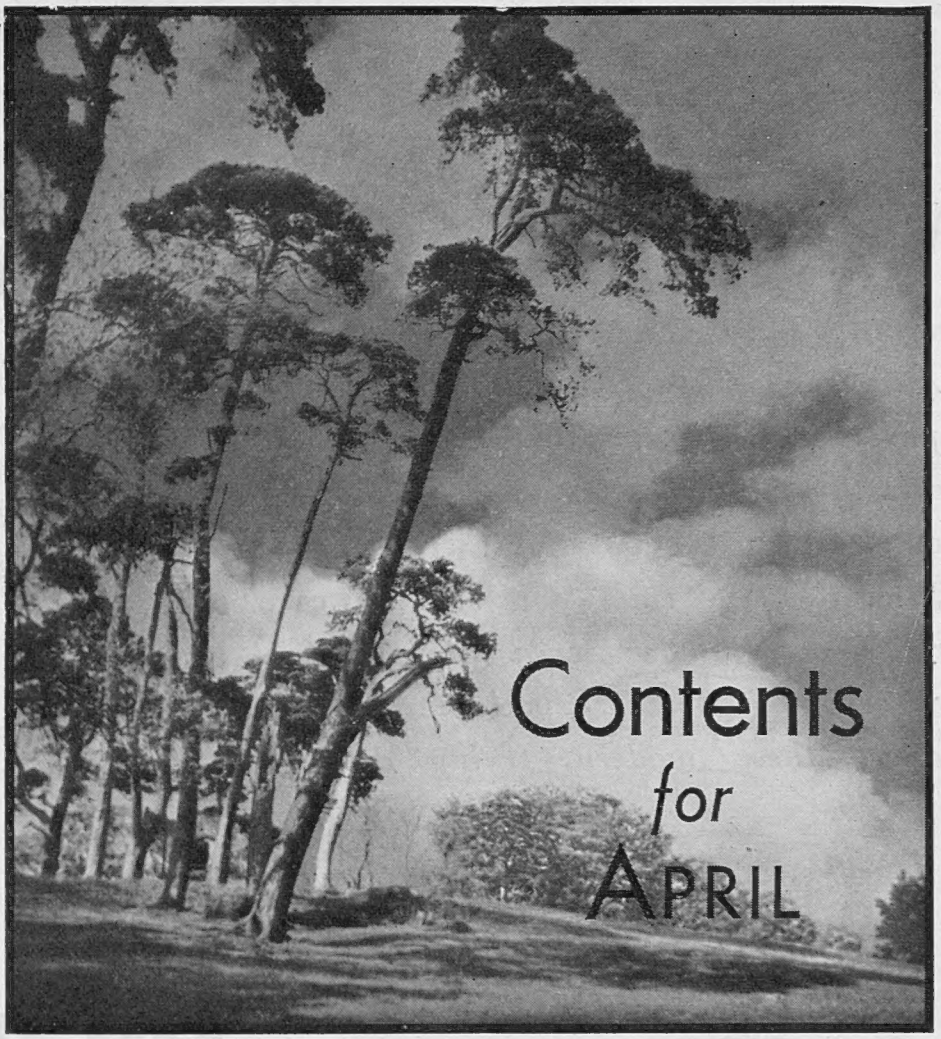

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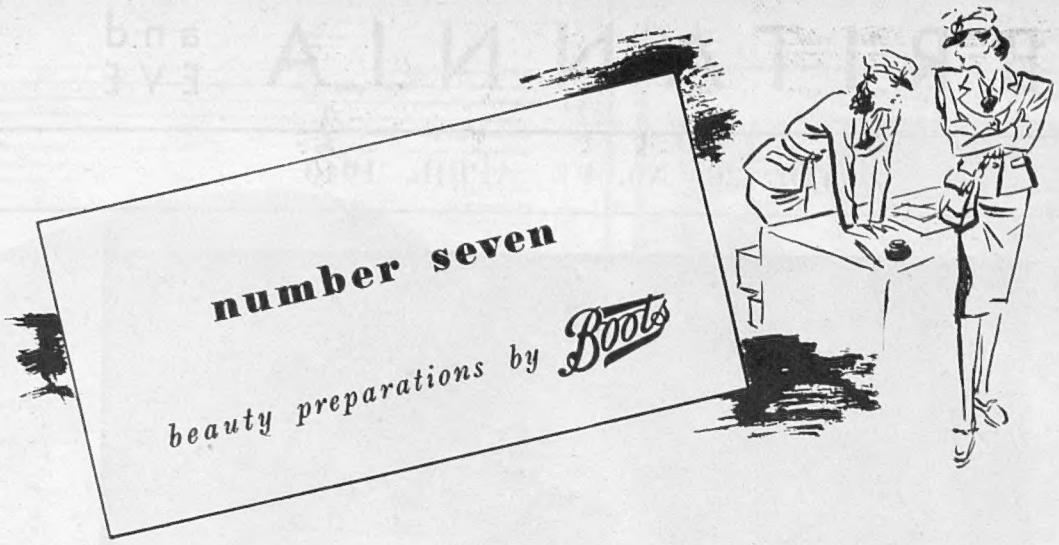
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts. (our war-time emergency address), and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 88. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



Yes, she is working harder since she donned that trim outfit in Air Force blue. And she certainly finds less time for operations at the dressing table! But she still exerts the same charm and glamour that made so many conquests in the old days. Like other girls on service, with little time for studied care of beauty, she relies on Number Seven preparations. They bring fifty years of Boots' experience to help safeguard beauty in these modern, trying days

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Decisive Battles of the World

Julius Caesar Founds the Roman World Empire

Battle of Pharsalus, 48 B.C.

ON the plain of Pharsalus, Julius Cæsar destroyed Pompey and the republican oligarchs; and, brief master of the Roman world, inaugurated those principles of imperial rule whose influence still endures—Britain has adapted them for her empire uses, and Hitler abused them in his technique of dictatorship.

Pharsalus was not one of the text-book battles, a Cannæ, Austerlitz, or Sedan, where the strategy of genius combines with dazzling tactics to produce a brilliant victory. But Roman legion fought Roman legion: and the smaller army won.

Pompey was an aristocrat with a sergeant's mentality in war. His victories against inferior forces called for no intellectual effort. The lands he added to the empire were ripe for the plucking. Bold in war, he was without ideas, and politically inept. When he clashed with Cæsar, he was ageing.

While Pompey was winning wealth and glory in Africa, Spain, Asia Minor, and in the sea war against the East Mediterranean pirates, Cæsar was making himself Rome's most powerful politician. He was leader of the popular party when Pompey returned from the wars, anxious for political power, and legalization of his loot.

There was no one man in Rome who controlled all three essentials of political power: soldiers, votes, and money. But Pompey had the first, Cæsar the second, and Crassus the third. They made a deal in 58 B.C.—not dissimilar to that which Hitler made with magnate Thyssen and Reichswehr General Blomberg in A.D. 1933. Pompey took the Spanish provinces and Rome; Cæsar, Gaul—as much of it as he could hold, or win; and Crassus, Syria and the unconquered East.

Crassus took an army into the wild upper Euphrates Valley, and perished on the field of Carrhæ—a battle which marked for ever the frontier of Roman expansion to the east. Pompey and Cæsar were left alone to struggle for the mastery of Rome, and the supreme political power.

Fearing Cæsar and his popular following, Pompey and the senatorial magnates tried to deprive Cæsar of his Gaulish provinces, and keep him from the promised consular office. But they were rather like von Papen and Schleicher trying to oust Hitler, Goering, and company. Cæsar, during eight years of campaigning in Gaul—he had even crossed the Rhine into Germany, and the Channel into Britain—had secured the loyalty of his legions. He had won gold, and used it to buy political adherences. He had aggrandized himself by skilful propaganda. The hour had struck: and he crossed the Rubicon River, breaking the law which forbade a proconsul to enter Italy with his army.

Taking Ariminum, gateway to Rome, he marched swiftly south, sweeping aside weak resistance. Pompey, under-estimating his opponent, over-sure of his fame, found that forces of resistance to Cæsar did not "rise up . . . wherever I stamp my foot." He force-marched his legions to Brundisium, and escaped by sea to Greece.

CÆSAR, having no ships to follow, returned to Rome, conciliated his influential opponents with pardons, restored order, smashed Pompey's allies in South Gaul and his legions in Spain, and, having gathered ships, crossed the Adriatic in mid-winter to finish Pompey.

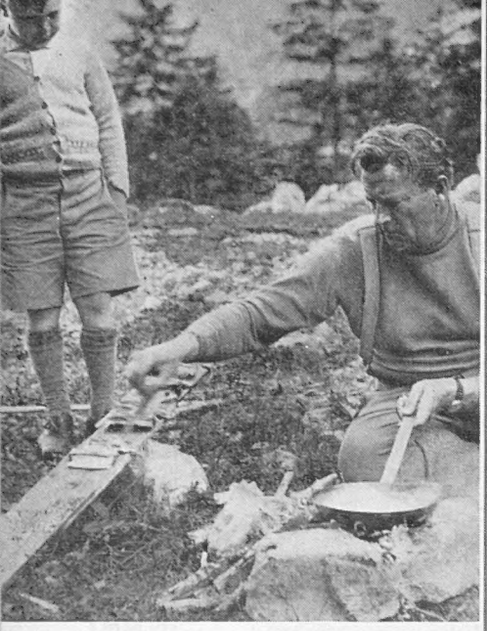
Pompey lay with his army near Dyrrhachium. Cæsar attacked. Pompey's fresh legions repulsed Cæsar's worn and sea-battered men. If Pompey had been Cæsar, the war would have ended there. But Pompey lacked dash, and shirked large risks (that explains his political failure). Cæsar withdrew in good order into Thessaly, and rested his forces.

So the two met again on the field at Pharsalus to put the issue between them to the test of battle. This time it was Pompey who came after Cæsar: as Cæsar, who knew his Pompey, had calculated. Pompey's was the larger army; but even Cicero, his partisan, records: "There was nothing good about them but their cause." Cæsar, lean, hard, indomitable, balanced, had trained his legions in his likeness.

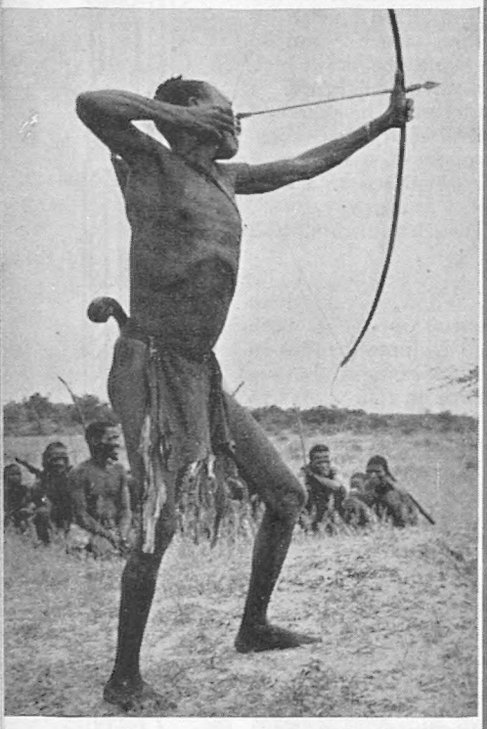
The iron Cæsarian military machine met the eager attacking army, and jolted it back on its heels. Surprise deepened to consternation, optimism changed to fear: the larger army broke, and was routed by a general who knew how to press a victory home. Pompey escaped to Egypt and, when Caesar arrived, was dead, murdered by young Ptolemy's advisers anxious to ingratiate themselves with the new master.

Two more years of warring, one of lawgiving, constitutional reform and imperial organization, and Cæsar too was dead, slain by the daggers of oligarchs who still believed that the dead republic could arise, phœnix-like, from Cæsar's blood.

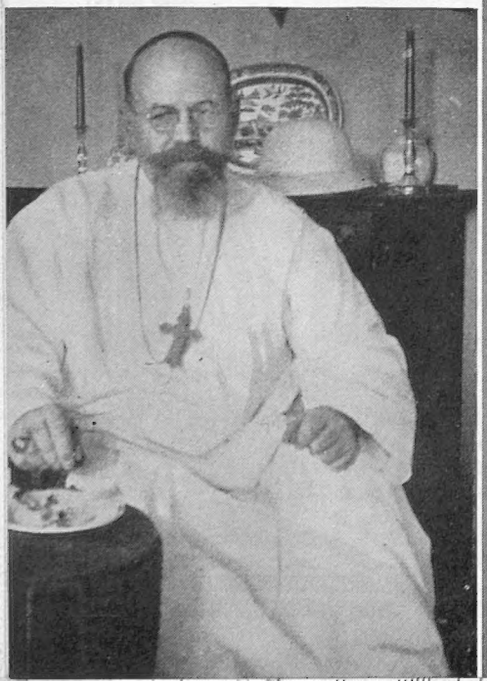
But Cæsar had already buried it at Pharsalus, and sunk the foundations of the first empire.



Simple life in the Balkans. Instructing the young Farson, Dan, how to cook trout—which had just been poached



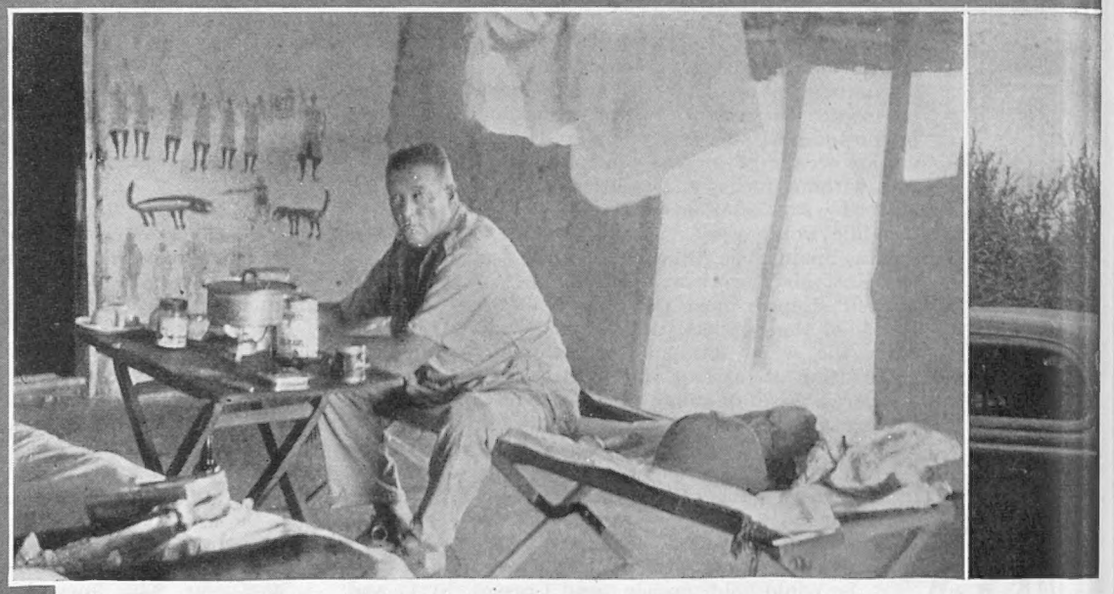
The most primitive liver of all. A bushman of South-West Africa. He lives by bow and poisoned arrow



French priest of the Congo. These White Fathers live lives whose days are filled with the joys of creation, building, with their own hands, churches, hospitals, bridges, monasteries, opening the heathen lands. After ten years in Africa, they must go back, just once, to their homes in France or Belgium—then they return to Africa for ever. These are self-contained lives!

Negley Farson *in this article describes some of his experiments and experiences of*

The Self-



Farson's camp kit in French Equatorial Africa; the trusty belongings he parted with on the Gold Coast. Breakfast is cooking. On the mud walls of this native "guest house" may be seen the effort of a local artist to portray in the native style a leopard hunt. In the background are painted the figures of five natives in French colonial uniform

THE other day I served notice on an old friend that I was coming down to spend a night at his house in the country—and take back all the books I had loaned him. I said, "Also, I think you've got a pair of climbing shoes of mine? They were made for me, in Austria, and they'll be very hard to replace, these days." He retorted, "Why, good lord, they've been there for two years—besides, you'll never be able to climb again!"

"Makes no difference," I said; "I want 'em."

Then, when I got back to my house, I hunted out some old blue flannel shirts I used to wear. *They* might come in handy. And, doing this, I found an old Harris tweed that I had bought from the weaver himself, over in the Hebrides. At one time, I thought I had thrown it away; it was so threadbare. But now, I saw, leather patches could be put over the elbows. I found some old flannel bags, a sweater, and, lo and behold! a perfectly good and forgotten briar pipe.

By the time I had finished I had dug up a complete outfit. And every stitch of clothing in it was redolent with a memory of some sort. Several of the times when, for me, money had been hard to come by. And everything that I possessed seemed to have an added value, then.

"You're worse than a magpie!" said my wife.

"No, I'm not," I answered; "but I've just been undergoing a peculiar emotional experience. It's instinctive. I've been putting on a protective colouring of sorts—against the effects of war, of course. You see, it's not *hoarding*—but I've, quite unconsciously and automatically, been making myself all nice and ship-shape. Now this tweed coat, for instance—that's good for at least another twelve years!"

Well, the upshot of all this was (naturally) that she took a hand in the hunt. When we'd finished, we found, what with one thing or another, we had around us some relics from nearly every year of our married life. Among these were several old books, pocket editions, that I used to carry around, pore over, study, mark favourite passages, write notes in; and then forget, when I had come back from a trip.

They were only 3s. 6d. each. So I found several duplicates which I had bought, of the very favourite ones, rather than, in those carefree days, hunt for the old ones I had left in a coat pocket, or a forgotten trunk. Now I discovered that, with only a couple of

gaps, I had a complete set of Somerset Maugham.

The next day I went down to a shop in Knightsbridge, and bought the missing links. I put them by my bed table, turned in early, and began to read through the entire lot again. Snow banked up against the window; the pipes froze; I couldn't take a bath in the mornings. But, no matter, I began reading again when the maid brought my coffee.

I decided I wouldn't scribble in the new books. They were so smooth and good to handle.

"DO you remember?" I said to my wife, "with what positive ecstasy I used to row down for the mail in British Columbia. The kick that we used to get out of opening that bag—and always a couple of new books."

"Yes," she said, her eyes lighting; "and I always had tea and a Sally Lunn waiting all ready for you."

"We had *appetites* then!"

"Didn't you!"

"It seems almost impossible, now, to know that you and I lived for two years on less than ten pounds a month! *And* with everything that we wanted."

"Everything," she said.

"Hmmmm . . ."

"What?" she said.

"Well, I was just thinking—if we pull in our ears a bit—we could do something of the same thing now. Not ten pounds a month, of course!"

"Not in London."

Still, the idea held meaning. As I looked at the old belongings scattered about me, as I thought of the beastly blackout outside; as I thought of my friends' psychology, I realised that all of us, without actually doing very much thinking about it, were deliberately preparing ourselves to lead circumscribed, extraordinary — for us — self-contained lives. And that we were, all of us, consciously looking forward to getting a great deal of fun out of it.

That, to my way of thinking, is the most significant and praiseworthy characteristic of the English as they enter into this unpopular, dreary war. This calm, yet not even stoical, resolution with which the civilian population faces its daily life. It makes me feel almost sorry for the "pin-money lovelies," who, in this war, will have none of the military bands, the glamour of lighted London, the cafés noisy with officers on leave, the gay, foolish, almost hysterical recklessness of the last war—which, without a doubt, is the last that will ever appear in history with even the slightest veneer of romance.

Flying down from Scandinavia, where, with the exception of the first eight days in London, I had spent the first three months of this war, I was struck by this deliberate calm of the British population. I flew down in an aeroplane whose windows had been painted over; so I might as well have been shipped to England in a packing crate. No transition could have been more abrupt than that between 9.30 a.m., on the rainy 'drome at Copenhagen, until I stepped out into a fresh, cold wind at 3.30 p.m. on the 'drome at Shoreham. No astonishment could have been greater than mine when on the drive to Brighton, on the train, on the dimly lighted London platform—not one cheer did I hear, not one tearful farewell did I witness, not one tap of a drum, and not—after a succession of welcome-home dinners and lunches with various friends—not one word of hate, or national boasting, did I hear.

No one even bothered to say, "I am doing my bit." Yet nearly every one I had known was already doing one thing or another. They had all, automatically, just fallen into line.

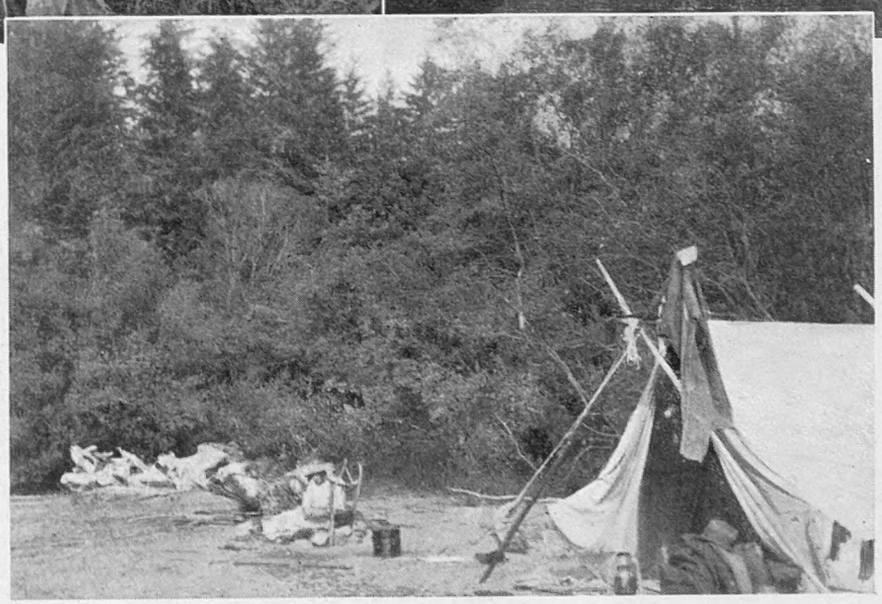
It all gave me the most unforgettable impression of a bored, disgusted, yet deadly determined, national solidarity.

So here we are! (*Continued on page 72*)

Contained Life

On the exact belly of the world, The car, which held all our belongings in Africa, on the Equator. There was a vast idea in that sign-board: northern hemisphere — southern hemisphere. It almost gave us agoraphobia!

The little yawl "Flame," which the author and his wife took from Rotterdam, across Europe, to Sulina on the Black Sea, in the winter and spring of 1924-1925. This picture of local dignitaries was taken off Sistov, in Bulgaria.



Self-containment, in British Columbia. A "pup-tent" at Shaw Creek. The bear, deer and elk plunged through the woods at night. At sunset we cooked the fine rainbow trout, for which that stream is famous, even among the British naval officers on the old China station

Run Rabbit

Friend or enemy? A spy can never be certain—they both lurk in the most unexpected places

By Arthur Mills

"AN unidentified plane crossed the east coast at 6 a.m. this morning, made a wide circle inland, and disappeared out to sea."

That was what the newspapers said. It was not surprising that the plane was unidentified, for not only was the morning dark, there was also a thick ground fog. In fact, conditions were eminently suitable for the arrival of Wilhelm Dussel.

As the parachute neared the ground Dussel braced himself against the impact by clutching the cords above his head. He landed in heather, rolled over a couple of times, jumped to his feet and freed himself from the harness. A small folding spade was attached to the parachute; he fixed the handle and dug a hole in the black heath soil. Having buried the parachute he took a thickly cut sandwich from the pocket of his tweed jacket and munched it while he waited for dawn.

Dawn! he thought. No spy likes that word.

His preparations were as complete as ingenuity could devise. He wore Harris tweed plus fours and jacket. His English was flawless, for he had spoken the language since he was a child; his fair hair, pleasant blue eyes, and cleanly cut features were the normal characteristics of a northern European. He carried a passport stating that his name was George Marshal; it was a beautifully forged document, showing the visas permitting him to embark from Capetown and land in England. Nobody in England knew him by sight for he had never been in the country before.

As the parachute neared the ground, he braced himself against the impact by tightly clutching the cords above his head

The only real risk he ran—it was slight but would be fatal—was of meeting someone from the little Rhodesian town where he had been reared. Any such person would know that he was Wilhelm Dussel, son of old Gustav Dussel, who had come to South Africa from Germany in 1920. They would know too that Wilhelm Dussel junior had gone back to Germany to do his military

At the end of ten minutes he had unlocked the attaché case, photographed the papers inside, replaced them, and relocked it

service in 1937 and never returned to his father's farm.

WHEN day came he set out across the moor, walking in the direction of a line of telegraph posts which he believed marked a road. Coming to the road he proceeded along it till a signpost told him that he was five miles from Scarborough. One town would suit his purpose as well as another. His immediate needs were a suitcase and more clothes. He came into Scarborough at nine, had breakfast at a tea-shop, made his purchases, and proceeded to the railway station. He reached London that same evening, taking a room at an hotel in the St. Pancras district. He had a bath, changed into a lounge suit and ate a good dinner. The night flight, parachute jump, tramp to Scarborough and train journey had made him sleepy; but one more thing had to be done. Leaving the dining-room he crossed the hall to a telephone box and dialled a Victoria number. A woman's voice answered, young and deep toned: "Hullo! Who is there?"

"My name is Marshal. Can I speak to Mr. Hering?"

"My husband has gone out. Can I give him a message?" the voice was not cordial.

"Please tell him I am staying at the St. Pancras Hotel and would be glad if he would let me know when I can see him?"

"Very well, Mr. Marshal."

He heard the receiver being put down. Looking at his watch Dussel saw the time was five minutes past nine. After leaving word with the hall porter where he could be found he went into the reading room and settled in a chair with a paper. At a quarter to ten a page boy came into the room followed by a short stout man.

The page said, "Gentleman to see you, sir," and left the room.

The short stout man advanced. "Mr. Marshal?" he inquired, holding out his hand.

"Yes," Dussel said. "You are Mr. Hering?"

"I am. I was not expecting you so soon," Hering said.

Dussel nodded. "I couldn't give you an exact date."

"I understand." Hering looked keenly at Dussel; he seemed to be waiting for something.

"What would you like to drink?" Dussel asked.

"A whisky and soda, with a slice of lemon, please."

Dussel crossed over to the bell. "One whisky and soda with lemon and a whisky and soda plain," he told the waiter.

Until the drinks came both men seemed uneasy. When the waiter returned carrying a tray Hering took his glass and began to drink; Dussel left

his whisky and soda untouched on the table.

"Aren't you going to drink?" Hering asked.

"I am waiting for your piece of lemon," Dussel answered.

Hering looked round the room; they were alone; he relaxed at once. "All right; now you have identified yourself we can talk."

"What are my orders?" Dussel asked.

Hering took an irritatingly long time choosing a cigarette from his case; he lit the cigarette and took three or four puffs before he spoke. "You are going to be a British officer," he said.

"How do you propose to arrange that?" Dussel asked.

"By providing you with uniform; that is all you will need. Your appearance is British; English is your native tongue; you will say truthfully that you have lived all your life in South Africa which will account for your ignorance of things in this country."

"How did I get my commission?"

"You came from a Colonial cadet corps."

"And my regiment?"

Hering mentioned one of the most famous regiments in the British Army.

"Impossible!" Dussel exclaimed. "I know nothing of their history or customs. I should not last three days before I was found out."

"You won't have to last three days—a few hours at most should be enough. Now listen carefully while I tell you exactly what you are to do."

Dussel listened; when Hering had finished he said: "What about yourself?"

Hering shrugged; "I am a neutral; my papers are in order; nobody will touch me. Why should they interfere with a respectable merchant who has been in the same London office for five years? Naturally it is not advisable that we should be seen together after to-day. When you get to your room to-night you will find a suitcase has arrived; here is the key. In the suitcase you will find everything you require. Now I want to be absolutely sure you understand your instructions. Please repeat in your own words the orders I have given you."

Dussel did so.

"Good," said Hering. "Now I must leave you." He got up. "Do not come with me to the door."

TWO days passed before the telephone call came for which Dussel waited. He listened, acknowledged the order, and put back the receiver. Then he took a key from his pocket, unlocked the suitcase that stood in the corner of his room and took out a khaki uniform. His fingers were steady enough as he fastened the tunic buttons. For just an instant, as he stood before the mirror looking at himself in the uniform, fear came into his eyes. Supposing they got him! A German in England wearing the uniform of a British officer! There could be only one answer to that. Then he straightened himself up. They should not get him.

He looked at his watch. It was time to start. He pulled an ordinary khaki mackintosh over his kit, tucked his cap under his arm, and walked quickly through the hall.

At Victoria he got rid of the mackintosh, leaving it in the cloakroom. He made his way to the barrier, presented his ticket, passed on to the platform and walked slowly down the train. Three carriages in different parts of the train were marked "Reserved." Two parties of people occupied two of the carriages. Just before the train started a man wearing a dark overcoat and black felt hat entered the third reserved compartment. He carried an attaché case fastened by a chain to his wrist.

Dussel made his way down the platform to a news stand; he stood with his back to the train examining a magazine. Behind him he heard doors being slammed, whistles blowing and porters calling to passengers to take their seats. He kept his eyes on the magazine. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw the train beginning to move; he immediately turned and ran towards the reserved compartment in which the man wearing the black hat was sitting. The latter, seeing an officer trying to catch the train, opened the door and helped him in.

Dussel threw himself down on the seat panting. "Thanks—whew! That was close. I was looking at something on the bookstall and only just happened to notice the train was on the move."

"Been on leave?" the man asked, looking at Dussel's regimental badges; he spoke in a pleasant polished voice and had "Government" stamped on him.

"Yes," Dussel said.

"I know some of your fellows," the man mentioned three or four names.

Dussel was wearing a second lieutenant's stars; he said: "I haven't served with that battalion yet; I've only just got my commission. I'm a South African."

The King's Messenger looked interested. "I suppose a lot of you fellows have come over?"

"As many as can; there are plenty waiting."

"They'll all get a chance," said the other, picking up a paper.

Dussel shifted his gas mask to a more comfortable position and leant back in the corner. He looked at the steel chain running from the black attaché case up under the Government official's cuff.

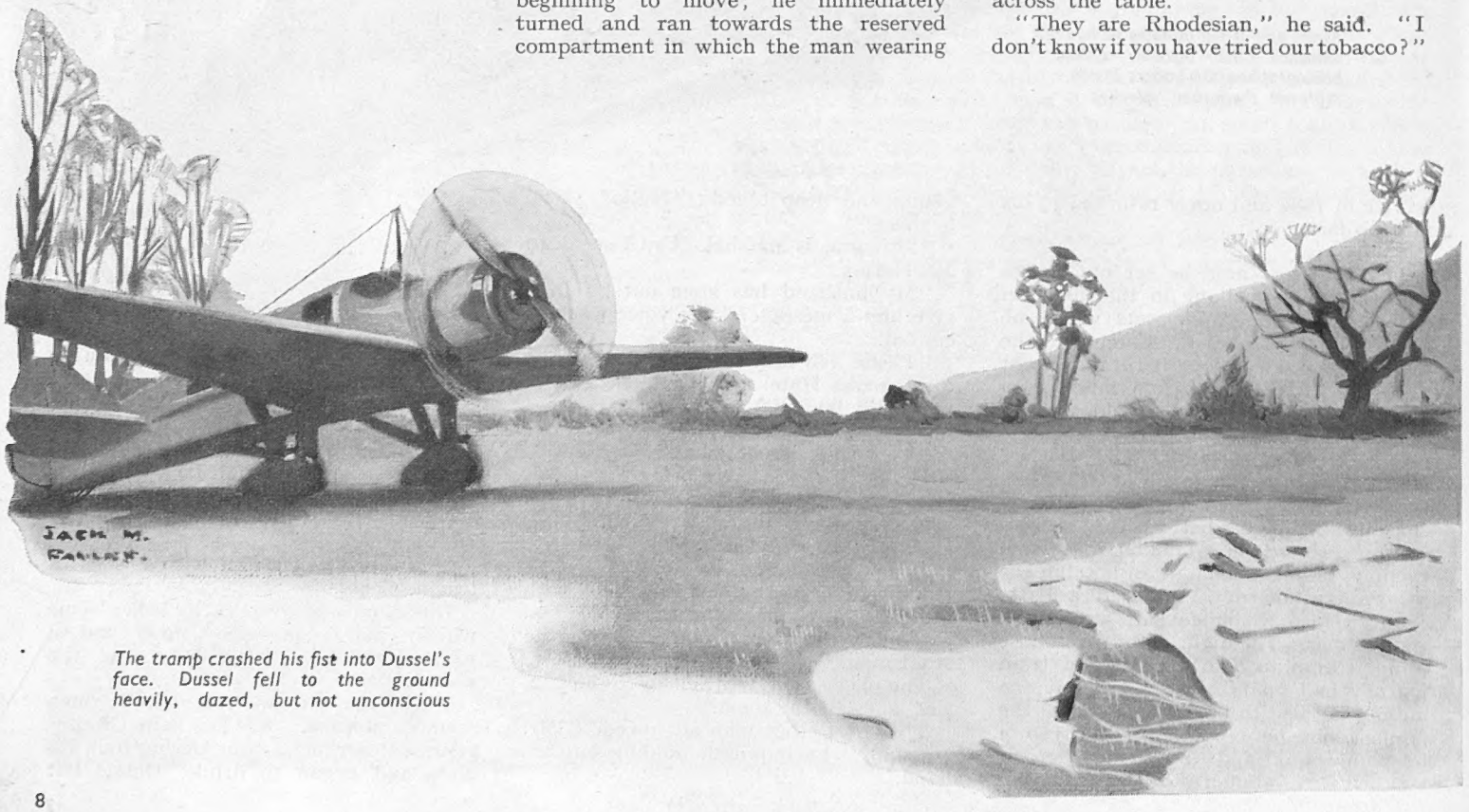
A car attendant came along announcing that the first luncheon was ready. The King's Messenger picked up his attaché case. "Are you having lunch?" he asked Dussel.

"Yes," Dussel said, getting up.

They started along the corridor; Dussel following the other, kept his eyes on the attaché case. It had been left to him to choose his time to operate.

They had luncheon together, the King's Messenger eating a good helping of every course. He was a stoutish man with high colouring and Dussel knew he would have difficulty in not going to sleep when they got back to their carriage. Very possibly he would make no effort to keep awake as he obviously had no suspicions about the young officer he was allowing to share his compartment. When coffee came Dussel took out a cigarette case, opened it and passed it across the table.

"They are Rhodesian," he said. "I don't know if you have tried our tobacco?"



The tramp crashed his fist into Dussel's face. Dussel fell to the ground heavily, dazed, but not unconscious

" Thanks." The K.M. took a cigarette. Dussel held a match for him.

" Funny flavour—rather nice," the K.M. said after a few puffs.

" Our tobacco is quite different from Turkish or Virginian." Dussel turned his wrist and looked at his watch. The time was ten minutes to two ; in another five minutes results should show.

" Shall we go back ? " he said. " I expect they want to lay for the second lunch."

The King's Messenger got up ; he walked steadily along the corridor, Dussel following. When they reached their carriage the K.M. sprawled back in a corner, legs outstretched, but eyes open. The attaché-case lay on the seat beside him, chained to his wrist ; he had smoked two-thirds of the cigarette. Dussel also stretched himself out, watching his companion through nearly-closed eyes. The latter had a final puff of the cigarette, then crushed the end into an ash-tray and closed his eyes.

Dussel allowed a few minutes to pass ; after this he uncrossed his legs, bringing his foot sharply against the K.M.'s leg : the latter did not stir. Dussel kicked him again ; satisfied, he took the stub of the cigarette from the ash-tray and threw it out of the window. He then got up and closed the carriage door leading to the corridor. He hesitated before drawing down the blinds of the three windows looking on to the corridor, finally doing so, as he thought the attention this might cause was a lesser risk than being observed at work by a passenger passing along the train. Having drawn the blinds, he took his suit-case from the rack and got out his tools. At the end of ten minutes he had unlocked the attaché-case, photographed the papers inside, replaced them, and relocked the case. He then put his tools back in his suit-case, let the blinds up, and waited for his companion to wake. The effect of the dope in the cigarette should last about forty minutes. They were due at the coast in a little over an hour.

Everything worked to schedule. After another half-hour the K.M. stirred, yawned, and opened his eyes.

" Whassa time ? " he asked.

" Quarter to three," Dussel said ; " we shall be in soon."

The King's Messenger straightened himself, looking to see if the attaché case was safe on the seat by his side. " I shouldn't have done that if I 'd been alone," he said.

" Done what ? " Dussel asked.

" Gone to sleep ; not supposed to when one 's on duty."

" Are you on duty ? "

The King's Messenger nodded : " Carrying dispatches ; I could not have had you in the carriage if you hadn't been in uniform —matter of fact, not supposed to even then. Regulations are pretty strict when we are carrying the bag." (*Continued on p.* 86)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

SCIENCE BLUE-PRINTS

THE POST-WAR WORLD OF WONDERS

by

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

THE scientists are busy—devising new and more efficient ways of destroying life. Their problems are more complex than those of the first ingenious cave- and tree-dwellers, who found the solution to their problems by sharpening flints, fire-hardening pointed wood stakes, and devising the first sling-shot appliance. For the brains have to reach out now to kill high in the skies, deep under the water, over great distances, and deep in the earth, and beyond thick steel and massive concrete shields.

But the odd thing is that while they ride in the war chariots, they simultaneously blue-print a new Utopia, and sketch the outlines of to-morrow's Golden Age, when the economic disorders which plague our world, and produce the tumours of Nazi-ism and Great Slumps, and the cancer of Bolshevism and wars of aggression, will be assuaged, or removed.

They cannot help gearing themselves to the war machine. It is inevitable—unless our industrial civilisation collapses, five-sixths of the world population perishes, and the survivors return to a pastoral life, and do their fighting with their bare hands.

So there is more good sense in the proposal of Professor Denis Saurat, Principal of the Institut Français, that after the war an international body should take out of the hands of national governments not only all specialised weapons but also all the things that could become weapons, than there is in an English philosopher's demand for a law prohibiting scientists from contributing discoveries to mankind which might be of military use. Earlier, Lord Stamp proposed a twenty-year holiday for science. Our erudite economist-banker, railway president was not contemplating war. He feared the disintegration of capitalist civilisation under the impact of that explosive force, the scientific brain. The brains were making existing things obsolete too fast. The velocity of change had become alarming. The scientists retorted to Lord Stamp by stepping up the gears to super-high, and fitting a blower to their machine. Discovery and invention in the last year of peace, 1939, reached an all-time record.

IT was a physicist, explaining to me the purposes of a giant electric gun (it was for an assault on the atom, not on man), who reminded me that, contrary to popular illusion, war usually accelerates rather than retards progress. Politicians and peoples could organise and spend, in peace as in war, and obtain more results for less money: but they don't, and won't: so there it is.

War develops a sort of astigmatism. Scientists and engineers devise a motor to take big bombers beyond the reach of anti-aircraft guns. It seems a purely military triumph. But look at it beyond the war fog, and one sees civil aviation taking a post-war spurt through big machines capable of flying in the stratosphere or sub-stratosphere, cutting time schedules and costs, and so expanding the aviation services by lower charges.

BEFORE the first world war we lacked an efficient airplane, broadcasting, a method for attacking submarines, a heavy chemical industry, and many other useful things, including votes for women—although some biologists deny that the latter represents progress. After the war, we had all these desirable things.

If the scientists had been as successful in re-shaping human nature, as they were in replacing an outworn world with a new, bigger, and better world, maybe we would not have the present war on our hands.

But it was the same in the old Roman time. Archimedes, in Syracuse, preferred the practice of pure mathematics. His sovereign claimed his talents for war preparations against the menacing Romans, and put the state treasury behind him.

Archimedes formulated the laws of the lever, devised the hydraulic jack, and invented the compound pulley; and turned all into war equipment. We remain indebted to him. No one has since improved on his work.

Britain appeared to be near her end at the close of the exhausting Napoleonic wars. But the three ensuing decades saw a crowd of new industries established, and new wealth replacing war expenditures. Gas lighting, bicycles, carpets, gloves, tinned fish, cheese, envelopes, twine, fire-bricks, felt hats, safety-pins, corks, oil-cloth, paraffin, goloshes, collars, varnish, all belong to this period. Between 1819 and 1840 the typewriter, fountain-pen, deep-sea diving suit, chloroform, and steam shovel were invented.

But the velocity of change was too fast again. "The rapid development of machinery has brought over-production. The nations of the world have over-stocked themselves. . . . The day of large profits is probably past." That looks like a contemporary statement and forecast; but its date is 1890, and its author a distracted U.S. Commissioner of Labour.

He had not been keeping his eye on what the scientists were doing. Otherwise he might have glimpsed emerging from the mists all the things that wiped out naked gas lights, horse-drawn carriages, magic lanterns, tin hip-baths, cotton stockings, and most of the other things, including the feather-cored golf ball, and the view that women were old and finished at forty, which made up the world of our grandfathers.

There were pessimists who, when the first world war flared in 1914, declared that this would halt science and arrest progress for a century. As it turned out, the war had exactly the reverse effect. Half a century of normal progress was short-circuited into the four years during which thirty nations fought history's most confused, muddled, and inconclusive war, and eight million young men died on the battlefields.

The impetus given to aviation and chemistry was gigantic. Cut off from natural supplies, the German chemists solved or broke the back of innumerable problems of production of synthetic substances and substitute material. Surgical technique took a giant leap forward. Alexis Carrel, and his biological chemist, sought and found, in their Rockefeller-financed field hospital in France, the perfect antiseptic.

Few outside the little scientific world dreamed in 1914 that on the other side of that war—whose end no man could guess—lay the marvellous world of radio, air-conditioning, mass-production of cars and motor-coaches for the masses, insulin, dental hygiene, chemical fertiliser, better housing, food, and clothes, national health services, sound-pictures, and vast expansion of industry, population, and the gold and food supply—not to mention the political phenomena of Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler.

We are too apt to let cruelty, fear, war, blind us to the indomitable and indestructible character of man. Every so often he seems to be slipping back; but he always finds toe-holds for an advance that takes him beyond the frontier whence he slipped. There are people who were happier and more secure yesterday than they are to-day: but there never were "good old days" which, measured by the yardstick of achievement and living standards for the people, represent a superior age to the present one.

The outstanding characteristic is change, proceeding at a velocity unequalled at any other time in human history. That is due to material progress which has been greater in the last 150 years than in all the previous thousands of years of recorded and dimly-apprehended human history. But still we have reached only the fringes of to-morrow's world. We still stand on the outer frontiers of practicable achievement.

A thousand million people in Asia live primitive lives, on the edge of hunger, because their territories lack development, and they have inadequate transport, and few machines. Three-fourths of factories even in the highly industrialised western states are obsolete. Owing to ten years of economic depression, railways and plant everywhere are badly (*Continued on p.* 89)

Decoration
by
J. Nicolson, R.O.I.

I was standing on deck talking to the first officer. Just at that moment two men—taking their constitutional—came up on the boat deck

I SUPPOSE most men spend a great part of their lives thinking about women—desirable women. I 've been about the world quite a bit and, one way and another, I suppose I 've been in as many tough spots as most men, probably rather more. The reason is not far to seek. If I have a weakness it is that I am inclined to go a little further in the process of thinking about women—desirable women—than the other fellow. I want to do something about them *if* and *when* I meet them.

I claim, therefore, to have the courage of my convictions. I am also rather pleased with the fact that there are (the Saints be praised !) quite a few eminently desirable women knocking about the world who will probably remember me now and again. These are the ladies who have had the courage of my convictions and I hope they liked 'em when they got 'em.

If you accuse me of being a little tough I would like to point out that the ordinary charming, rather nice, well-bred woman can be as tough as they make 'em once she has made up her mind. Incidentally, if I may try to put over a spot of psychology—it won't take a minute—I would like to point out that it takes a devil of a lot to make a man get really tough . . . but a woman ! Well . . . a woman can turn into an embryo gangster just because they send round the wrong size in gloves when she 's in a hurry.

Thank you for listening. But I had to get that bit off my chest. I always like to feel that I am one of these rather strong, brooding men who can look at a girl and sum her up in one fell swoop, whereas in point of fact I can be taken for a ride just as easily as the next mug.

I WAS sitting at the table over in the corner of the low balcony at The Silver Perroquet eating my dinner.

Coming over on the boat I 'd made up my mind that I would sup there at the first opportunity. *I* thought I was looking rather good. I had on a new suit of evening tails, with shirt, collar, tie and waistcoat, by Jacques of Jermyn Street, and a nice coating of bronze that a man wins by hanging around South African cocktail bars and kidding himself he 's being a frontiersman. When I was drinking my brandy I saw

The Lady takes a Twist

Geralda thought she would get a kick out of an adventure into crookery but it was rather unexpected when she received it

By Peter Cheyney

her arrive. She came in with three other people. I've tried to indicate that I've been around a bit and that I've seen my share of women who've "got something." But this one had everything that any woman *I've* ever seen had got and then a great deal more. She was tall and willowy with that peculiar suppleness that does something even to grandpa. She was a blonde with deep violet eyes, amazingly chiselled features, character in every line of her face and a mouth that would start a definite restlessness in a stone image. She was dressed very simply—but very expensively—in black, and I must add that whoever made that frock had got a lot of ideas about line, and knew just how a frock ought to fit a woman who walked like she did. Do you get me?

I poured myself another glass of *Fine Maison* and listened to the rather swell band begin to play "Wouldn't You Like It, Too!" I thought *you're telling me!* Then I began to be a bit depressed, wondering just how long the war was going to last; just how long it would be before people began to have some money—*real* money—to lose at cards.

Most of the time I was looking at her out of the corner of my eye. This is a process to which I am not usually given. I don't like to admit—even to myself—that a woman is so attractive that I have to keep on looking at her. After a bit I gave it up. I began to feel gloomy — definitely gloomy — and just at this moment the *maître d'hôtel* walked round the balcony, came up to my table, leant over in that charming and confidential manner which *maîtres d'hôtel* acquire, and said:

"*Pardon, m'sieu,* but the lady in black—madame who is sitting with her three friends on the other side of the dance floor—asks permission to come to your table. She desires very particularly to speak to you."

I said certainly. Then I turned on my chair and looked at her. She was smiling at me just as if she'd known me for years. So I smiled back at her just as if I'd known *her* for years. I thought possibly she'd like it that way. Then I went back to my brandy.

After a minute or two she came round. The waiter put a chair for her on the other side of my table. While I was getting to my feet I was able to take a really good look at her. I told you she was a superb woman. I asked her if she'd like some brandy. She said a Benedictine. When it was brought and the waiter had gone she took a little sip and looked at me over the edge of the glass before she put it down.

"All this is very mysterious, isn't it?" she said. "But I won't keep you in doubt for long. May I introduce myself? I am Mrs. Geralda Southwick. You are none other than Mr. Sam Courvoisier. How do you do, Mr. Courvoisier?"

I looked at her and I said:

"How do *you* do, Mrs. Southwick? And may I tell you something?"

She said: "You may tell me anything you like providing that it is something that a nice woman ought to hear."

"It is," I told her. "I want to tell you this. When you came into this place I thought you were the most charming, delightful, beautiful and best-dressed woman I'd ever seen in my life, and how do you like that?"

She said: "Very much! That's the sort of thing I like to hear. And incidentally, I'm very glad to hear it from *you*."

"Oh yes?" I said. "Exactly why?"

I gave her a cigarette and lit it.

"Because it's going to make my job a little easier I think," she said. "You see, I want to talk business with you. I've told my friends at my table that you're an old acquaintance that I haven't seen for years. They'll be quite prepared for me to spend a little time here. Is it in order for me to talk business?"

"Perfectly," I said, "but first of all I should like to know how you knew that I was Sam Courvoisier?"

She looked mysterious. I told you, didn't I, that she had the most glorious eyes?

"*I* came back from Capetown on the *Harlech Castle, too*," she said. "One day I was standing on deck talking to the first officer. Just at that moment two men—taking their constitutional—came up on the boat deck. One of them was tall, slim, good-looking and distinguished, the other rather short and unhappy looking. The first officer saw me looking at

I HAD arranged a fairly secluded table in the corner of the restaurant

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

them and he said: 'You may well be interested in that pair, Mrs. Southwick,' and when I asked him why, he said:

"'That's Sam Courvoisier and Hilary Pyke. Courvoisier is the finest card-sharper that the world has ever seen. He's a wonder. We have been trying to catch him at it for years. We've never succeeded, the main reason being that he's not greedy. He works one of the boats on this line just once a year—only once. But he picks his man and he makes a killing. The other man is Hilary Pyke—who's a fool with too much money and a fondness for gambling. When Pyke got on this boat he had £20,000. Now he has only £5,000. Courvoisier took him for the other £15,000 in the smoke room last night over a game of poker with no less than five people watching them. That man is just too amazing with cards. Nobody knows how he does it'."

I heaved a deep sigh and drank a little more brandy.

"Oh dear," I said, "life is very hard, isn't it?"

She looked at me. There was a great deal of mischief in her eyes.

"Is it, Mr. Courvoisier?" she said. "It seems to me that you find life very easy."

"That's as maybe," I told her, "but you didn't come over here to tell me just *that*, did you?"

"No," she said. "I told you that I came over here to talk business. I want to talk business—*big* business."

I looked at my wrist watch and I told a lie.

I said: "I'd love to, but I can't. I've got an appointment, but what about lunch to-morrow? I'm free then. I'd have lots of time to talk business then. Would you like to lunch?"

"I'd love to," she said. "Where shall we go?"

I made an appointment. We agreed to meet at the cocktail bar at the Savoy at one o'clock next day. Then she and I got up. We said good-night very pleasantly to each other and smiled, and off she went to her friends.

I PUT her into a cab. "Au revoir, Sam," she said. "I think you're sweet. I certainly do like being partners with you," she told me

I sat down, lit another cigarette. I had some more brandy before I went, the idea being that I would drink my own health. I've told you that I'd been feeling rather gloomy. I suppose it must have been the blackout and one or two other things, but I wasn't feeling a bit gloomy now. I was feeling very good. On my way to the cloakroom I took another look at her. I thought she was wonderful.

NOT only was she wonderful, but she was also punctual. Next day she was at the Savoy on the dot, and I discovered that she was one of those women who look just as good in the day as they do at night. Again she was simply but superbly dressed, smiling, perfectly certain of herself.

I had arranged a fairly secluded table in the restaurant. We talked about all sorts of things during lunch—South Africa and places there, people and odd things. I didn't ask her to talk about the business she wanted to discuss. I never believe in getting people to talk before they want to, but when we were having coffee she said:

"Now, Mr. Courvoisier, let you and I get down to brass tacks. I'm going to say to you what I have to say without any frills at all. You are a card-sharper. You are, I understand, supreme in your class. I need your services. I'm prepared to pay for them, and—" she said with a little moué—"I must admit that I'm getting a definite kick out of this adventure into crookery."

I nodded.

"This sounds very interesting," I said. "Go on."

"It's all very simple," she went on. "The position is just this. Six months ago I brought an action against my husband—a divorce action. The divorce was granted. The decree will be made absolute in about five months' time. Now I should explain to you that my husband is a rather peculiar man. He's a gambler, he drinks too much, and is generally very stupid. Also at the moment he decides not to like me very much. I suppose that's natural."

"I think it's most *un*natural," I said.

She threw me a little smile for the delicate compliment that I paid her.

"The point is," she said, "that he has quite a lot of my money at the moment—somewhere about £23,000—and he has an idea that he's going to be revenged on me for divorcing him by getting rid of most of it. He knows perfectly well that when the decree is made absolute the Court will make an order for payment of alimony to me, but he has made up his mind that when that decree is made absolute he's going to be quite broke so that there'll be nothing for me. He's getting rid of every penny he can."

I didn't say anything.

She said: "What are you thinking of?"

I said: "I was thinking that you have a very lovely mouth. And I want to call you Geralda. May I?"

She smiled. The process showed a very swell set of the most exquisite teeth.

"Do, please!" she said. "I should rather like it. And I'll call you Sam. Let's be friends, Sam."

"All right," I said. "So we're friends and I suppose that the next thing you're going to tell me is that I've got to get your husband into a card game and see that he loses plenty?"

She nodded prettily.

"That's very nearly right, Sam," she said. "But not quite. You won't have to worry about getting Arthur into a game—as you call it—because I can arrange all that myself. And I don't want *all* the winnings either. I only want half. After all *the labourer . . .*"

"*. . . is worthy of his hire,*" I finished the saying for her. Then I smoked silently for a few minutes.

"All right," I said. "I'm game. But I think it only fair to tell you that when I leave you this afternoon I shall check up on you. I shall assure myself that you *are* Geralda Southwick and that the other trimmings are also correct."

"But *of course*," she said. "I expected you to do that. That's only business, isn't it? One must be businesslike about a thing like this, mustn't one, Sam?"

I signalled the waiter for my bill.

"There's only one stipulation, Geralda," I said. "I'm not going to talk further business here. Let's go somewhere and dance, and then, while we're having tea, we can discuss details. There's only one thing that's worrying me," I went on, "and that's a matter of technique. You know, my dear, it's all very well to rig a pack of cards and do a little clever dealing and perhaps a spot of sleight-of-hand aboard ship. It's another matter when you're playing with wise guys who are used to gambling for big money and have their wits about them."

She nodded wisely.

"I know," she said. "I've thought about that too. We'll talk about that later. I've got a scheme all prepared."

"The devil you have," I said. "I think you're a pretty cool customer, Geralda. For a nice woman you seem to be a complete little twister."

"Why not?" she asked. "It's my money, isn't it? And who are *you* to talk about twisting, Sam? Think of the dozens of people you've done down over the card table in your lifetime. I'm surprised and ashamed at you—you nasty crook. Really I am!"

"Like hell you are!" I said. "You're taking a twist yourself this time. However, we'll let that go. Let's go somewhere and dance until tea-time."

"All right," she said. She looked at me demurely. "I believe you want to squeeze me," she went on. "I bet you're a first-class dancer and that you know just how to hold a woman and just the right sort of sweet nothings to whisper into her ear while you're dancing. Don't you, Sam?"

"You flatter me," I said. "And even if all those things are true they won't get me any place with *you*. Well—not really. I'm just a poor card-sharper that you've picked up and are employing to do a job of work you want done. When I've done it you'll throw me aside like a broken reed."

She threw me a quick, humorous and utterly delightful glance. (*Contd. on p.* 92

Adventurers

THERE looks out over one of those narrow streets which lie between London's Mansion House and the River Thames the likeness of a little ship in stone.

It is likely enough that not one in a hundred of the daily passers-by, intent as city folk usually are upon their own business, has ever taken the trouble to look at it. This is not a part of the world where people have time to stand and stare at reminders of the past. Most of them, no doubt, are preoccupied with the price of furs; for this is a neighbourhood peculiarly devoted to the sale of pelts of raccoons, mink, musquash, marten, and other fur-bearing animals of the north, and on certain days in the year it is thronged with porters carrying bundles with tails and feet sticking out of them, which contain the raw material of to-morrow's fur coats. It is appropriate enough, therefore, that the likeness of the ketch *Nonsuch*—Zachary Gillam, Master—should survey such activities; since it was she that brought the very first consignment of furs from Hudson Bay to muffle the Restoration dames and courtiers against the cold and to provide the beaver hats which came in with the Stuarts.

The Hudson Bay Company, over the door of whose fur warehouse the little *Nonsuch* thus rides at anchor, is the last survivor of the great trading companies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to which, whatever their faults and shortcomings, the British Commonwealth of nations owes so great a debt. Of "John Company's" almost princely pomp and magnificence, of his fleets, of his armies, nothing lives but the memory. The Royal African Company survives only in a few forgotten castles on the Guinea Coast between the surf and the jungle. The Muscovy Company is an all but forgotten name. But the Canadian housewife buys still, tins of baking powder whose label bears the coat of arms supported by two elks, with a fox above for crest and below the motto *Pro pelle cutem*, the whole surrounded by the sounding title of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay"; and the fur sales of to-day in Garlick Hill are in direct succession from these which took place in Garraway's Coffee House while the second Charles was on the throne.

ONE June morning in 1668, a little group of gentlemen stood on Wapping Old Stairs and hailed a boat to take them on board a vessel lying in the Pool.

They were not the sort of people usually to be met with on the waterside, and it is likely that more than one chance passer-by may have turned to stare after them, and remarked in one of the party a likeness to the Merry Monarch. Rupert, Prince Palatine, whose portrait still hangs in the Hudson's Bay Company's boardroom, was among the most remarkable men of his generation. Soldier, seaman, buccaneer, connoisseur of the arts, and student of science—what man was more likely to respond to the romantic lure of the venture proposed to him and to certain other gentlemen of the court by two French-Canadian pioneers and traders, who, disappointed of the patronage of the French king, came over to England to lay their scheme before the king's cousin.

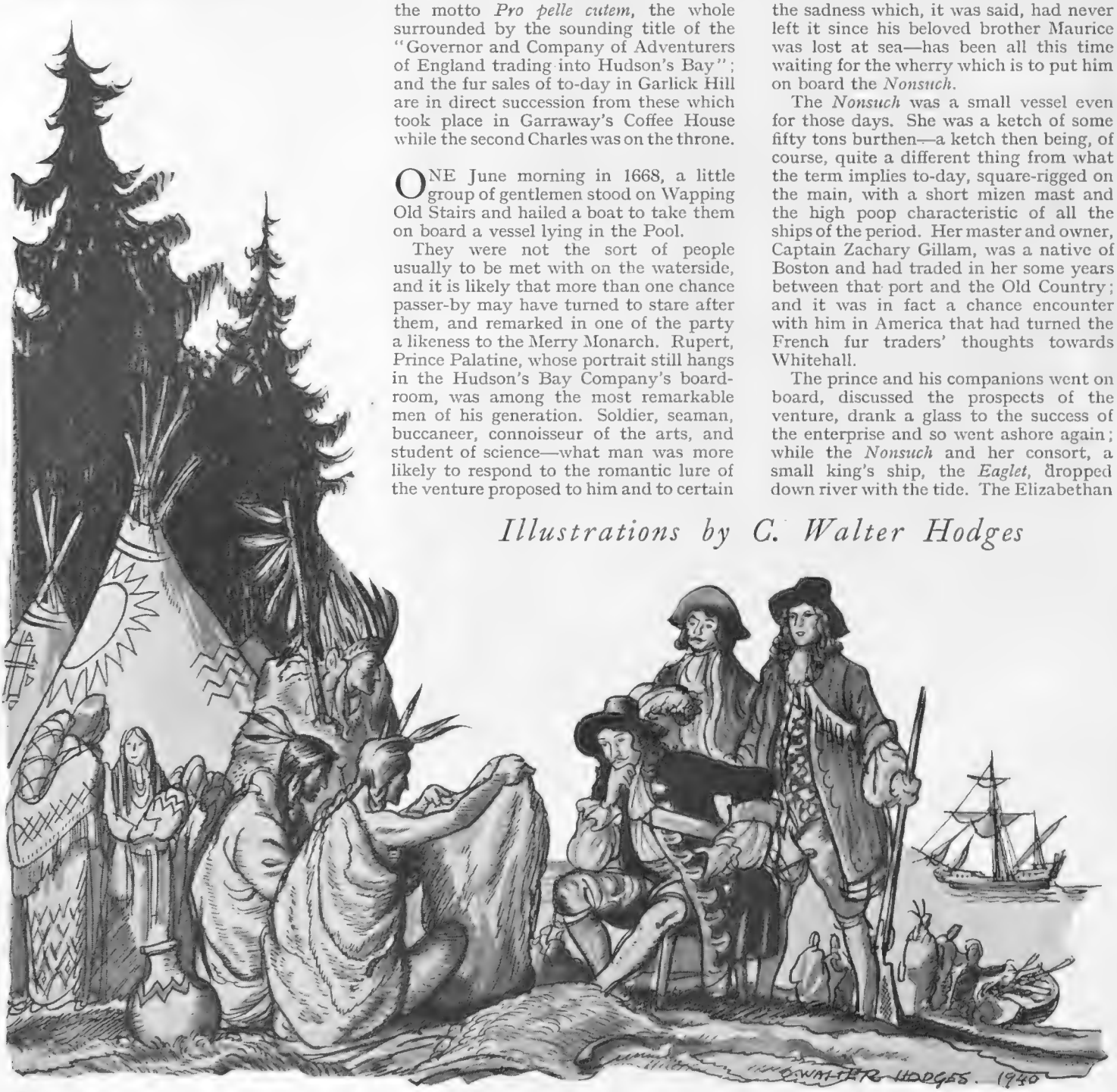
Empires are not to be gathered from every gooseberry bush. But on this occasion, at least, a realm of many a thousand miles may be said to have been acquired in precisely that manner. Medard Chouart, who with his relative Pierre Radisson first brought into the vitiated air of Restoration Whitehall a breath from the virgin spaces of the north, had added to his own name that of "Groseillers," or, being translated, "gooseberry trees." This his new patrons promptly Anglicised, and "Mr. Gooseberry" he henceforth became.

To return, however, to Wapping Old Stairs, where the prince—dark, strong-featured, saturnine, his look marked with the sadness which, it was said, had never left it since his beloved brother Maurice was lost at sea—has been all this time waiting for the wherry which is to put him on board the *Nonsuch*.

The *Nonsuch* was a small vessel even for those days. She was a ketch of some fifty tons burthen—a ketch then being, of course, quite a different thing from what the term implies to-day, square-rigged on the main, with a short mizen mast and the high poop characteristic of all the ships of the period. Her master and owner, Captain Zachary Gillam, was a native of Boston and had traded in her some years between that port and the Old Country; and it was in fact a chance encounter with him in America that had turned the French fur traders' thoughts towards Whitehall.

The prince and his companions went on board, discussed the prospects of the venture, drank a glass to the success of the enterprise and so went ashore again; while the *Nonsuch* and her consort, a small king's ship, the *Eaglet*, dropped down river with the tide. The Elizabethan

Illustrations by C. Walter Hodges



# of England

The Ships of the Hudson Bay Company

By C. Fox Smith

adventurers were wont to sail with a blowing of trumpets and other such romantic accompaniments. There was nothing of the sort on the occasion of the *Nonsuch*'s departure, although her sailing meant the addition of some millions of square miles to the British dominions. In such unspectacular fashion is history often made.

Both the *Nonsuch* and her consort had an uneventful voyage as far as Hudson Strait, where the *Eaglet* suffered damage from bad weather and was compelled to return home. Resolution Isle, near the entrance of the Strait, was sighted on August 4, and for seven days the *Nonsuch* held on her course through the narrow ice-bound channels which are still haunted, according to sailor superstition, by the ghosts of the great Henry Hudson himself and his men, set adrift by mutineers to perish in the bitter Arctic winter. The *Nonsuch* does not appear to have seen any ghosts, though her company sighted some of the live inhabitants of the country bordering the Strait, whom they took to be Eskimos. On September 21 the *Nonsuch* anchored at the mouth of a river to which was given the name of Prince Rupert, and the construction of a fort built of logs and surrounded by a stockade was begun. Four days later, some members of an Indian tribe put in an appearance and began to parley with the newcomers, finally promising to return in a few weeks with what furs they could muster.

By June of the following year a sufficient cargo had been gathered to warrant the *Nonsuch* sailing for home.

HENCEFORWARD each year saw a ship leave Gravesend with a cargo of merchandise suitable for bartering with the Indians for furs, to return in October with the harvest of the season's trafficking. A characteristic inventory of an outgoing vessel includes two hundred brass kettles, two hundred fowling pieces, twelve gross of knives and a thousand hatchets; while flints, fishing nets, looking-glasses, beads, and, of course, tobacco also found a place in most cargoes. The scale of values laid down for these and other items included "a beaver for a great and little hatchet," for "coats for women, laced, six beavers," and two skins for "a looking-glass and comb."

It will be noticed that the beaver—the most charming and intelligent of all fur-bearing animals, and that which, with the seal, has suffered the most for the capricious demands of fashion—is taken as the standard of exchange. "What great events," so runs the familiar tag, "from little causes spring!" It is possible that if the Act of 1638 had never been passed, which prohibited the use of anything but beaver stuff or beaver wool in the manufacture of hats, there might have been no Hudson Bay Company, and the whole history of the North American Continent might have been different.

However that may be, in December, 1671, the first sale of the new company's goods took place at Garraway's Coffee House, which, like the original Lloyd's, was a popular meeting place for the substantial folk of London in the world of fashion and commerce, and saw as many business transactions discussed as cups of Mocha. "On the fifth of December ensuing," ran the announcement, "there will be sold in the Greate Hall of this place 3,000 weight of Beaver Skins, comprised in thirty lotts, belonging to the Honourable the Governor and Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay." A feature of these sales, too, was the refreshment provided for the company; in 1681 the company's records state that "a committee was appointed to provide three dozen bottles of sack and three dozen bottles of claret to be given to buyers at ye sale. Dinner was also bespoken at 'Ye Stillyard' of a good dish of fish, a loyne of veal, two pullets and four ducks."

ALTHOUGH the original purpose of the company was fur trading, its activities soon attained a wider scope. Wars with the French, who then held Quebec, as well as with formidable rivals such as the North-West Company and John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company, loom large in its annals, and abound with incidents which smack more of early Border forays than of the annals of a trading concern. Exploration, too, occupied a conspicuous place in the adventurers' programme, not least that quest for the north-west passage which gleamed like a mirage before the eyes of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century navigator, like the philosopher's stone before those of the medieval alchemist.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the company sent out no less than five expeditions in search of the passage. The *Albany* frigate and the *Discovery*, under the command of Captain James Knight, then eighty years of age, went out in 1719, and failed to return. It was not until nearly half a century had elapsed that a whaling party, visiting Marble Island, found the remains of some log houses and the figurehead of a ship which proved to be that of the vanished *Albany*. Inquiries among the Eskimo confirmed beyond doubt that the whole of the ship's company had perished miserably, probably from scurvy, and that the last (*Continued on page* 75)

Left:
BARTERING merchandise with the Indians for furs

Right:
THE little steamship "Beaver" achieved the distinction of being the first steamship to round the dreaded Horn. The vessel was rigged as a brig and the passage was made under sail

There's History *in* Every Brick

By Harry J. Greenwall

LAMBETH PALACE—the official home since the thirteenth century of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this palace Richard Lovelace was imprisoned, and here too he wrote those famous lines: "Stone walls do not a prison make . . ."

Left: WESTMINSTER HALL, once called "the most wonderful hall in the world." Here was Cromwell installed as Lord Provost in the Coronation Chair. This was the only time the chair has ever been out of Westminster Abbey in a period of over 600 years

SHE came, like her mother before her, to drive an ambulance in a war. She came too with her papers nicely docketed: London (England); Paris (France). She came also with a note to me, asking to be shown the London that was not to be found in American school books. There was another reason, I gathered, for this "stay over" in our city, because way back Poppa had set out from London, his native city, which is also mine.

Well, how does one set about showing a young New Yorker a London that was not in her school books? Once upon a time the "London Gondola," the hansom cab of our youth, was a possibility. Now perhaps the glassed-in top of an omnibus is as good a media as any, and after all, the fussing, strutting steamboats to be found nowadays on the Grand Canal are putting the noses of even the Venetian gondolas out of joint.

In my anxiety to show that the stones of London stood where they did and should, each one practically a tablet on which history is inscribed, I took care that we should both walk as well as ride, and to condense our tour of London into the daylight hours of one day only. We started therefore on Shanks's pony, along the broad boulevard which parallels London's broadest highway: the River Thames. We went Lambeth Palace way, to see the official home of the archbishop. Since the thirteenth century Lambeth Palace has been the official home of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Every stone tells a story. Here is the gate house where the queen of James II took shelter just before her harried flight to France. See, she comes, crossing the Thames by ferry and waiting here while a coach was fetched to take her and her infant son down the river to Gravesend. She comes, well disguised as an Italian washerwoman. Her infant child is swathed to resemble a bundle of dirty linen. She goes, and God speed her.

NUMBER Ten Downing Street, which has been the home of Britain's Prime Ministers since 1735. Sir Robert Walpole was the first tenant

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. The original St. Paul's goes back to the year 1610 when it was a church erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent. Fire has again and again destroyed churches that have been erected on this site

Down in the crypt of the palace it was that Thomas Cranmer extorted from Anne Boleyn, ill-fated wife of Henry VIII, a confession of her guilt, three days before she went to meet her death on the execution block. Here in this very palace Richard Lovelace was imprisoned, and here too he wrote those famous lines: "Stone walls do not a prison make . . ."

Who comes here? What is the shouting and drunken brawling? Why, it is Wat Tyler and his merry rebels burning and destroying the ancient books and charters and then draining the wine casks dry.

Let us shake the kaleidoscope again. 1534. Sir Thomas More, once intimate friend of King Henry VIII, is being examined by Thomas Cromwell, and from here he goes to Westminster Abbey and thence to the Tower. In another cell was Friar Peto who was put there because of a sermon he thought fit to preach before his liege Lord King Henry VIII (once again) at Greenwich; the worthy friar had the misfortune to choose as his subject the marriage of his king with Anne Boleyn.

On we go with another shake of our magic kaleidoscope. It is 1570. The bells are tolling the death of Archbishop Parker, the only archbishop to be buried in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace. Archbishop Parker who served under Queen Elizabeth, was the original "Nosy Parker," called so because of his inquisitiveness into the (*Continued on page* 82)

Magic Eyes *of the* Air

What the aerial camera is doing

By Stanley Jackson

THE Royal Air Force is making ever increasing use of its "eyes." An instructor at the Royal Air Force School of Photography with the intricate camera used when taking pictures over enemy territory

AN R.A.F. photographer using a "hand-held" camera to obtain "oblique" photographs. A front view showing lens and special view finder

Above: R.A.F. photographic apprentices having a lesson in mosaic plotting—joining up the numerous pictures to make a complete plan of the area that has been photographed

A PICTURE taken by the R.A.F. in reconnaissance over Hornum, on the south end of the Island of Sylt. A, Aircraft being towed to large crane (A1) when it will be lifted off water. B, Slipway for launching aircraft. C, Curious camouflage effect. D, "Do 18" flying boat. E, Large hangar. F, Light railway. G, Shelter trench

IT is almost an axiom of military history that those farthest from the line are invariably the keenest advocates of aggressive strategy! In the past few months nothing has irritated these armchair Gorts more than the frequency of our reconnaissance flights over German territory.

"Why don't they bomb the daylight out of these Nazis?" snort the critics with more warlike ardour than a proper understanding of the difficulties involved. To-day, it is sheer suicide for a bombing squadron to set out without the most detailed plans of their objective. Let us briefly examine the kind of opposition that confronts a squad of raiders. In the first place they are up against deadly anti-aircraft guns, fitted with the latest range-finders and sound detectors. Guided by powerful searchlights, crack A.A. units are prepared to ensure a hot reception for enemy bombers.

But an even more important obstacle is the development of camouflage. Few people appreciate the handicap imposed upon a raider who is not equipped with an up-to-the-minute and detailed map of the terrain. Thanks to the use of mechanised divisions, a battalion can change its position overnight. That is one good reason why troop formations have to be constantly photographed and maps kept up to date.

Without fear of contradiction I can state emphatically that only the aerial camera can pierce the traps set by ingenious camoufleurs. More and more has war become a problem of disguise and scenic design! With guns and pill-box emplacements locked in netting; with key factories disguised to look like groups of innocent villas; with aerodromes "doctored" and landing fields transformed into meadows crossed by faked ruts and streams; with gasworks dressed up to look like churches; the unhappy airman inevitably finds his vision confused, as he swoops to make his power-dive.

Under these conditions the army and navy, apart from the R.A.F. bombers, look to our flying cameramen to blaze the trail. The army staff wants to be kept informed of enemy troop concentrations; naval gunners and submarine commanders must be told what tonnage is lying in Nazi bases at a particular time; and the R.A.F. bombers depend upon minute photographs of camouflaged munition dumps and aerodromes.

Day after day, since the war began, our camera patrols have put in thousands of flying hours over enemy territory. Millions of valuable photographs have been taken from heights ranging from (*Continued on page* 99)

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

Trent was insubordinate, but he belonged to that band of flyers whom death could not defeat for

They Live Again

By J. H. Stafford

"WHO the devil's Trent?" The keen, grey eyes of Squadron Leader King lifted from the "Postings" form on his desk and rested inquiringly on his adjutant, Flight Lieutenant Brown. "Another one of Martin's gifts, I suppose. Well, I'm not having it." He searched the "Postings" form again for some clue to the man's identity, but beyond the fact that Flying Officer Trent's service number was quite recent he could glean little. Character, appointment and service details would follow with identity sheet and casualty form later on. Ability he would discover when the man arrived. And Squadron Leader King was far from optimistic.

Any posting from Squadron Leader Martin's squadron was to be accepted with extreme suspicion. Between the two squadrons there existed a keen rivalry that began with the respective C.O.s and extended down through the ranks to the ordinary aircraftmen.

Friendly, as only R.A.F. units can be friendly, there yet existed this frantic struggle for supremacy in hours of serviceability, aerial gunnery (usually with camera guns), formation tactics and any inter-squadron honour, the battle extending even to such minor points as the relative quality of the men's food. But above all else stood pilotage, either individual or formation.

No mother ever fought more eagerly for her young than did the two C.O.s when some new man from the pilots' training pool showed unusual promise, and neither hesitated to present to the other what he considered of no particular value to himself and a handicap to his rival. It will be seen, therefore, that each squadron consisted of pilots of no mean order. Yet despite the efficiency each squadron resembled more a large happy family than a fighting unit.

The crowning blow to the dignity of Squadron Leader King's squadron had been the conversion on the outbreak of hostilities of Martin's squadron to a fighter unit issued with Hawker "Hurricanes" and attached to the Outer Defence Ring, while King's squadron retained their Gloster "Gladiators" and remained an Interceptor Squadron. King would have found it difficult to explain exactly what advantage his rival had gained, or what particular honour attached to the fighter units, but the general impression in the squadron was that a point had been scored against them. King's squadron was sore—very sore. And now this—Martin palming off on to them pilots he hadn't any use for.

"No, Brown," King went on, pushing back the "Postings" form, "I won't have it. I don't care who the man is, or what he is, he can push off back as soon as he gets here. Trent! We know nothing about him. We don't want him. We're up to strength, anyway."

"Suppose we let the fellow get here first," suggested Brown, tolerantly. "We don't know what he's like, yet."

"We can guess. Look at his number, not dry yet. And from Martin with all his love. Somebody with about fifty hours in his log, sluggish on the controls, weak disciplinarian. Why I can almost see . . ." But just what Squadron Leader King could see will never be known for his voice was drowned in the crashing roar of an aero engine a few feet above the roof. The room vibrated with the terrific burst of sound as a machine swept overhead, clearing the orderly room roof by a matter of inches.

"I'M very sorry," Trent said, and for a moment he seemed serious. "I didn't mean to scare any one"

Flying Officer Trent had just arrived.

Squadron leader and adjutant glanced at each other and as the sound rocketed to the sky King demanded: "Who the blazes is that? Why doesn't he come in through the window?"

"He will if he tries that many times," Brown replied. He paused a moment, listening. "That isn't a 'Gladiator'," he said.

"No. Sounds more like a "

"'Hurricane'."

"Yes."

There was a pause while each man listened to the tortured scream of a machine in a full power dive.

"Trent," Brown said at last.

"Yes." King's mouth thinned and his eyes narrowed slightly. "Get hold of him, Brown. Bring him in to me."

But it seemed that Flying Officer Trent was not waiting for the invitation for the roar of his engine grew until it almost seemed to be in the room. Brown glanced instinctively at the window, realised that it was impossible to see out owing to the blackout and the camouflage paint, and followed the roar of sound across the ceiling as the plane flashed past. That Trent was flying very close to the margin was obvious and Brown was anxious to get a glimpse of the performance.

He stood a minute in the open doorway, his eyes on the "Hurricane" five thousand feet above him. And as he watched his eyes opened. Spectacular stunting had long lost its thrill for Flight Lieutenant Brown, but as he watched that spinning, whirling plane a surprised exclamation escaped him.

"By Jove." He moved outside the orderly room to make way for the C.O. and together the two men watched the "Hurricane's" mad whirl to earth. "By Jove!" repeated Brown. "Hell, man, what a spin. He'll never pull her out."

IT was in Squadron Leader King's mind to mention that somebody else would do the pulling out and what they would pull out would be bits of Flying Officer Trent, but at that moment the "Hurricane," whirling down like a giant sycamore seed, suddenly straightened into a vertical dive from which it swept out in a flat pancake so near the ground

that the grass bent in the slipstream.

Not content with this it roared up and over in a perfect loop from ground level and charged like a frenzied beast across the 'drome, its dark spinner dead in line with Brown and the C.O. It says much for the nerves of these two men that neither of them moved by as much as an eyelid although each clenched his hands as though gripping a control column which they itched to pull back and tear that screaming machine into the safety of the upper air.

By now most of the squadron had gathered on the tarmac in small groups and stood staring into the air in awed amazement, for this wasn't flying—it wasn't even stunting; it was living machinery in the hands of a man who was its master, utterly and completely.

Pilots who had seen death cheated a hundred times by mere inches and sometimes even seen death win the gamble, clenched their teeth and waited for the last mad plunge. But they waited in vain.

For ten minutes the squadron stood silent, gazing in numbed horror at the ghastly spectacle of a man hurling himself with brazen audacity to within a split second of sudden death. Stalls at dangerously low altitudes, flick rolls, spins, inverted loops followed each other with startling suddenness, until it really seemed that if the devil himself in a frenzied rage had taken possession of the "Hurricane" he couldn't have given a more staggering, breath-taking exhibition of air-madness.

But among those watchers was one man who realised beyond all doubt that those vicious twists and lightning contortions were neither mere luck nor foolish impulse, but carefully calculated manœuvres timed to perfection and executed with a skill that is rarely seen even in the R.A.F. If Flying Officer Trent had arrived with the intention of impressing his new C.O., then he had certainly succeeded.

At last the "Hurricane," as though wearied of the game, skimmed the tree tops at the far side of the 'drome, taxied across to the hangars with its tail in the air, and swung round without aid into the wind. Not until then did the spell that had fallen on the watchers break. There was a keen admiration in Squadron Leader King's eyes as he turned to his adjutant and said:

"So that's Trent, eh? What do you make of him, Brown?"

"Hell!" said Brown, and King threw him a swift glance. It was unusual for the calm, imperturbable Brown to use such expressions. "My God! But he can fly," Brown continued, his enthusiasm rising with his words. "If he can shoot like he can fly . . . Oh, what a gift." He turned impulsively to the C.O. "Can you see that man in a dog fight? By jove, what a sight." He sighed as though that was the sort of stuff that dreams are made of. Little did either of them think that within a few hours they were to see that dream come true, that even while they stood there the finger of death was reaching out towards the victims.

A half smile flickered across King's face as though he, too, could see that

THE Germans were completely surprised by the swift savagery of that sudden attack

dream, then the smile faded. "Just a minute, Brown," he said. "Martin had him posted to us." He pursed his lips at this sudden recollection. "Martin of all men. This fellow is undoubtedly a brilliant pilot but Martin would know that. Now why should he send him to us? There's something I don't understand about this, Brown." He nodded his head towards the "Hurricane." "Come on, we'll soon find out."

As they approached the little knot of pilots and fitters around the "Hurricane" made way until King was facing his new man. If Trent's performance in the air had impressed King the man himself impressed him even more, for Flying Officer Trent was no chicken. Tall and broad, with the easy poise of a trained athlete, he stood before King eyeing him with a cool confidence, like a man who is quietly, deliberately taking the other's measure. King felt himself hardening before that straight stare. When he spoke it was in the frigid tones of a C.O. addressing one of his pilots.

"Trent?" King asked.

"Yes."

King waited for the customary "sir" and while he waited he fancied he caught an amused twinkle in the depths of Trent's level blue eyes. "Posted from Mr. Martin's squadron?" King said.

"Yes."

Again King waited and again he fancied he saw a quiet amusement in Trent's eyes. Damn it, was the man laughing at him?

"You're speaking to Squadron Leader King, commanding officer of this camp," King said, somewhat sharply.

"How do?" Trent gave the slightest of nods but his eyes now were actually smiling, not with a brazen insolence but rather with the wicked glint of a mischievous boy. Despite his rising anger King found himself liking those eyes.

"Mr. Martin transferred you to me," King repeated. "Why?"

"Guess he didn't like me," Trent replied, simply, and as he spoke his finely shaped mouth slipped easily and naturally into one of the pleasantest smiles King had ever seen. The man possessed charm, King decided, a damnably impudent charm. Obviously a man who was proof against Squadron Leader Martin's violent outbursts; a man who would take all the unreasonable contrariness of which King knew Martin to be capable and return it with a cool smile.

Squadron Leader King felt he was beginning to understand. But he wasn't having that game played with him. He adopted the pose of the parade ground.

"What the devil did you think you were doing when you came in here?" King demanded, abruptly.

The smile faded from Trent's eyes and into them there crept an expression that was not fear, not resentment, but a mild surprise. "Flying," he said, quietly. "Just flying."

"Flying!" King snapped. "You bring away one of Mr. Martin's machines and dump it here where it isn't wanted. You . . ." His voice rose as Trent's gaze wandered to the "Hurricane." "I'm talking to you," King said rather loudly.

Trent turned slowly, deliberately. "I heard you," he said, so quietly that it was almost a rebuke.

King swallowed hard. He began to understand the true quality of Martin's gift. "Instead of coming in the normal way you chose to fly and make a confounded nuisance of yourself when you get here. Tearing about the sky like a drunken novice, a danger to yourself and everybody else."

"I'm very sorry," Trent said, and for a moment he seemed almost serious. "I didn't mean to scare any one."

That word "scare" seemed to hit King. His mouth shut with an almost audible snap and (*Continued on page 70*)

Hair Story

It is doubtful if those who are born with naturally beautiful and healthy hair really know how lucky they are. Because of course they are lucky.

Beautiful hair is so important that once you have it you are sitting pretty before you have even got around to the matter of skin and teeth and figure.

Whatever else is the matter with you, your hair *must* look good. It must be healthy or else your other good points are wasted.

There is plenty you can do about it.

Hairdressing is all important but is, in a sense, the conclusion of the story about hair, the happy ending. The opening chapters are concerned with its health and vitality.

Just like skin, teeth and the brightness of your eyes, hair depends for its beauty and luxuriance upon your general health. Nearly all the defects which get women peering anxiously into the mirror are due to physical or nervous causes and often to sheer neglect.

For a start, the roots of the hair must be nourished by a pure blood stream if they are to flourish. Poisons in the blood show themselves quickly in hair that is too greasy or too dry. Often in dandruff.

So, if you are troubled with either of those look to your general health before applying local aids.

Frequent washing is good for hair. Don't be persuaded that it isn't. Not only does it prevent the sensitive pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with impurities, but shampooing is important as a stimulant to circulation, and good circulation is practically the whole story of shining, healthy hair.

Regular brushing or hand massage will work wonders with tresses that have lost their gloss and vitality. Most of the minor hair complaints react favourably to persevering treatment of this kind. But you must stick at it.

Falling hair is not always a symptom that need give alarm. Hairs which have passed their span of life must be replaced by new, and it is Nature's plan throughout the year to discard the old in order to make way for the new. It is only when this process is excessive and prolonged that there is any need to worry.

When it does happen, regular and prolonged scalp massage is one of the first measures to adopt. If you give yourself a daily massage, do it with the fingertips in a gentle kneading action working from the edges of the hair at the forehead and passing them upwards in a way which moves the skull rather than the hair.

A course of hæmoglobin is advisable since it is well known to bring about a rapid increase in the red corpuscles in the blood. These, in themselves, are vitally essential to good colouring and a luxuriant growth of hair.

Acidity, anæmia, nerve strain as well as hereditary causes can account for premature greyness. The important thing when it occurs, is to resist the temptation to rush for dyes and artificial colourings before you are fully satisfied that the hair has had a fair chance to restore itself naturally.

An iron tonic, nourishing food, plenty of vitamins, and quantities of fresh air and sleep will probably put the trouble right. You also need patience. Grey hairs do not disappear in a night but they disappear unless you have definitely reached advanced years, in which case they probably become you.

Dyes and bleaches are things to be handled with reserve. They can be excellent when the right ones are used, but don't be tempted to use the first bleach or dye that comes along.

Some bleaches have a tendency to dry the hair, that is why you should choose one that has been thoroughly tried out and proved. This applies more especially to home treatments.

Good bleaching, skilfully done, can be repeated again and again almost indefinitely without causing harm to the hair. This applies particularly in the case of a bleach called Hiltone, which employs a non-drastic action, gently removing the unwanted colouring without impairing the structure or elasticity of the hair.

Hair bleached in this way takes a perfect permanent wave which is not the case with a great many bleaches.

This bleach can also be safely used for home treatment.

As to permanent waving, women everywhere are still asking, rather fearfully, "Does it harm the hair?"

The answer is "No," not if you have the right perm.

Permanent waving is a very highly skilled craft. It calls for a scientific knowledge of hair growth and of its reactions to treatment. The system itself should be a perfect one and the operation of it faultless. Only in this way can you have a beautiful and lasting permanent wave without the slightest injury to the hair.

The Eugene system has probably (Continued on page 78)

By Winifred Lewis

The oval of Merle Oberon's face is enhanced by a centre parting and careless feathery ends, making a dark frame

Virginia Grey chooses a sleek tailor-made coiffure, then makes it piquant with a little curl on the forehead

Binnie Barnes sweeps up her sides, wears a black top knot, lets the rest hang low, loose and curly

Here is the Hollywood drip, worn by Lucille Fairbanks, the youngest style in the world, the hardest to keep groomed

The full cheeks, pointed chin, spry head of Lynn Bari are well suited by her short, chic, well-groomed coiffure

Springing waves coming from a centre parting, close sides, make a square line, offsetting Linda Darnell's rather wide jaw

Ina Claire will alter the position of a wave, a curl, but remains ever faithful to a short upward coiffure

A loose wave, a brow twist, casual but carefully placed curls, make a spirited hair style for Rita Johnson

Cecilia Parker wears a cheeky roll on the brow, then brushes the hair straight to meet gently curling ends

The Secret

SHEILA FERNE had married Harry Warren after the war scare of 1938. She had been glad to marry him. She had sung American blues and French chansons in all the best cabarets on the Continent. She had been almost everywhere and seen almost everything. From the decks of luxury liners, crack airways, the windows of the North Star, the Blue Train, the Simplon-Orient Express. A glittering segment of life. The life she had planned for, starved for and truly earned. Diamonds at neck and wrists, mink to keep her warm, orchids at her collar, fame, applause. Entirely paid for by her beautiful, heart-wringing voice, her vivid loveliness, her personal magnetism, her true inimitable art.

When she had fallen in love with Harry she had seemed to him too successful to be approachable. Not at all in need of a man's care. Not likely to tie herself to one man's love. But he had been wrong. Sheila had a very feminine heart. Hungry for love. Outwardly pleased with her success. Inwardly homesick and lonely and a little tired of it all.

Harry Warren was English, too. His occupation was not so glamorous as his thinly handsome, maturely seasoned personality, but it did get him about. He travelled for a London wholesale firm. The Slave of the Lamp, Sheila christened him. He could supply a foreign customer with anything from raw rubber to motor tyres, ivory, myrrh, frankincense, prussic acid, Indian cotton goods, typewriters, motor cars, attar of roses, mousetraps or fountain pens.

She had been singing at the Casanova in Berlin when he insisted on meeting her. He had followed her to Warsaw, to Belgrade, to Sofia and back to Budapest. During that period she had called him The Strange Coincidence. He would never admit he had followed her anywhere. Friendly, attentive, generous, the best of good company, he had worked his way into the innermost core of her heart. He had become as necessary to her as breathing. But he had not spoken of love. It was in Riga that he capitulated. She had been singing her hit song in the night shows along the Baltic beaches through the latter part of the summer. "You don't want to marry me, but you will. You don't know it, but you're in my net. Your indifference doesn't worry me, nor absence chill I don't show it, but I live for you. I'll get you yet."

Maybe the feeling in her voice had got him at last, or maybe he couldn't hold out any longer. He had said, almost resentfully, "Yes, you've got me all right. So now what?"

Sheila's heart had jumped more violently than on the night she had experienced her first accolade of intoxicating applause. But she had said, smilingly nonchalant, "Isn't that up to you?"

He had leaned across the little supper table, his face strangely shadowed by the painted Russian lamp. "I've no right to marry. But I'm so damn lonely for you when you're out of my sight. It'll take me years to tell you how much I love you. I'll die inside if I let you escape me."

"Then why should you, Harry?"

"This gipsy existence of mine. I can give you a home without a husband. Or a husband without a home. It would be the latter because I wouldn't part with you if I got you. Now what is there in that to offer a woman?"

She had said in a low voice, serious now, "You, darling."

Then had come the war scare and Harry had insisted that marriage was now out of the question. He had put her in a plane for Geneva and promised to meet her there later and take her home. He had joined her after the peace of Munich. They had got married there without further argument and lived through the happiest year of their lives.

HARRY'S work had gone on taking him far afield. Sofia, Athens, Bucharest, Istanbul. Sheila had taken engagements easily obtained on her reputation, but no more contracts. It had been fun exploring romantic familiar cities with joy and peace of mind. No more nerve-wracking necessity of guarding against men whose intentions were anything but honest, but whose friendship must be kept. So wonderful a year, so crammed with bright experience and glorious living that Sheila was not surprised when its dreamlike perfection was menaced.

They were in Brussels now and the war not two weeks old. Harry had broken the news that he was a reserve officer in the British Army and had received instructions to report. He was

SHEILA leapt to her feet, reckless with fury. "If either of you dare . . ."

Agent's Wife

In a whim of generosity she gave away a bank-note, little knowing that it held a secret for which men had risked their lives

By Olga L. Rosmanith

heart-breakingly matter-of-fact about it. "You'll stay in the country with my family, Sheila. You'll be a comfort to my mother. While I'm on service you'll be safe."

"I don't want to be safe. I want to be near you."

"Sorry, sweetheart. War is a man's job. No wives in the Maginot Line."

"If only you *are* down there—safe, dry and comfortable."

Harry laughed. There was something new about his laugh that scared Sheila. Harry never showed excitement, but some quality in that laugh communicated the fact that he was thrilled. "I hope I'm not. I'd hate to waste the best years of my life in a hole in the ground."

Sheila caught something of his crusading spirit. A tingle ran through her veins. "If you're a soldier, I'm a soldier's wife. I'm not going into retreat in the safety of the country. I'll join a Red Cross unit and drive an ambulance."

Harry tipped her chin up and looked at her, sleek close-cropped head on one side. "Sheila in a uniform. Stunning! What leaping temperatures among the wounded! They'll think they've died and gone to heaven——"

"Now, Harry, I'm serious. It's half my profession to look uselessly beautiful, but you'd be surprised to know how practical I am as well."

"How true, my little rabbit. I mean, how true I'd be surprised. You're so practical for instance, about your money——"

"Now that, Harry, is the stage. It's in the atmosphere. You have tough times yourself and you don't forget them. They mark your soul. So when other people also have tough times——"

"You think they're as honest as you are when they tell you a hard luck story."

"Sometimes they were, Harry. Now don't let's fight about that!"

He kissed her lingeringly, holding her tightly till her ribs felt bruised, a kiss poignant with danger, the shadow of farewell. Sheila felt the shame of tears rising. She twisted herself free. "Let me pack," she said in a choked voice. "You said you had business to do this morning. Then go, and I'll pack while you're gone."

"No, dear. Get your hat on and come with me. I'll help you pack when we come in. We'll spend every last minute of our time together. Hurry up."

Bright crisp September morning. Dazzling white bales of cloud floating in a high blue sky. Harry and Sheila emerged from the fussy rococo hotel foyer into the Place de Brouckere and walked a few yards to Cooks's. Sheila strolled along to look at the excited crowds reading the bulletins at the Bourse and strolled back while Harry presumably booked tickets and changed money. He was coming out of the office when she returned. There was a stranger with him. A man with a wide face, high cheek bones, small piercing blue eyes and rough tow-coloured hair.

"Sheila, this is an old friend from Sofia, Mr. Davidovitch. We're going to have an aperitif. Over there, see?"

They went into the crowded pavement café. Harry, as usual, captured the last empty table adroitly and ordered the

drinks. Mr. Davidovitch had ceremonious Continental manners and spoke fluent English. He told Sheila he had heard her singing in Sofia and stared at her with respectful admiration. "How do you like Brussels, Mrs. Warren?"

"It amazed me," she answered with enthusiasm. "No slums. Such exquisite parks. So French and lively. It feels like Paris. I hope they don't start dropping bombs here!"

The stranger's face stiffened. "They'll pay for it if they do," he said dourly. Then his voice dropped, and he said something in an unfamiliar foreign language to Harry. Harry understood it, and answered. They ignored her. Their voices were so low that she would hardly have heard them if they had been talking in English. There was plenty to amuse her in the bustling activity of the place and the throngs gathering round the tables, chattering like magpies of the war and their chances of remaining neutral. Funny about Harry. The English were not supposed to be good linguists, yet he seemed to be able to speak like the natives wherever he went. He turned to her now. "We're going to lunch at your favourite hang-out, Sheila. Fresh pêche melba and lobster thermidor. How does that sound to you?"

"The lobster will be swell, Major Warren. But ice cream, no! A Red Cross driver must have a neat figure."

"Then you go across now and reserve a table. I'll join you in a few minutes. For two. Mr. Davidovitch can't come. He has another engagement."

They rose when she left them, and the stranger kissed her hand. They were deep in their whispered conversation again before she left the kerb to dodge through the traffic. She reached the centre island, crossed again and turned down the unimposing side street to the modest entrance of the most expensive restaurant in Brussels. It was early, and there were still three unreserved tables left. Sheila took one and went into the powder-room to pass a little time freshening her make-up and combing her sherry-coloured hair.

Harry was entering the restaurant when she returned to the salon. They sat side by side on a plush divan against the wall. "You've made some kind of a deal with that man, haven't you, Harry? A good one."

"I have—yes. But what made you think so?"

"You're pleased. I can feel it. It's made you happy."

He squeezed her hand tenderly. "I'm glad every one doesn't see through me as easily as you do."

A boy came and filled cut glass goblets with fresh water. A youth presented an enormous basket of rolls and *croissons*. A waiter presented a menu embossed with blue and gold arms as large as a medical diploma. The wine waiter presented the wine list. The head waiter loomed up to see that all was well with them. "We're short-staffed," he mourned. "Our best men are called to the colours."

Sheila giggled when they had melted away. "Too bad the lobster can't appreciate the ceremony."

"Here's to the noble fellow—and to us," said Harry, lifting a glass of pale gold wine.

"And to victory," said Sheila, suddenly moved, lifting hers.

Their eyes met as warmly as a kiss above their clinking glasses. God keep him safe, prayed Sheila. She felt an agony as if the drums of war were beating their tattoo on her heart.

"Don't look like that, Sheila." Harry put down his glass. "I want to remember you happy—mischief in your eyes, dimples of laughter in your cheeks."

The waiter wheeled up a serving table and served the lobsters from a hot plate.

Harry broke a roll when they began to eat. "These I have loved," he quoted. "The strong crust of friendly bread; and many tasting food; rainbows—and you, Sheila, the shiniest rainbow——"

"Oh no, not a rainbow. I'm much more permanent and reliable than that."

"I know it," he said. "We had a glorious year. I hope you're not going to regret it."

"I'm not the kind that regrets. We'll have a glorious future. I hope you're not going to forget it."

Harry laughed tenderly. "You bet your life I'm not. Just thinking of it will sharpen my wits and keep me safe."

The restaurant had filled up with the gourmets and epicures, not afraid of high prices and appreciative of value for their money. Sheila noted two newcomers standing while the harassed head waiter found them a table. They stared fixedly at Harry and then exchanged meaning astounded looks. She stirred a lump of sugar into her coffee. "Look in the mirror opposite, Harry. The dark man in the grey hat jumped when he saw you, as if he'd seen a ghost."

Harry occupied himself lighting a cigarette. "He has seen a ghost, Sheila," he whispered. "Last time he saw me he thought that I was dead."

"My *dear!* What on earth——"

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"Not here—not now. Drink your coffee. Look nonchalant. Don't look their way!"

She felt his hand in the pocket of her tweed jacket. "That's money—take care of it. Now when we get up to go out, one of those men will rise and accost me. I'll have to deal with them. You take leave of me as if you were very little more than a casual acquaintance. Kill two hours at a movie or do a spot of shopping. Then go back to the hotel."

"O.K., major, since I'm under martial law. Sounds like the fifth instalment of a lurid spy serial, if you ask me."

"I'm not asking you. And it isn't the last instalment, so you don't have to worry. Don't change that English money on any account. Have you plenty of Belgian francs?"

"Sure. And I don't want to shop till I get to London. I'll go to a movie."

The dark man rose and barred their way as they moved towards the door. Sheila held out her hand to her husband. "Good-bye, Major Warren. Thanks for the lunch. I enjoyed it."

He shook her hand with equal formality. "Thank *you* for coming. I enjoyed your company."

Sheila walked round the corner into the Place de Brouckere. She looked at the programme boards of the cinema opposite Cooks's and decided against it. She was too restless and excited to pay attention to a movie. She crossed the Place and walked up the Boulevard Adolph Max to Smiths', bought some New York and London newspapers in the doorway, went through the book store and upstairs to the tea-room to read them.

SHEILA held the pencil, her brows knitting with worry. It was so much easier to tell things than put them down on paper

The *Times* disappointed her. It was restrained, dignified and unsatisfactory. It did not confirm any of the wild rumours running through Brussels. The Paris *Daily Mail* had been sold out. The New York papers gave thrilling accounts with telephotos of the invasion of Poland, but the news was more than a week old.

The tea-room was full of chatter, but Sheila distinctly heard a deep sigh right behind her. She looked round. A pale young woman was making calculations with a pencil on the back of the lunch menu. She was biting her lower lip in an effort to control her emotion in public, but slow tears were running down her cheeks.

Sheila forgot instantly all the lectures on caution and discrimination in generosity Harry had almost daily given her. One idea took undisputed possession of her mind. It was her duty to help a fellow traveller in distress. The girl looked American. There was something different in the cut of her clothes. Sheila moved from her table and sat down by the troubled girl. "Forgive me for intruding, but is there anything I can do to help you."

It was by now a commonplace story. The girl was a schoolteacher on holiday from the States. She had been motor coaching through the château country in France when war broke out, and owing to delay in transport she had missed her connexion to Rotterdam and so missed her return ship. She was stranded now to wait her turn for another passage, without money to live on till she could get home.

"My passage will be all right," she added woefully. "They gave my berth to somebody else so they're going to give me another. But there's a waiting list a mile long. I may have to wait till the end of October."

Sheila did not even hesitate. She took out the wad of English money, unfolded it, and counted it. Twelve Bank of England ten-pound notes. "Will ten English pounds be enough? There are nice cheap *pensions* here, clean and comfortable. It would last if you were careful."

"Of course it would be enough. You're incredibly kind. How can I ever thank you? I wonder if I really ought to take it." But she did take it with shaking fingers and put it away in her pocket book. "I'll return it the moment I get home if you'll give me your address. I've a Post Office savings bank account. But I'll have to be there personally to draw the money."

Sheila rose from the table and took leave of the dazzled girl with her lovely twinkling smile. "Send it to Mrs. Henry Warren, care of American Express, London. But there's no hurry. Any time will do."

She was glad to escape from the girl's tearful gratitude. She went to the desk, paid for her untouched tea, went downstairs to the bookshop and out into the Boulevard again. Only three-quarters of an hour had passed. On a side street by the Bourse was a wonderful *patisserie*, famed for its pastries light as air. Sheila had eaten sparingly of the lobster and taken nothing else. She guessed she could manage a cake by now and a cup of their marvellous coffee. That would get rid of another hour, and then she could return to the hotel to satisfy her burning curiosity. Two hours and a half had passed since she left Harry when she walked into the crowded entrance lounge.

She went up in the elevator, ran along the thickly carpeted corridor towards their suite as eager as if it had been a month since she had last seen him. She turned the handle and found the door locked. Tapped on it. Harry's voice called, "Don't disturb me, please. I'm busy."

"But it's me, darling . . . Sheila." She tapped again.

A maid bearing clean linen recognised her, put her pass key in the lock and turned the snib from the outside. Sheila saw at once what was wrong, but it was too late to retreat. The room was filled with blue cigar smoke and the two men who had accosted Harry in (*Continued on page* 76)

CURTAINS

Get out your tape measure and begin looking over your windows. The time for new curtain treatments is round again.

Blackout methods (some far from pretty) have played havoc with the appearance of windows this winter, and now that lighter days and evenings are here they might be improved. Even where light screening has been effectively accomplished it has rarely been made an integral part of curtain treatments. If windows are to look attractive after dark while fully screening the light from outside, both screening and treatment must be planned in unison.

Now, as the hours of darkness grow less and we can dispense with some of the heavier screening that long nights have made essential, new and prettier curtaining will dispose of the gloom these things have encouraged.

How will you have your windows this summer? There is a dazzling choice before you with so many new fabrics of every colour, texture and price to choose from and, above all, with so much lace for window treatments to inspire delicate arrangements.

Lace has been steadily coming back for some time now. There are any number of charming nets, plain and figured, spotted and frilled, made up for use or sold by the yard, which are waiting your pleasure.

Cretonnes, chintz and lace show, so far, very little increase in price and the most charming curtain treatments can be the most inexpensive if you go carefully to work, making the best use of the materials available.

The necessity for interlining for blackout purposes will naturally increase the cost to some small extent, but bear in mind that curtains substantially made with lining and interlining will last almost indefinitely and have better appearance than those of a single thickness of material.

Whatever the material you choose for curtains, line it and put an interlining of black material between the two thicknesses. In this way light will be perfectly screened and the life of the curtains increased.

Fit the curtains well. Take your measurements with care so that the sides and tops are well covered and there are no light chinks.

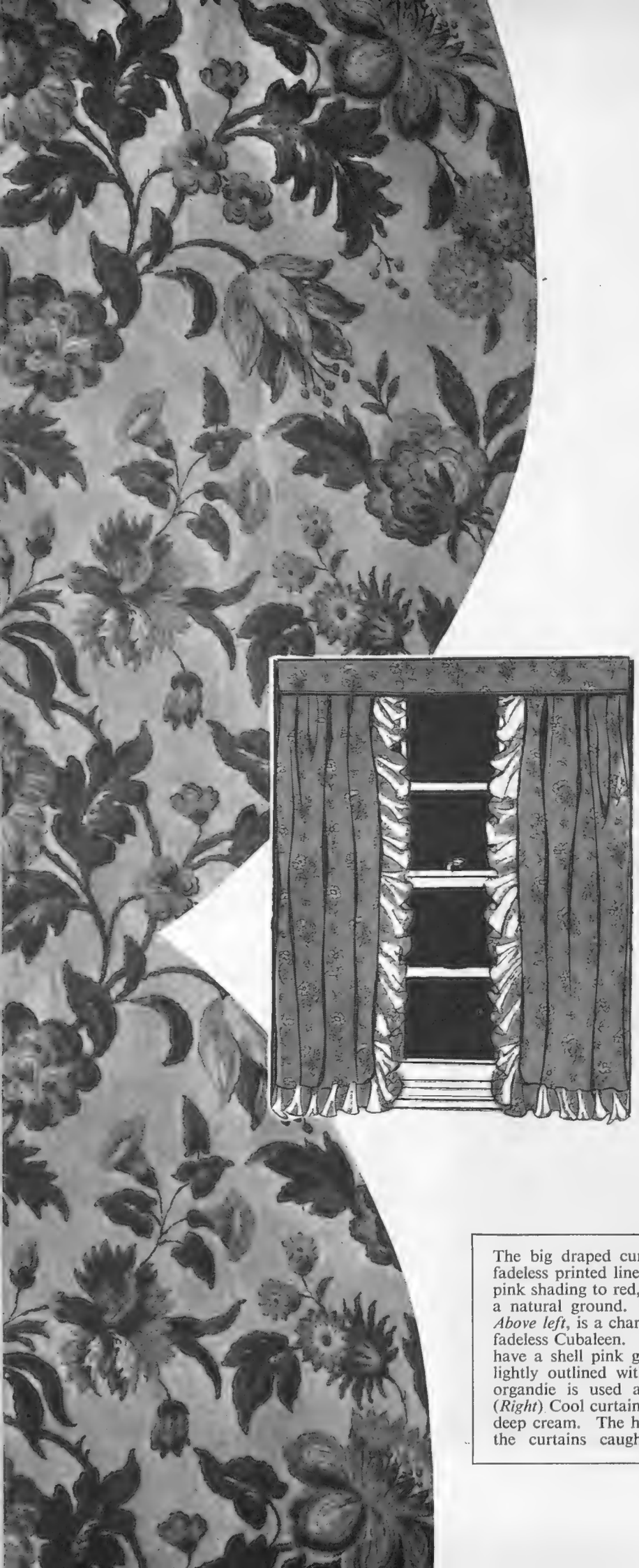
Frilled flounces are extremely popular and in many cases are extended to cretonne and chintz curtains as well as to ninon and net.

A charming treatment for a casement window is to have straight hanging curtains of flowered chintz with a deep frill of furnishing ninon at the edges to match the background colouring of the chintz.

Thus, if the chintz is brown with cream flowers the frill is of brown ninon or organdie. If the curtain has a blue background have a blue frill.

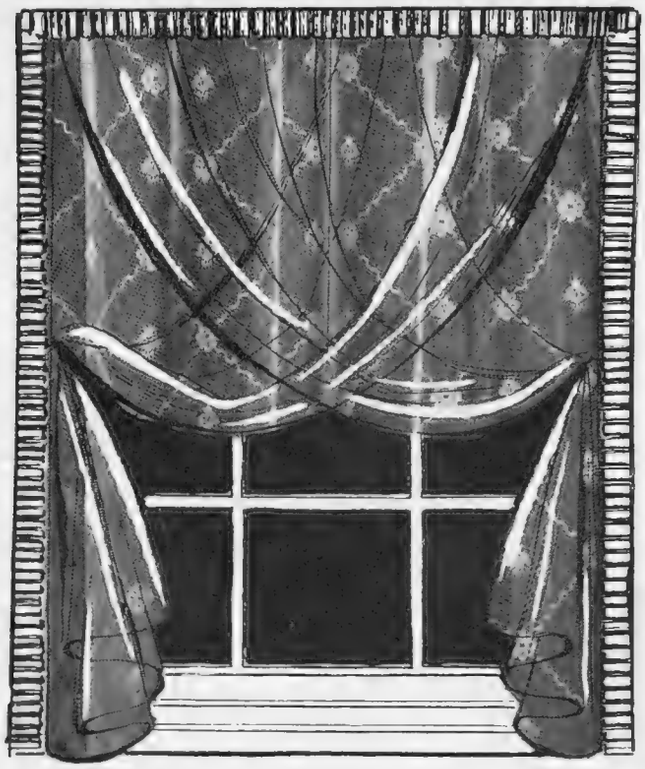
Rosebank Cubaleen is an ace fabric for curtains, and covers too, on account of its charming crispness, its washing qualities and, above all, its inexpensiveness.

This fabric, if you are not already familiar with it, has the crisp glossiness of glazed chintz, with the



The big draped curtain on the left shows a Rosebank fadeless printed linen with glorious colourings of salmon pink shading to red, golden yellow and soft green against a natural ground. Width 31 in.; price 4s. 6d. a yard. *Above left*, is a charming window treatment in Rosebank fadeless Cubaleen. The curtains, which are simply made, have a shell pink ground with delicate flowers in white lightly outlined with brown. A deep edging of frilled organdie is used as finish. Cubaleen 3s. 6d. a yard. (*Right*) Cool curtains for summer of leaf patterned net in deep cream. The heavily scalloped edges are frilled and the curtains caught up with coloured velvet ribbon

GOING UP



difference that in this case the glaze is washable. One of the many very lovely designs made in this material have been photographed on the right of this page.

If we are to have a summer, and we must be due for one, give your windows soft treatments of frilling and lace. They will look cool and light after the blackout.

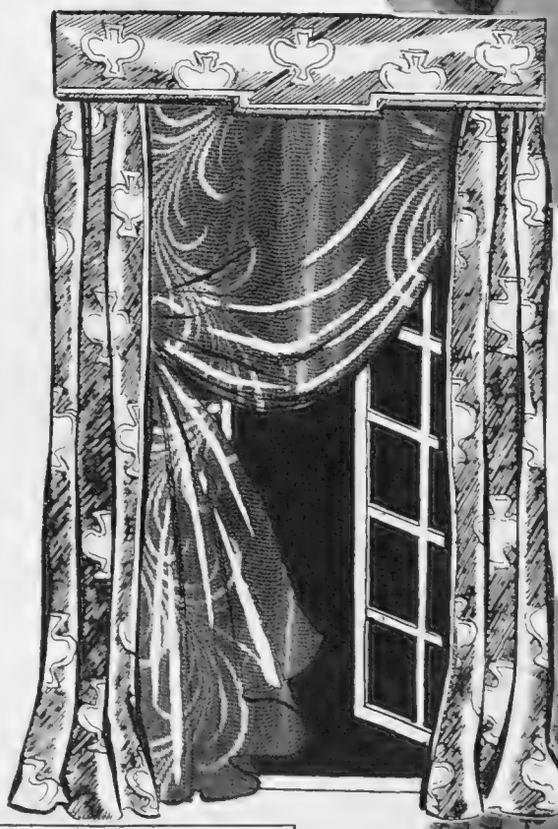
When measuring up for window curtains be generous with material. So many amateur treatments show their defects in skimpiness which saves very little money and utterly ruins the windows.

Curtains that hang in deep folds look twice as beautiful as those with scanty folds and take very little more material. Let them be long enough and wide enough with a good head to conceal rings and railways.

Choose curtain fabrics with careful thought for the proportions of the room. A big flower pattern is quite unsuitable for small casement windows just as small sprig designs are utterly ineffective in a large room.

Good railways improve the hang of curtains and save endless irritation in drawing. Sagging wires and skimped curtain rings are fatal to a well tailored look.

Experiment with spring curtains. Give the new fabrics a chance. They have all the qualities required for making your windows agreeable to live with.



The Rosebank fadeless Cubaleen shown on the extreme right of the page is ideal, both in colouring and in texture, for summer window treatments, and is of lily-of-the-valley design in deep pink, blue and green colouring on a cream ground. Cubaleen has a washable glaze, and is 3s. 6d. a yard. (*Top*) Cross-over figured net curtains are given a charming finish with a box-pleated frill of coloured taffeta mounted on canvas outlining the window frame. The frill dispenses with the need for any other finish and is simple enough for the amateur to make. (*Above*) A feather design distinguishes this cream net draped across a french window under straight curtains of damask

FROM the nearest German observation post all that could be seen of *Numéro Douze* was a green hillock surmounted by the ruins of a farmhouse.

The farmhouse had been pulverised almost to dust. It had been shelled and bombed until it would have been impossible to tell where the original foundations of the walls had been, the shape of the building, or in what direction it had faced.

During the bombardment the poilus on the guard platform—that is to say, the platform directly below the turrets housing the electrically operated machine-guns, the anti-tank guns and the quick-firers—had had an unpleasant time. Despite the enormous thicknesses of earth, cement and steel which were between them and the shells, they had been aware of the rain of thunderbolts as if an army of giants were hammering on the fort with enormous mallets. The place had reverberated and trembled to the explosions. They had to lie on their faces, heads propped on elbows, ears plugged and teeth clenched on corks or handkerchiefs. Nose bleeding, dizziness and headaches had afflicted them. And the claustrophobia inevitable when scores of men are crowded together in a small, airless place had somehow been intensified and made more unbearable by the muffled, earth-shaking thunder overhead.

But the old hands, those who could remember what it had been like to lie out in a worse bombardment with no better protection than a steel helmet, had laughed at the uneasiness of the others. Even while the stupendous shocks made them jerk and gasp they had recalled the infinitely worse terrors of Verdun and had blessed General Maginot—the "Great Burrower."

On the control platform, reached from the guard platform by a series of wide iron ladders, conditions were much pleasanter. For the sake of the delicate instruments kept there, this platform was genuinely shockproof; nothing could be heard or felt no matter how terrific the fire and steel tempest that might lash the fort.

It was always brilliantly illuminated, the lighting being supplied from the giant underground power house ten miles away, which supplied all the forts in that sector. Here were the predictors for the howitzers and quick firers in the turrets above. Here between great triangular piles of polished shells were the ammunition hoists, the periscopes, the range calculators, the searchlight controls, the detectors and the hundred and one other elaborate devices unknown to the artillery man of twenty-five years before.

Winged

Numréo Douze with its complicated electrification was like a submarine, a submarine that had been fossilised in solid rock.

MAJOR DUPONT, the officer in charge of this troglodytic fortress, had his quarters a long way below the control platform. To reach them, he had to drop in a lift past the mess, the men's sleeping quarters, the armoury, the air-pump station and the main ammunition store-room.

At nine o'clock on the night with which this story deals Dupont was in the sitting-room, the furnishing of which he had entrusted to his wife. Psychologists—and they have come into their own in modern warfare—have discovered that too much cement and polished steel are not good for the minds of men. They produce a variation of *le cafard* after a certain time. To counteract this, conditions must be made to appear as normal as possible; hence, the permission granted to both officers and men of the Maginot garrisons to decorate their quarters much as they chose.

Major Dupont, who was stout, white-moustached and genial, was not alone. Also present were Captain Renoir and Lieutenants Zarles and Gontran.

A happy little party. The air was blue with cigar smoke; one partially full and two empty wine bottles were on the table. Major Dupont's fox terrier snored at his master's feet. The talk had slid from war to women and then back to war again.

Naturally, it was Lieutenant Gontran, the youngest of of the party, who had most to say about war.

"To break through the Maginot defences by direct assault is impossible," he declared. "Unless, of course, Hitler decrees that we are to be smothered under the dead bodies of German soldiers. Speaking seriously though, if I were given the task of making a breach, I'd——"

"Not so loud, Gontran my friend," said Zarles. "Old Von Freissler"—he had named the German corps commander whose armies were reputed to be massing opposite that sector—"old Von Freissler may be listening."

"I'd throw a second Siegfried Line west of the Maginot Line," Gontran went on, unheeding. "An impenetrable belt formed by long-range shelling and incessant bombing from the air so that reinforcements and ammunition could no longer reach us. Cut off from all aid and supplies we would ultimately have to surrender."

"Rot!" Zarles said. "Even if it were possible to form the belt you speak of, it would take too long. The Germans aren't like the English who don't mind how long hey wait or how many defeats they suffer so long as they win the last battle. They want a series of spectacular victories to keep them going. As long as they believe they are invincible they are invincible, but they require a fresh proof every week. . . . Don't you agree, sir?"

The elder warrior started from his doze.

"But certainly I do. You are both right. German armies should be kept on the move, and the

ZARLES knelt at the scissors periscope below the steel observation slit

same applies to good wine. . . . Thank you, Renoir. . . . Renoir, did I ever tell you of the little lady who had the flat in Saint Honoré? Her husband——"

"Excuse me a minute," Renoir said.

The telephone from the guard platform had rung. It was Boittreau, the sergeant in charge of the guard, who was speaking. Major Dupont paused with the bottle tilted above his glass to hear what Renoir was saying.

"Tanks? I shouldn't worry, sergeant. They'd never try a massed tank attack without artillery preparation. Besides, consider the state of the Champ de Mars. It's like a sponge. . . .

"What? I should say it was very likely an ammunition train. . . . Or perhaps they are hauling some heavy guns into position. . . . Oh yes, you did quite right to report."

He turned to the major.

"The corporal in charge of a patrol from vedette C.3 has reported hearing sounds as if a considerable force of tanks are being brought up behind ridge 67. Probably what he heard was an ammunition train or some gun tractors. Anyway, it is something to stick in the night report."

"The husband," Major Dupont continued, "was anything except what one might call complaisant. A jealous type. When he learned that his wife. . . ."

LIEUTENANT ZARLES was officer of the watch. Half an hour later he set forth on his rounds.

The lift carried him up to the guard platform where the grizzled Sergeant Boittreau greeted him with the respectful patronage a very old soldier can show to a very young officer.

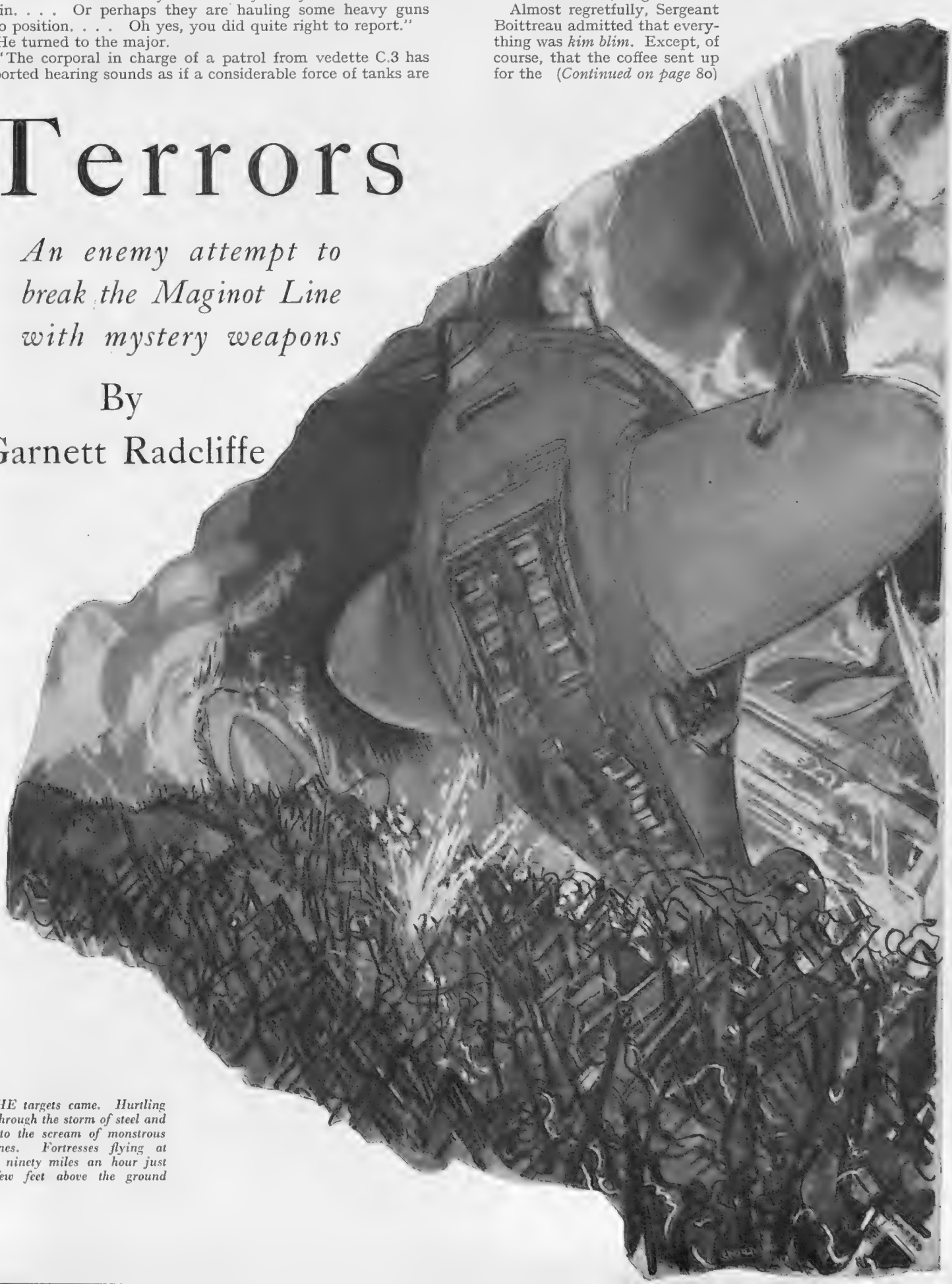
"All *kim blim*, sergeant?" Zarles asked.

Almost regretfully, Sergeant Boittreau admitted that everything was *kim blim*. Except, of course, that the coffee sent up for the (*Continued on page* 80)

Terrors

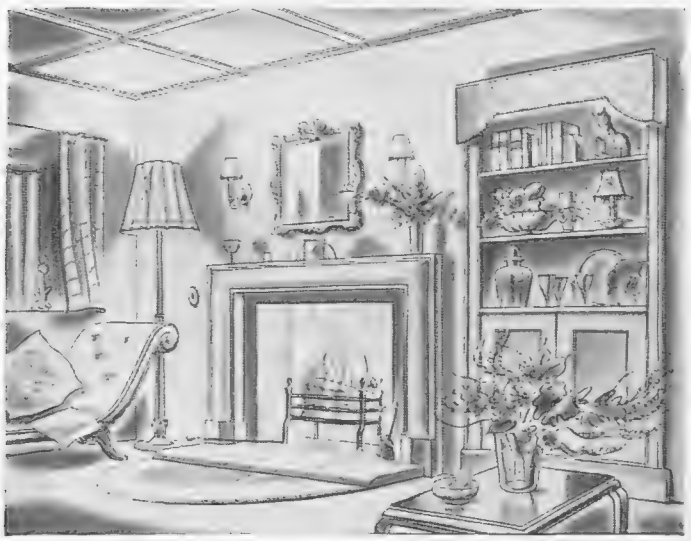
An enemy attempt to break the Maginot Line with mystery weapons

By Garnett Radcliffe

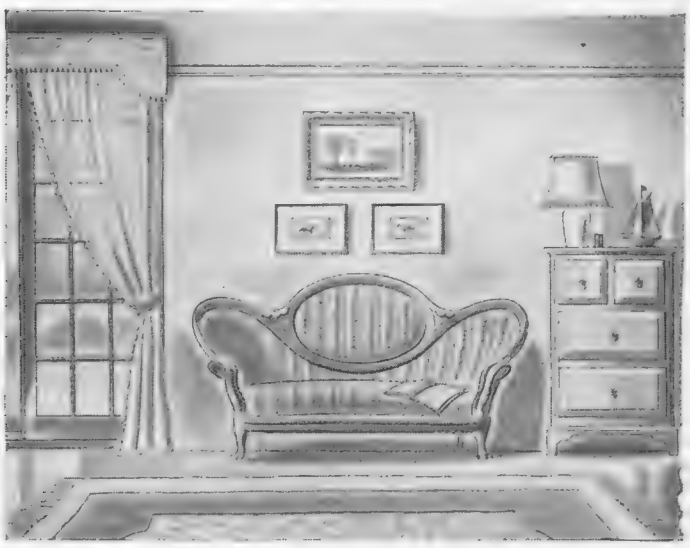


THE targets came. Hurtling through the storm of steel and fire to the scream of monstrous engines. Fortresses flying at over ninety miles an hour just a few feet above the ground

In a small hall, a panel of patterned wallpaper used against a plain wall has a narrow wood beading for surround. A painted wood shelf, rounded and supported by a bracket, holds flowers and candles



The doors of this fireside cupboard have been removed and the interior painted to contrast with the walls. A pelmet, matching the curtains, makes a becoming frame for well-chosen china and glass accessories



Picture grouping is effective as a means of accenting a colour scheme or giving balance to furniture arrangements. This shows the value of a well-thought-out group displayed against an otherwise unrelieved wall space

SPRING TONICS FOR

Like ourselves, our homes are badly in need of a tonic this spring. Depression puts its unhealthy finger upon everything, including our spirits, and even the house has a wearied look, with good reason.

Blackouts that have shut out fresh air to a very great extent; more than usually severe winter weather that has forced us to burn great fires and in other ways to barricade the house against cold, have given a stuffiness to everything and a staleness to the atmosphere of every room. Spring-cleaning will need to be a very thorough business this year.

A clean house is in itself a tonic, so go to your scouring with a good heart and make a more comprehensive business of it than you have ever done.

Spring-cleaning is not the arduous business it once was. The important thing is to have a system and the right materials to work with.

Be on your guard against muddle and avoid spreading confusion over the whole house at once.

Use your Hoover for everything. Dust, sweep and deep cleanse curtains, walls, carpets, beds, inaccessible corners and almost everything cleanable. The Hoover will do it thoroughly, effectually and without fuss or muddle.

Simplify paint washing by using Min cream, which takes the place of soap and water, leaves surfaces unscarred and beautifully glossy, just as Mansion Polish on floors and furniture will do the same, leaving a sleek finish without a single trace of film. Take Ronuk for floorboards and linoleums. This is one of the best polishes for giving good effect with a minimum of labour.

You need change. Fresh and stimulating things about you will give you new heart and why shouldn't you have them?

Economy, naturally enough, will be the ruling factor in all plans for making the house a gayer and easier place to live in through the summer that is coming, but let economy stimulate you to do things yourself.

Inertia is a thing that threatens all of us whose part it is to stay at home and keep up the appearance of normality, but it must be fought.

Get busy. Take an interest in renewing and reconstructing your home. Don't for a moment allow yourself to think that an uncertain future is an excuse for drifting, for just accepting things and not bothering. That is the way to despair and defeatism.

Do things yourself. Look around the house and resolve to do whatever seems to be required and, if necessary, to do it yourself. Don't be timid. Daring is as effective as skill.

While the rooms are dismantled for cleaning, you can do far more, far easier than at any other time. While you are cleaning down a wall, you might be distempering it. Repainting the woodwork is no harder than scrubbing it—and far more interesting.

Give yourself a change. Switch the rooms around, perhaps. Make the living-room into a dining-room and vice versa (if they happen to lend themselves to such a plan). This will give you the best excuse for new arrangements of furniture, for some refreshing colour schemes.

If this is impracticable, some new touches of decoration in rooms that have been swept and garnished for the spring are helpful.

A new system of lighting in the living-room or in your bedroom will give it new interest. It is not a costly business if you go about it sensibly.

We will assume you have a central light. Scrap it, then,

TIRED HOMES

Spring sunshine lights up a colour scheme that has been devised to invigorate a simple sitting-room. The walls are distempered duck-egg blue and off-set by curtains boldly patterned with plum, fuchsia and blue-green. The chair covers are an attractive deep blue-green

and switch over to portable lighting.

Perhaps one extra lighting point, if you are short of them, will be all that you need. That will cost about twenty shillings.

Get your husband or the local handyman to fit a painted bracket in one of the farther corners of the room. Stand an attractive lamp on it. Put another, larger one, on a table or a bureau beside an easy chair. Repaint your lamp standard. Give it a new and striking shade. These minor touches make the world of difference to a room that has grown stale with familiarity.

A good tip for renewing the life of carpet or linoleum, while you are dealing with spring-cleaning, is to fit Linovent. This light and porous underlay will not only benefit the health of the floor-covering but will give it a new resilience and a restful walking surface. It is damp-proof, too.

Do not neglect to fit Linovent under new carpets or linoleums, especially if floorboards are rough and bumpy. Linovent has excellent soundproofing qualities and is especially good in this sense for upstairs rooms.

You can't beat a new colour scheme for turning an old room into a new one. It is a simple or a comprehensive business, whichever way you make it.

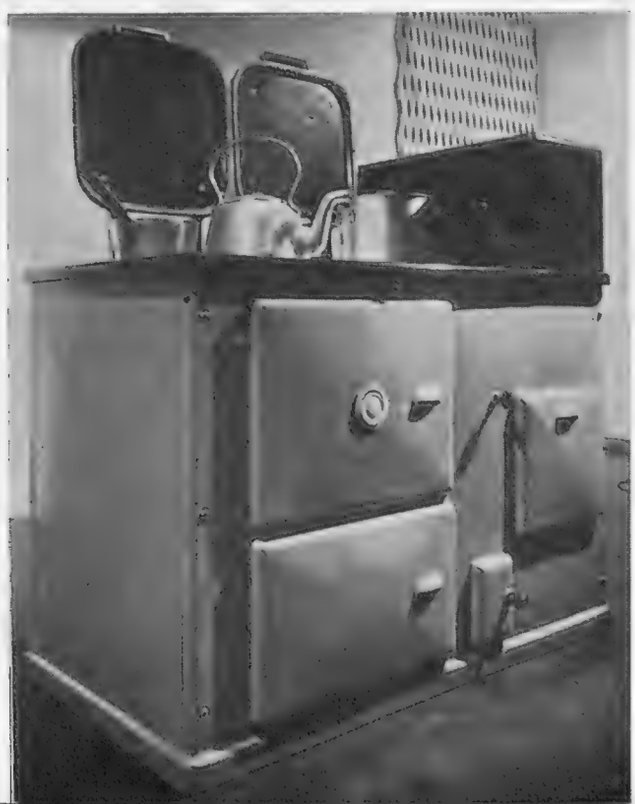
If you want it to be simple, try this way.

Choose a new background colour for the walls. Distemper them if you prefer to cut the cost of professional work. Leave the carpet and (Continued on page 85)

Food and Fuel Economy

Slow combustion heating has been accepted now for a long time as the best and cheapest of modern methods, in fact a slow combustion cooker gives instant and rapid cooking service at any time of the day or night.

Take the A.B. Cooker which we have illustrated. It is a solid fuel which incorporates the very latest scientific cooking developments and, at the same time, ensures day and night hot water service at a combined cost far below anything that has been possible before.



This cooker has no open fire but it keeps the kitchen comfortably warm at all times in the same sense that central heating does. It can be fitted inexpensively and without fuss to any existing water system and involves little or no complication at the time of fitting.

The oven space is large and perfectly adequate for cooking either simple or elaborate meals for from six to ten people. Perfectly balanced heat, combined with scientific temperature control, eliminates the need for watching over the food as it cooks. There is a simmering oven for slow cooking and roomy hot-plates with insulated baffle-plates for conserving this heat when not in use; also an additional feature—a separate oven for warming plates and keeping food hot.

First thing in the morning and last thing at night the cooker is fuelled. Twice only in twenty-four hours. Between times it burns steadily, efficiently, supplying instant facilities for cooking at all hours and with generous quantities of hot water in kitchen and bathroom.

It is estimated that approximately three tons of approved fuel per year is sufficient to maintain the A.B. Cooker in daily service for a whole year with no waste.

Oven temperatures can be increased or decreased at the touch of a knob. Moreover, the maximum temperature is obtainable in a few seconds. The balanced oven heat is a vital point. It means less shrinkage of joints, fuller flavoured food and conserving juices necessary to health.

The porcelain enamel finish makes light of cleaning. You wipe the cooker with a damp cloth and it shines like new. There are no metal parts to rust and no black surfaces.

For those who are thinking of economy and comfort in one unit it is here in a cooker that will burn anthracite, coalite and bituminous coal.

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Trevor Allen

THIS month we can close down for a moment on memories of the sickening bombing and machine-gunning of Spaniards, Poles, Finns and North Sea trawler and lightship men, and salute air folk of another breed.

Miss Amelia Earhart was a lovable skyways girl: first woman to fly the Atlantic, solo pilot from Mexico City to New York, Honolulu to New York. Over two years ago she vanished in the Pacific on a round-the-world attempt.

In "Soaring Wings" (Harrap, 11s.) Mr. George Palmer Putnam, her husband, presents her life as he knew it, not to record events already well known but rather to "capture the spirit which shone through the lesser adventures encountered in her pursuit of happiness."

So we meet her here not only as "Lady Lindy" but as the Atchison, Kansas, girl growing up in a charming middle-class home, as social worker in a Boston settlement, as Counsellor in Careers for Women at Purdue University, as the restless trier whom her father refused to take seriously when she told him she intended learning to fly.

"If you want to try a certain job, try it," she urged her students. "And if you should find that you are the first *woman* to feel an urge in that direction—what does it matter? Feel it and act on it just the same. It may turn out to be fun. And to me fun is the indispensable part of work."

Mr. Putnam discloses that it wasn't only fun when she was chosen to dare the Atlantic with Wilbur Stultz as pilot. There were many delays; Stultz was drinking; nerves were on edge. When the final tempting moment came she virtually dragged him to the plane, though he was in anything but good trim for the ordeal.

"Long afterwards," Mr. Putnam writes, "she told me that the first few minutes of the next hour seemed to her the most dangerous minutes of her life. The *Friendship* was madly taxied down wind to the take-off point at such speed that it rocked and staggered. Fortunately, the stout Fokker survived the roughing, and got somehow into the air."

She had faith that his flying instinct would triumph, once he was in the air. She was a woman of faith and courage. This makes the book, bumpy though it be in layout, a tribute to a remarkable spirit: one which takes rightful place in the annals of pioneer flying.

MR. IGOR L. SIKORSKY'S concern is the building and designing end in "The Story of the Winged-S" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.). This creator of the great Pan-American Clippers had a remarkable dream in 1900 when he was eleven.

He was walking along a passageway with walnut doors, attractive carpet, bluish electric light. He felt under his feet a vibration different from that on steamship or train, and knew he was on board a large flying ship.

In 1931 he took a trial flight on his latest S 40 four-engined *American Clipper*. Walking towards the smoking lounge, he suddenly stopped. There was the passageway of his dream, to the smallest detail: walnut trimmings, bluish light. The feel of the plane, moving smoothly with engines at reduced power, was the same. He had realised his dream.

A Kiev youth, inspired by an early flight of the Wright brothers, he began experimenting with a twin-screw helicopter in an hotel room in Germany, and later went to Paris, met pioneers like Captain Ferber, studied in an aeronautics school, bought a three-cylinder 25-h.p. Anzani engine of the type which subsequently took Bleriot across the Channel, ordered aeroplane parts to his own specifications, returned to Kiev, and began constructing in earnest.

(*Continued on page* 68)

The Book of the Month

"The Swan of Usk." By Helen Ashton, (Collins, 9s.).

MISS ASHTON made a significant novel of the Wordsworths in "William and Dorothy." Her new one portrays seventeenth century Henry Vaughan: poet, physician, mystic dreamer, cavalier, who fought and was wounded in the Civil War.

Vaughan, Oxford scholar, felt the impact of war as we in turn have felt it: "Henry wandered about the streets and gardens through April and May, under the young green leaves of the budding trees, and could settle to nothing. . . . What shall a poet and a scholar do in wartime, but throw away his books, doff his gown and learn to kill his fellows? . . ." Up and down the Marches that summer the young men were drilling in the sun, the old men counting their money, the girls crying, the women mending and making clothes."

The ordeal, the break up of King Charles's armies, left him wan, perplexed: "When he sat within a budding grove heavy with blossom eating his own heart in idleness, he could think of nothing but his dead friends, of the corn cut down while it was yet green and the promise of spring for ever wasted."

But beauty, learning, religion survived. A great new faith rose in him. The Swan sang as never before: "Eternity lay all about him, like a great ring of pure and endless light. . . . His spirit soared up into that ring and found its home there."

Vaughan's story is every sensitive man's odyssey in war, now as then. Miss Ashton tells it in a prose which is clear, serene starlit. We re-live the pike-and-sword epic of Cavalier and Roundhead which fascinated us in childhood, the stirring siege of Raglan, the lost cause ebbing with the wind on bleak Cotswold.

There could be more dialogue, but that might mean less poetry and break the spell. The thing is: Vaughan's spirit lives, suffers, sings in it. It is not a book to gulp, but to linger over and savour in solitude.

Almost I could go into a nursing home—or monastery—solely to re-read it. . . .

Old Tales Re-told

The Last Empress of the French

Eugénie's beauty and high spirits led her to a throne—and to a tragic fall

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

Often she was seen in the streets of Madrid riding a fiery horse, bare-backed, a cigarette between her lips

NOTHING in history has produced so many personal tragedies as the acquisition and the defence of a crown. Rulers, and not only rulers of the distant past, must in a great majority of cases have lived in a state of mind quite foreign to normal, obscure human beings. Edward VII., who mounted one of the surest thrones in history, may have been able to say at an English country house, when asked by his host how he had slept: "Like a king." But our national poet expressed the majority case when he said "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

England, where the succession has been bloodless for over two hundred years, has been the refuge of most crowned heads who have escaped from across the Channel, leaving their royal ermine to be torn to shreds by those who previously acclaimed it.

The central person of our story this month is no exception. From her birth onwards, her star rose continually until she wore an imperial crown; thereafter came the crash, exile in England, and a disillusioned, if calm, old age. The life of this beautiful and high-spirited woman, who was by no means unconscious that the higher you climb the further you fall, began in a way which predicted her meteoric career.

ON a sunny day of May, in a rose-filled garden in Granada, a woman sat peacefully in the shade of an orange-tree, sewing tiny garments for the baby she was expecting. Suddenly a tremor of the earth almost threw her from her chair. At the same time the noise of broken glass and falling objects was heard in all the neighbouring houses, together with the cries of hundreds of people. The lady, in her delicate state, received such a shock that she gave birth prematurely to a daughter.

On the very same day five years before, Napoleon I. had died at St. Helena. This coincidence induced many believers in occult science to think that the man who had set the world rocking was, after death, strong enough to shake it with an earthquake so that the woman who would continue the dynasty should be born on the anniversary of his death. The child, future wife of the last ruling

She had seen from one of the windows a young man crossing the courtyard between two gendarmes

Mrs. Howard (the Countess of Beauregard)

Buonaparte, was born on May 5, 1826, and christened Eugénie.

She grew up strong and healthy despite her premature birth ; and as she matured she developed into an extraordinary beauty. In spite of the rigid education required by the high social standing of the ancient and noble family from which she came, her vivacious nature found many unconventional outlets, or so they were considered by that category of people who at all times have been extraordinarily alarmed by any spark of modernity.

Often she was seen in the streets of Madrid riding a fiery horse, bare-backed, a cigarette between her lips. Many times at the bull fight, enveloped in a gorgeous mantilla, she discarded the characteristic fan as being a feminine object a little too tame for her taste, and carried instead a whip in her hand. She wore, in true Andalusian fashion, a small dagger in her belt. Often she consented to play the rôle of Queen of Beauty and presented the prize to the most successful matador. She was a great swimmer as well as an invincible fencer.

ACCOMPANIED by her mother, the Countess Montijo, Eugénie travelled a great deal, taking by storm the aristocratic circles of every city she visited, including London ; and it was at a reception at the Élysée in Paris in 1849 that Louis Napoleon fell in love with her.

That was the first time he saw her. But it was not the first time she saw him. When she was only ten years old and was on a visit to the Prefect of Police at Paris, she had seen from one of the windows a young man who had been arrested and was crossing the courtyard between two gendarmes. The future Emperor of France was then the prisoner of Louis Philippe.

But in 1848 Louis Philippe had been dethroned and compelled to leave Paris in haste, and Napoleon had been made President of the Republic.

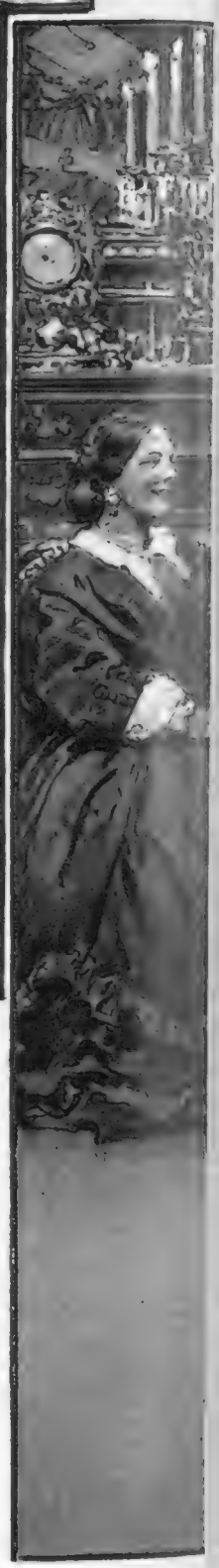
Affairs of State did not deter the enterprising prince from devoting a great deal of attention to the fair sex. In fact, when he escaped from America, to which country he had been banished by Louis Philippe, he settled in London and contracted a liaison with the wealthy Mrs. Howard. She followed him to Paris, placed all her wealth at the disposal of his cause, and was closely connected with him when he fell in love with Eugénie. The beautiful Englishwoman, whom he did not discard, naturally did everything in her power to prevent Eugénie from achieving ascendancy. But Eugénie was not to be outdone ; she wrote a letter to Napoleon offering, in turn, all she possessed in order to help him to the throne. But his path was far from smooth and there was still a good deal of spade-work required to shape an Empire out of a Republic.

FROM contemporary newspapers one can read serious and sarcastic articles describing the dual rôle played at this time by Louis Napoleon. Many biting caricatures depict him as a royal dandy, others as a ragged Sans Culotte wearing the Republican cap.

When finally he made Eugénie his proposal of marriage, he made no mystery of his true position. In Greville's memoirs we read : " He then presented to her in detail all the dangers with which he was environed, his unpopularity with the higher classes, the *malveillance* of the Great Powers, the possibility of his being any day assassinated, his popularity with the masses, but the fleeting character of their favour, and, above all, the existence of a good deal of disaffection and hostility in the army, the most serious thing of all."

But in 1852 he succeeded, not without a certain amount of violence, in throwing off the mask. The coup was successful. The President of the Republic became Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

One of the bombs exploded right underneath the royal carriage as it stopped before the steps of the Opera



She would dance most gracefully while the Emperor turned the handle of an instrument resembling a street organ

MADE bold by his success, Napoléon le Petit faced the next storm. He had acquired a throne for which he was not suitable; now he wished to acquire a wife who was not suitable for him. Eugénie, although of aristocratic descent, was not of royal blood.

Every weapon of power and influence was mobilised against the projected marriage. Buonapartist princesses went on their knees to Napoleon. Ministers indignantly resigned their offices. Mrs. Howard did not leave any stone unturned to divert the course of events. She openly expressed her feelings. Had he chosen a princess, she said, she would gladly have forgiven him. And she added that had she not resisted him herself, he would have made her, the English commoner, Empress of France. But Napoleon proved to be proof against all pressure, and from the throne at the Tuileries he made a short speech announcing his decision. There were few words, politely put, but amounting to this: "I have decided to marry Eugénie Montijo. She is the woman I love and I am going to make her my wife whether you like it or not. . . ." Mrs. Howard, meanwhile, was rewarded with the title of Countess of Beauregard, and was given castles and estates; and all that he had accepted from her when he was an impoverished exile was restored to her.

The old Countess of Montijo, mother of Eugénie, had worked very hard to bring about such an ambitious alliance; nevertheless, she wrote a few days later to one of her friends in Paris, the Marquis de Roche-Lambert: "I do not know whether to be happy or weep. Eugénie is to be Queen over your France, and I can but remember that your Queens have had little happiness. In spite of myself, I am possessed by the thought of Marie Antoinette, and I wonder whether my child may not suffer the same fate." Eugénie, on her part, did not let pass any opportunity of gaining public favour, and one of the things that made a deep impression on the people was her renunciation of the wedding present that the city of Paris was about to make and for which 600,000 francs had been set aside. This money was, at her express wish, devoted to charity.

Such behaviour did not prevent many libellous pamphlets from being put into circulation. They proved to have been printed in Germany and smuggled across the frontier.

WITH true Napoleonic pomp, the marriage was celebrated in the cathedral of Notre Dame on January 29, 1853. Everything proceeded magnificently, so magnificently that the lighter-hearted spectators soon forgot a significant incident at the ceremony's beginning.

As the Imperial procession left the Tuileries and the gilded coach passed under the triumphal arch, the big imperial crown surmounting the carriage shook unsteadily, toppled and crashed to the ground.

Immediately the eight white horses were brought to a standstill. The entire procession halted while the crown was replaced. Among the older courtiers there were raised eyebrows and dark whisperings. For the same thing had happened at the marriage of Napoleon I. to Marie Louise, and when the conqueror became an exile on St. Helena the episode of the fallen crown was remembered and underlined.

Napoleon III. and Eugénie themselves instantly noticed the coincidence. In the coach their hands touched and, without glancing at each other, both felt the same chill foreboding.

But where is the public that can see beyond the smiles cast to them from a gilded carriage? The crowd went on cheering and the royal couple went on smiling, as the procession moved on to the island in the Seine that was the centre of a new Empire.

OFFICIAL life at Court resumed the magnificence of the Directoire, whilst its private life was not deprived of homely and domestic joys. As an Empress, Eugénie had gained many things, but had lost much of her previous freedom, a loss that must have borne heavily on a woman of her nature. She had not realised what it would mean to have the eyes of the entire nation constantly on her. Often she sighed from relief when she found herself alone with the faithful Pepa, the only Spanish servant whom she retained, and who became her devoted guardian. Woe to whomever touched apparel or object which belonged to Pepa's mistress! Pepa brushed etiquette aside. Together they often recalled the old days when Eugénie was an incorrigible and mischievous tomboy. (*Continued on p. 66*)

An Arab who was loitering in the vicinity of the door approached and recognised the Empress. As he was about to give the alarm, the Italian Ambassador gave him a powerful kick and sent him rolling over

On Duty—*and* Off

On Duty

ONE might almost suspect the authorities of engaging confirmed women-haters for the job of designing the uniform worn by women in this war. They seem to have been determined to make the female of the species more ugly than the male no matter what the cost, and, by jove, they have succeeded good and proper.

It is bad enough for the poor darlings that they have to remain in uniform while dining out and dancing, but it seemed to me that the limit was reached the other evening at the Savoy when a handsome blonde, stalwart as a guardsman, was dressed in khaki tunic and slacks with an armlet marked "Ambulance."

The slacks sat uneasily on the rotundity of her nether region and the look of wild surmise in the eyes of the uniformed men on the dance floor was most interesting.

FOR sheer ugliness there is nothing to beat the majority of hats and caps worn by women in uniform. Not only are they vastly unbecoming but they are also peculiarly unsuitable for most of the hair styles which are fashionable and general just now.

It is high time that hairdressers put their heads together and introduced practical "hair do's" for women in the Services.

The over-forehead curls are hopelessly unpractical. They cannot be worn under the khaki, air force blue or navy blue peaked caps and they are also flattened out by the hard felt hats, whether of the navy blue or grey variety, worn by the Q.A's., Territorials or Red Cross people.

Many girls with forehead curls attempt to wear their blue gabardine nursing caps on the back of their heads, which looks utterly ridiculous. Curls worn too far down at the back rub against uniform tunic collars and make them greasy; rows of curls look silly and shingled hair needs a really good hairdresser to keep it in shape. It seems to me that a medium cut giving you one roll at the back of the head is the neatest, most practical and the easiest to keep in order.

The shape should be what my hairdresser is pleased to call "the horseshoe roll," which goes slightly up towards the back of the ears.

WOMEN in the Services without benefit of hairdressers are beginning to take a lively interest in curling gadgets which will keep their perm in place. There used to be a thing called a "Pro-Curler," but this came from America and is now practically impossible to get. It has been succeeded by an equally efficient gadget called the "Victory Auto-Curler," which is guaranteed for twelve months and costs you 5s. It winds your hair and the grip used is placed in the curl so that it cannot be seen.

The advantage of this little machine is that you can use it for tight curls, leaving the grips in all night and taking them out next day when your hair is firmly set or you can use looser curls for the daytime and leave the grips in.

"THOUGH on beauty I am bent, I have a frugal mind," and so Dorothy Gray's little Service pocket hold-all, full of beauty preparations appeals to me a good deal. It is of tough corded silk lined with oilskin. The various (Continued on page 96)

THE French are really splendid. They seem absolutely determined not to allow war to interfere with their business more than necessary.

My *vendeuse* at Lucien Lelong has written to inform me that it is a real pleasure to bring to my notice that in spite of the present circumstances Lelong have created a full collection of afternoon dresses, coats, tailored suits, cocktail, dinner and evening dresses, which are being presented as usual. "We have made a great effort in order to keep in our house the atmosphere you liked and are quite certain that you will find a large choice of models which will please you.

Off Duty

I would be very happy," she continues, "to see you personally, but if you are unable to come to Paris I would be only too pleased to send you a selection of sketches and I am quite sure that your orders will fit you perfectly as we have all your measures.

"Hoping you will favour me with your usual confidence," and I must say that if anything is inclined to inspire confidence it is the courage of these business houses.

ON the matter of cosmetics it is surprising how many women have still to learn the importance of using a lipstick skilfully. Nothing wrecks the effect of a good make-up more thoroughly than lipstick which is not perfectly attuned to individual colouring and to the colours you are wearing.

Equally important is that the texture of the lips should be natural and soft. Flaking, patchy, carelessly outlined lips are an abomination and need never happen.

A really good lipstick and some care in applying it will prevent this.

Tattoo is a gorgeous make-up for the mouth. It is not merely a greasy coating but a stain, indelible and yet easy to apply with the "slip" quality which helps so much in getting an even effect. There are nine shades of Tattoo.

This should be enough, anyway, for matching up with every subtle graduation of skin colouring, and has it occurred to you that skin tones change with the seasons and that the lipstick which suited you well enough in winter may have lost some of its perfection now that warmer temperatures have given a new tint to your complexion?

AT last I have found what seems to me to be the best powder foundation for those problem skins which are over-oily and yet inclined to get dried up and scurfy when starved of all cream. This is Crookes's Lacto-Calamine.

The best way to get a flattering powder base with this is to find a very small glass ashtray, shake your bottle well, pour in a coffeespoonful of the lotion into the glass tray, spread the lotion over your face with outward and upward strokes of your finger-tips.

Then take two layers, of cleaning tissue, one in each hand, spread one layer over each side of your face and gently tap with your finger-tips.

This blots off all the excess lotion and leaves a very smooth surface which will take your powder well.

A face powder brush, which you can get at Boots for a shilling or two, will blend the powder and the lotion when you brush your face. (Continued on page 96)

THEY say that a dog with a flea is very lucky because the flea prevents him from worrying too much about being a dog. If this is really so, then we should be exceedingly grateful to Sir John Simon for providing us with such a large Income Tax flea.

As a counter-irritation to distract our attention from the wholly grim side of life I should say off-hand that this treatment can scarcely be improved upon. Which is all very large and fine, but the fact remains that the dog who cannot stop scratching and the people who cannot stop yapping about taxation are bores.

We all know that we have no longer got so much money to spend on ourselves as we used to have but that is no excuse for ugliness or dowdiness.

Jane Gordon

SPRING FEVERS

Do you become April-blotchy, spotty, suffer from unaccountable pains in your limbs, or a sharp increase in rheumatism, if rheumatic, in the spring?

Ninety per cent of the population do.

And this access of unwell-being seems to crop up just after the first spell of fine weather, which makes it seem all the more strange. No sooner do we luxuriate in the open and in surprising warmth on one day, squirming about blissfully in the sun rays, than the next day or day after that finds us feeling like mud. Most odd.

Yet actually it is not odd at all. This is what the glorious change-over does to your body. The sun hammers on the pores—not merely the outer doors of the skin, mark you, but the successive entrances to every tissue, deep and deeper down, right through—to expand and fall wide open. Well, they can't. They're silted up, protectively, against the cold. And that silting has gradually solidified during the past six months, especially with the winter we've come through. Then the sun quickens the blood, which is too thick for this quickening. The result is a jam, everything starts going at once and there is a block.

Siltings, literally little doors, are rushed away down the blood stream and get pressed against the bones—just as an ice-floe, or rubbish for that matter, is pressed against the banks of a river—or they are swept into joints and accumulate till secretions pile one on another, or they are biffed out through the skin. They become very acid: anything for which nature no longer has a use goes bad—and, well that ought to give you an idea of why you feel as you do.

The remedy? The remedy, is, of course, to assist the change-over, to help the blood to thin, the pores to open, siltings to clear, and yet not be caught out by a reversion in the weather.

There are seven main rules you can follow directly the first spring turn has been in.

1. A turkish bath—devote an afternoon to this, for you must cool down after it. That will, at least, free your pores and enable other channels to exude.

This can be repeated with benefit—if mild weather continues—once a week. But in between whiles, just rub the back of your neck and between your shoulders every morning with a towel wrung out in cold water, to provide a check against too general an opening.

Be careful over leaving off all your clothes, too. If you discard an under-vest, see that you have a pullover handy, should a Fahrenheit drop return. Or vice versa, if the pullover is abandoned, seek a heavier weight vest. And don't be too eager to be rid of ankle socks; feet look nicer without them, but wind and rain in April can bring an awful nip. Let your body-thaw be a slow one; no avalanche.

2. Early morning deep breathers by an open window are essential to oxygenate the blood. Long deep breathers will help purify your system as effectively as anything after thirty weeks of fireside carbon-monoxide hugger-muggering.

Touch your toes, do all your bending, swinging exercises before the open window, but first stand there and empty your lungs by coughing out any stale air that is left in them and filling them unhurriedly, rhythmically full to the brim with spring air, however chill.

One of the finest cures practised in nature clinics is to send the patients out in the early morning for a long walk, before they even have their waking cup of tea. This hour's ramble—they have to cover three miles—dissipates any acidity that may have accumulated in the stomach overnight, stirs the liver to action, and promotes accentuated breathing, according to the physician.

When the main organs of the body have thus started fuctioning patients return to long quaffs of orange-juice or weak china tea, but they never re-load the body even by a drink until it has been set in motion.

This simple practice is said to cure not only digestive and stomach troubles, but also to dissipate rheumatism.

3. Drink water, three quarts a day, either pure, as barley water, or lemonade. This will also help banish rheumatism. The body perspires, steadily even when imperceptibly, on the advent of warm weather, and the loss of liquid is considerable. That is one of the reasons rheumatic, gouty or lumbago pains increase.

Flush and re-flush the system with water. Sip a quart over two hours of the morning—the glass can be on your desk—another quart during the afternoon, you will probably have to go without tea, and a third between tea and dinner.

(Continued on page 95)

BEAUTY
CHRYSIS

ONE MINUTE BEAUTY TREATMENT

You can have an all-in beauty treatment in sixty seconds which will stay for twenty-four hours. The work done by several beauty aids has been telescoped into this one preparation which has a double action.

This way: while one ingredient clears the skin, another in it penetrates, nourishes and leaves the complexion exquisitely smooth, ready for sleep or conditioned to take make-up.

Helena Rubinstein, the expert who devised it, says the woman under thirty needs no other beauty aid, because the balancing and corrective values in it are such that the skin inevitably becomes self-weather-adjusting and conditioned, as the life-renewing properties of cells and tissues are maintained at high pitch.

It is a pastuerised cream, rich and inviting. Skim two fingers of either hand over the cream surface, spread gently over your face, up under the eyes and over the temples, over the nose, out and down over the forehead.

Mould the centre column of your throat and press in round the jaw-bones. Work the cream, even though it seems to have been instantly absorbed. That is because the cleansing ingredient in it has sunk to pore-depth and is expelling all impurities.

Wait two minutes and then wipe neck and face thoroughly with a pad of cotton wool soaked in Skin-Toning Lotion. You will need to be lavish with this because it is like a milk. Then look at yourself.

The whiteness of your skin will thrill you—there can be no question about it's being clean—as will also the fresh fullness. This youthfulness comes from numerous fret lines having been lifted out. Results from flash treatments seem incredible, but one cleansing with this cream will convince.

Ask for Pasteurised Face Cream Special. If you are under thirty always put it on twice, the first time to cleanse—and wipe off with cotton wool drenched in Skin-Toning Lotion—the second time so that the herbal and vitamin contents may feed your skin cells when they are clean.

If you are over thirty you will have to supplement the work done by the Pasteurised Cream with a skin food every other night. The one that goes with it is Perfection Cream, it is slightly heavier, more nutritive.

Daily use of Pasteurised Cream will act as an alternative and repair the faults in your skin. If, however, you want quick-action on rather obvious defects, glance at these specialised remedies.

You will also have to work in a complementary skin-food, which is more substantial than the Pasteurised Cream, every other night. This is called Perfection Cream.

Coarse pores, blackheads especially, will be evacuated by a gentle rubbing with Beauty Grains—like seed pearls they are—when you wash. A Pore Mask after this will close them down. The mask can be massaged into the skin, and, as it tightens, you will feel work going on round your nostrils, over your forehead, in the fold of your chin.

Remove the paste after thirty minutes by a towel wrung out in hot water. Your face will emerge rather more glowing than you ever remember it could be, but the glow settles into a becoming radiance. An oily skin can stand this treatment daily for a week. A dry skin can only stand it twice in six days.

Acne-scarred or severely marked skins need rather a long mask of highly medicated black ointment. This is more complicated, but really leads to the birth of new skin. After a cleansing with Pasteurised Cream, the face needs a sharp stimulant called Eau d'Or, after which you spread the Black Ointment.

Leave it on for half an hour to an hour, but while it is on, take care to cover the eyes with compresses of cotton wool soaked in Anti-Wrinkle Lotion. This is done because the action of Black Ointment is intense and might crease the skin in the eye-socket.

Black Ointment is taken off (Continued on page 96)

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts (our emergency address).

"Tell Your Fortune

If fortune tellers were real people what a business there would be now in fortune telling.

"What does the future hold for my child," is the question that drums in the ears of every mother. It has always been so, but with war and insecurity clouding a future that, even in the best of times, is full of hazards for a human being on the threshold of life, the question becomes a demand that must be answered.

What does the future hold? How can we know what shiftless fortune will bring for the babies who are starting out with so many problems before them?

We cannot know more than this, that personal character, individual achievement are for each child the golden keys to the future.

Life does not mould human beings. They mould themselves. Success, happiness, social and commercial achievement depend more than anything else upon the capacity of the individual to fight and

You have a bright future, my friend. Life will deal generously with you because you have the quality of attracting gaiety and withal a philosophy to defend you from the slings and arrows.

Buoyancy is the keynote of your personality but you must guard against a tendency to self-indulgence—a disposition to drift into the current of life and to let it carry you where it will. You are not without forcefulness and you have much charm. Marshal your talents. Convince others of the need to take you seriously sometimes and there is a pleasant path before you.

Laugh at Life but be more than just a joker.

An overpowering impulse to hit first and talk afterwards will get you into plenty of trouble unless you curb it. Aggressiveness, well disciplined, is not a bad thing, but it is a serious handicap unless it is well seasoned with intelligence.

A cultivated mind will put the harness upon your animal spirits and make a better citizen and a happier man of you.

You will be likely to regard your fellow-beings with suspicion. This comes from your sense of inferiority. Don't let your complex express itself in demonstrations of physical superiority. There are more ways than one to happiness and the easiest is by way of compromise.

Shrewdness and self-confidence are written in the future but try to be less self-satisfied. Guard against hypocrisy. Don't become too fond of striking poses, of kidding yourself as well as others.

Intolerance will baulk you on the path to popularity, narrowing down your contacts and excluding confidences, yet you will always seek to guide and influence others, confident of your judgment. Dispense with humbug and you may be a great influence for good.

Life is a pretty serious business. Too serious. It would be a brighter future for you if you had some of Mr. Joker's philosophy.

You will be misunderstood and the fault will be your own. Brace yourself to take the rap from Life, discard self-pity and throw all your weight behind the conviction that fate has no personal grudge against you.

Look to health. Physical robustness is a bulwark against the hazards of intellectual timidity.

Everybody's favourite girl seems to be the slogan for your future, pretty one. A sunny temperament and a confiding belief in the ultimate goodness of all things and all people will keep others on their best behaviour with you.

Absolute honesty of purpose is latent in your soft eyes. There will be admiration and tenderness always for a spirit that expects to find happiness and gives it freely in return.

No great intellectual powers are indicated and none are needed. The little lady will float through life on a gentle wave of felicity. Not too confident, not too timid. Not a smash hit, but a happy and well-loved woman.

fall and fight again and to learn and profit from every new experience.

How about your child? How is he equipped to meet the problems that a war-ridden world will, later on, present to him. What are those personal characteristics which encouraged, or restrained, may help him to tread the way of achievement with assurance and with pride?

No fortune teller can enlighten you so well as you can discover it yourself. Study him. Watch every phase of his development. Give all your attention to that budding character which will make the future either a failure or a success for him.

Now is the time to lay those foundations of an individuality which adapts itself to the requirements of life.

You are the person to encourage and feed its growth.

There are difficulties ahead. Every parent knows it, but your children will be none the worse for a hard battle, so long as it is fought with courage and integrity.

Your future is painted in very bold strokes, young Lothario. You have self-confidence that will carry you far, farther than you care for unless you learn that it is better to give than to receive.

You are shrewd with ability that succeeds by its unflinching forcefulness. Use it, but restrain your tendency to use personal magnetism before integrity.

Be kind. People, women especially, will be very lenient with you, but though Life offers you an overflowing platter, you will be wise not to help yourself too freely.

Pretty Baby"

Stiff without Starch

Eton-boy collars and white starchy touches are a rage this spring. Nothing looks so neat and fresh, so long as they are neat and fresh. This means tricky laundering.

Well, I have found some beautifully cut shirts, whose collars—and cuffs, bows and pocket tops, too, if you like—are as starchy as any chap's in the lower fourth, and will remain that way if you merely wash in soap flakes and iron in the usual manner. No starching is required.

The secret is a special process used in the interlining of the collar and other starchy bits. Men's shirts have had it many months. It is now applied for the first time to silk, wool or cotton shirts in a number of gay checks and fresh spring colours.

Prices are a guinea to thirty shillings; several London shops have them.

To Flatter Your Eyes

If you look for something long enough, finally you find it. My quest has been for a waterproof mascara which yet is soft, creamy and really beneficial to the lashes as well as flattering.

My quest is ended. Now, Vivien Leigh and I use the same eye black. We apply it this economical way. We take a smudge on a finger and just tip the lashes, then brush out with a clean brush to separate them. It really is something exceptional in mascaras. Film stars use it for eyebrows, too. It keeps them sleek and shapely. Price, five and sixpence a tube.

Two Eggs for One

Can you beat up a cooking egg so that it fills a half-pint tumbler? I couldn't either, until I did it with a couple of simple metal gadgets at ninepence the pair.

One is an egg separator of the familiar coil of wire type; the other a vacuum plunger-mixer with a wire handle. You separate the white of a single cooking egg with the first, put it into an ordinary half-pint glass, and beat it stiff as butter in a minute and a quarter with the second.

By adding the yolk and a tablespoonful of water, and beating again, you get your glass full.

Then you make an omelette which, if you like them fluffy, you would say took two eggs at least. The gadgets also help to make meringues, cakes and puddings.

Husbands, please note this recipe for advocaat. Whisk egg white solid, add yolk, whisk again; add a dessertspoon each sherry and brandy, a teaspoon each lemon juice and sugar. Another beat-up and the drink's fixed.

Winter Necks

Unless you are the exception among women, you'll find that winter has left its mark on your neck. Furs and scarves have discoloured the skin; constant lack of freedom and fresh air have given it a flaccid look. All this puts years on even the youngest of us. A most excellent pair of reasonably priced preparations bring a winter-soiled neck back to normal. One is a muscle stimulator—a soft, easily worked-in cream of a jelly-like consistency, which will brace up any sag there may be; the other is a bleach.

The two can be used either independently or in conjunction. Used together, they make an easy and effective home treatment. After cleansing the skin, work in the special bleach with the finger tips; wipe off any surplus. Now the muscle stimulator is patted on and left, if convenient, all night.

This stimulator is grand for bracing the facial contours, too.

It Can Be Nice

There's one big worry about rationing. Are we letting ourselves in for the nasty aftermath of bad nutrition which followed the last war?

Medical experts who inquired into this problem laid great stress on the importance of making up deficiencies of vitamins A and D. To this end they included cod-liver oil in each of the model diets they laid down. It was particularly important, they said, for prospective mothers, children and adolescents.

You need not wrinkle your nose about it. Cod-liver oil can be introduced into the family diet without it being regarded as a medicine.

"Seven Seas" cod-liver oil—a pure, delicate and edible oil brimming over with vitamins A and D and possessing all the virtues of a fresh wholesome food—can be added to various dishes in cooking without any one being aware of it. Considerately, the makers supply a book of tested recipes in which the health-giving oil is given as an ingredient in fish dishes, milk puddings, soup, batter mayonnaise and even gingerbread.

Mary Young's
FINDINGS
for your
KEEPINGS
BUY NOW
If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your current problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts (our war emergency address). We shall be happy to send you further information.

To Your Own Design

Have you ever searched the town for a colour you cannot find, for some note you pine for in curtains, covers, cushions, that would stamp the room as perfect and your own?

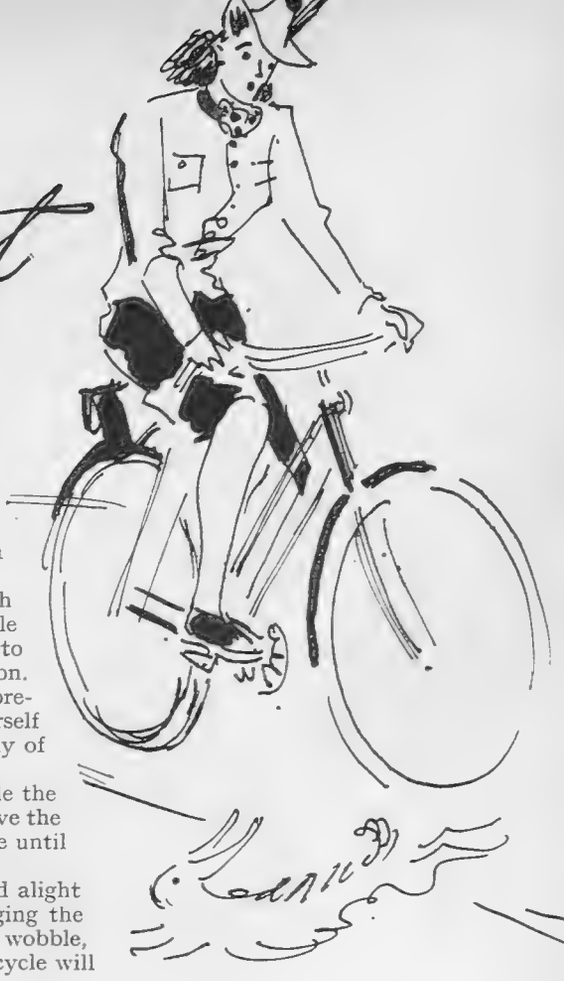
You can have your own designs printed, colours woven, original ideas in regard to new blends in fabric carried out by one of Britain's leading textile specialists.

Such enterprise is only made possible by using a hand loom.

You can cast your ideas across this loom like music across a harp. Your melody in fabric may cost shillings a yard or pounds—it all depends on whether it is expressed in silk, cotton, wool or yarn. The price also rises if you order less than thirty yards. But a generous sample is shown you first, free of charge.

You can work changes on this, have the guidance of experts, and the resulting outcome—a symphony of colour, weave, design—is uniquely your own.

The Merry Cyclist



Long, light evenings are opening up before us. Spring fever, this year, has run riot in cycling, the quickest, cheapest, most reliable form of short-distance transport.

Here are a few hints to beginners on how to master the quarrelsome instincts of their bicycles.

You will find it easier to mount and dismount if you regard your bicycle as living. Treat it as an inanimate machine and it will surprise you by moving when you are not ready to move and throw you to the ground.

Approach it from the left. Grip the handlebars, place your right foot through on to the right pedal which should be up, and press it forward and round while you raise yourself on the seat, still going smoothly forward, for the left foot to make contact with its own pedal. Providing you keep moving, you will stay on.

To dismount intentionally, select a spot ahead and then apply a gentle premeditated pressure to the brakes. If pressure is sudden, you will find yourself flying through the air into a holly bush, stone wall or barbed wire fence, any of which would be discouraging.

Any beginner likes to have someone hold fast to his seat and run alongside the bicycle. It is reassuring. In the same way a would-be swimmer likes to have the master's hand under his chin. But in cycling, no real progress can be made until the fear of coming to ground has been lost.

To maintain equilibrium, keep pedalling, whatever the palpitations, and alight smartly—when this is the purpose—by keeping the left pedal low, bringing the right foot through, balancing thus while the bicycle is braked down to a wobble, setting the left foot, then the right, sharply to the ground. Now the bicycle will have come to a standstill.

How to turn is the next point, one that is so easy that it will often have occurred involuntarily. Choose a wide place and then veer to the right deliberately, circling round and round. Now try to the left. Next take a right and left turn alternately in figures of eight. After this you will be ready for the road.

Switchback hills present a problem to the initiate, and will cause her to perspire more freely hurtling down them than ever she will trudging up. Discretion is the better part of valour, and the novice will be well advised to dismount at the top and *walk down*, rather than be flung round sickening curves and bends into some obstacle she cannot avoid.

The next difficulty will be to overcome the attraction exercised by oncoming traffic. Observe an approaching lorry and you will invariably find your bicycle heading straight into it.

To avoid this, glue your eyes, not on the lorry, but on the clear fairway beside it; head your bicycle into this and keep on heading it with concentrated grimness until the danger has passed.

One last warning : do not grow uppish and over-confident because you happen to steer clear of accidents. Keep behind traffic in towns, don't corkscrew in and out. Remember that that clumsy bore, the pedestrian, and even that that tyrant in the car, is probably a fellow cyclist.

Suit your machine to your personality.

If you are a heavyweight, a B.S.A. will carry you through and over anything. Lightweights look best on a Raleigh. Royal Enfield equips those who come midways and is good for hills. Standard cycles are useful and inexpensive.

The gadgets you need are few, but there are three which are indispensable. The Sturmey-Archer speed gear helps you up a slope. By altering the gear ratio you pedal faster and cover less ground. On the level you increase the ratio and travel faster yet pedal slower.

A tail-lamp lit by a dynamo worked off the revolutions of your front wheel will safeguard you with a back light. This is essential. Punctures happen no matter what care you take to avoid them, but unless you are going to be a terribly serious cyclist you needn't let them worry you. Wheel the machine to the nearest repair shop. On the other hand you should learn how to mend a puncture for yourself in case of need. It is quite simple if you have the right tools.

Most essential of all is a tyre lever for removing the outer tyre from the rim. Once this is done you can apply a patch to the inner tube in a very short time.

Be sure to carry your puncture outfit wherever you go. It is reassuring even if you don't have to use it.

L. W.

Tailored and Double-breasted

Materials

15 oz. of Paton and Baldwin's Double Knitting Wool; 8 buttons; 2 hooks and eyes; 1 pair No. 8 and 1 pair No. 11 needles.

Measurements

Length from shoulder, 22 ins.; across back underarms, 17 ins.; across fronts, 10 ins.; sleeve from shoulder, 24 ins.; tension, 11 stitches to 2 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; sts.=stitches; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; patt.=pattern; s.=slip; ins.=inches.

Back

With No. 8 needles cast on 90 sts. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue now in stocking st. as follows:

1*st. row:* k. 2*nd row:* p.

Work until 6 ins. from the cast-on edge, dec. 1 st., each end of every 4th row. Work 1 in. without shaping, then continue until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 90 sts. again.

Shape Armholes

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 3 ins. on the remaining 72 sts. Then continue in a rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins.

Shape Shoulders

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

Right Front

With No. 8 needles cast on 60 sts. Rib 6 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Now continue as follows:

1*st row:* rib 26 sts., k. 34 sts.

2*nd row:* p. 34 sts., rib 26 sts. Repeat these 2 rows until 6 ins. from the cast-on edge, dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row (at the armhole edge). *When work measures 4 ins. from the cast-on edge,* make a pair of buttonholes.

1*st row:* rib 3 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 12 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 3 sts., work in patt. to end.

Next row: work back to the cast-off sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 12 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 3 sts. (Make 3 more pairs of buttonholes, as you work the front 4¼ ins. apart.)

Work 1 in. without shaping, then inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row, at armhole edge, until 60 sts., and work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

Shape Armhole (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows, work 3 ins. on the remaining 51 sts., continue in k. 1, p. 1 rib for ½ in.

Shape Neck (right side of work facing)

Cast off 20 sts. at the beg. of the next row, work 3½ ins. on the remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every alternate row at neck edge until 24 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row 4 times.

Left Front

With No. 8 needles, cast on 60 sts. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1.

Continue as follows:

1*st row:* k. 34, rib 26 sts.

2*nd row:* rib 26 sts., p. 24 sts. Repeat these 2 rows until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge, dec. 1 st. at the end of every 4th row (at armhole edge). Work 1 in. without shaping, then continue until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. at the end of every 4th row (at armhole edge) until 60 sts.

Shape Armhole (right side of work facing)

Cast off 3 sts. every armhole end row 3 times, work 3 ins. on the remaining sts., continue in k. 1, p. 1 for ½ in.

Shape Neck (wrong side facing)

Cast off 20 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, work 3½ ins. on the remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge, until 24 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing)

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row, 4 times.

Sleeves

With No. 8 needles cast on 50 sts. Rib 2 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Continue in stocking st. until work measures 18½ ins. from the cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row, until 74 sts. Then cast off 1 st., each end of every row, until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

Collar

With No. 11 needles, cast on 80 sts. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

Revers (2)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 34 sts., rib in k. 1, p. 1, dec. 1 st. at one edge only of every alternative row until 17 sts. remain, then every row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

To Make Up

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness to top of shoulder. Sew the revers to neck. Sew collar to the back of neck, and top of the revers. Work buttonholes, sew on buttons, sew hooks and eyes to the top of neck.

Slick, Ribbed Cardigan

Materials

8 oz. Copley's Excelsior 4-ply wool; 11 buttons; 1 medium crochet hook; 1 pair No. 9 "Stratnoid" pins.

Measurements

Length from shoulder, 21 in.; across back under-arms, 17 in.; across fronts, 9 in.; sleeve from shoulder, 10½ in.

Tension

After pressing, 13 sts. to 2 in.

Back

With No. 9 pins, cast on 116 sts., and work as follows:

1st row: *K.4, p.4. Repeat from * to end.
2nd row: *P.4, k.4. Repeat from * to end.

These 2 rows form pat. Continue until 5 in. from the cast-on edge, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row, then work 1 in. without shaping. Then continue until 13 in. from the cast-on edge, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row, until 116 sts.

Shape Armholes

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 7 in. on the remaining 92 sts.

Shape Shoulders

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Right Front

With No. 9 pins cast on 60 sts. Work in pat. as for the back, decreasing 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row (at armhole edge) (Continued on page 98)

With Fluffy Yoke and Cuffs

Materials

5 oz. of Copley's 2-ply Excelsior wool; 5 buttons; 1 buckle; 1 pair No. 8, 1 pair No. 10, and 1 pair No. 13 "Stratnoid" pins.

Measurements

Length from shoulder, 17 in.; across back under-arms, 16 in.; across fronts, 10 in.; sleeve from shoulder, 16½ in.

Back

With No. 10 pins, cast on 122 sts., and work as follows:

1st row: K.
2nd row: P.
3rd row: K.
4th row: K.2, *p.2, k.2. Repeat from * to end.
5th row: K. 1, *p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * ending p.1.
6th row: *P.2, k.2. Repeat from * ending p.2.
7th row: P.1, *k.2, p.2. Repeat from * ending k.1.
8th row: P. (These 8 rows form pat.)

Continue until work measures 10 in. from the cast-on edge.

Shape Armholes

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

Right Front

With No. 10 pins, cast on 82 sts., work 10 in. in main pat.

Shape Armhole (wrong side facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 4 armhole end rows, work 2 in. on the remaining sts. Cast off.

(Continued on page 99)

Round White and FIRM

This is what perfect breasts should be—round, white, and firm, with supple muscles, and the firmness of healthy youth. The nipples should be, approximately, over the seventh rib.

Whether under uniform, silks or cottons, no line of beauty is more essential to the feminine figure than a well-shaped bust. Yet how many women have perfect breasts? Even among artists' models, mannequins, stage and film stars, the percentage is surprisingly small.

There are many reasons for this. There is always the danger of young girls, self-consciously shy with their new knowledge of sex, trying to disguise any development of physical features so near to the subject as breasts.

Heavy, flat bodices strapped tightly keep an appearance of undevelopment, and are cherished by many girls from the ages of twelve to sixteen. Mothers should watch carefully for this tendency and insist that the rounded beauty of young curves should not be battened down during adolescence, with muscles dragged awry and natural uplift completely ruined.

Grown women are hardly wiser. The figures of many women to-day are still suffering from the boyish vogue of a few years back, when breasts were flattened in a wild endeavour to ape the masculine silhouette. Later, a grotesquely unattractive and unnatural pose had a few seasons' popularity (you can still see it with some of the older mannequins). This was an attitude of shoulders hunched forward and bust completely hidden by the concave position of the chest.

Avoid either of these figure affectations. They spell ruin to the most beautiful bust-line.

It is strange that women will spend hours in the care and remedial treatment of every other part of their body—face, hair, waist, hands, feet—and yet think of the bust as something to be accepted as a blessing, or moaned about as a defection, but seldom treated with systematic care.

True, the bust is dependent, to a great extent, on the mammary glands for its normal line of beauty; and in some cases, extreme under-development or over-development have to be treated medically by gland specialists.

Breasts are extremely delicate and must never be massaged heavily by anyone but a qualified expert. There are, however, many cases of slight or even quite definite imperfections that can be remedied by a little care and attention. A natural disposition to sagging contours, overweight, or under-development can be greatly improved; and a little attention will preserve the youthful line of a good bust.

A course of deep breathing in fresh open-air helps to develop a small bust. The ribs—framework on which the breasts are held—can be expanded outwards, and slightly upwards, away from the waist, shoulders being held down at the same time. The diaphragm must be expanded so that the blood gets its true value from the air.

Women who suffer from rather scraggy breasts should look to their nerves and health; general health rules help in the development of the breasts. Exercises like tennis, swimming and rowing, with various specialised exercises—we will send you these*—will strengthen the all-important pectoral muscles.

Diet should be rich, but eaten carefully when the body is not overtired from physical or mental exertion. No great activity should be allowed immediately before or after a meal. Milk should be taken between meals—sipped slowly—as liquids help to enlarge the breasts. There is (Continued on p. 79)

(Left) Le Gant name this corset "Alphabet." Its outstanding feature is in the variety of fittings made. It fits individual bust types as perfectly as it fits waists and hips. There are fittings for every type of figure. Sizes from 33-38

Le Gant "Sta-up" Top girdle in Lastex yarn and Lastex yarn satin. The cushion top front gives comfort at a point where many other corsets exert a pressure. The brassière has the dual advantage of perfect uplift with the "Sta-down" control at the base

(Right) Hand - woven linen elastic Roussel corselette with reinforcement over the abdomen and the hollow front to give freedom to the thighs. Can be made specially in any depth, with or without opening

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

London designers, wisely marking time, give us an almost unchanged silhouette in the first Spring collections.

We began this war dressing soberly, with caution, with eyes to the future, confining our frivolous inclinations to hats, etceteras. It is still so. The mode stays practical. Day skirts, sixteen to seventeen inches from the ground, are, as before, straight, or full, gored, group pleated, cut on the semi-bias.

Waists are pulled in tight as ever. Bodices, sometimes draped, are occasionally bloused in a new way, kind to those who cannot take the corselet line. Necklines stay throat high.

Stiebel lines self jabots on dark frocks with broderie anglaise, puts lace and embroidery facings inside long black or brown coats. (With these you wear tiny boaters made of layers of lace and embroidery. Very fetching.)

Hartnell's cardigan cut jackets over dresses are short, collarless. Most spring suits have longer fitted jackets with very high revers. The longest jackets of all are at Lachasse. These fit to the thigh.

Hand knits turn up with tweed jackets and summer dresses. You can give a new look to an old tweed suit by putting in knitted sleeves, matching or mixing colours. Stiebel does it on tweed and moleskin jackets. Worth suggests wearing tailored hand-knit jackets with light Spring frocks.

Dinner gowns, embroidered, short sleeved, high necked, straight skirted, with their own little jackets, are almost evening uniform. Cashmere evening sweaters, sequin embroidered at neck and sleeves, are worn with wide tussore linen skirts.

There are silk suits in surah, silk ottoman, tie silk printed dresses with plain woollen coats, loose or fitting. The mixture, indeed, is as before.

Colours: Jacqmar's new Union blue, intended as the perfect accompaniment to khaki, faded parma, geranium red, china blue, rainbow checks, grey, stone and olive green, wedgwood, navy. There is very little black.

Cool, crisp, for the first no-coat days of early summer. This Tested Quality fabric made with Courtauld's rayon, is grey, white spotted. *Laura Lee model*

The spring tailored suit at its finest in a gentleman's suiting, made feminine by the colours, grey, white, red. *Matita model*

DESPITE EVERYTHING,

(1) Light-weight woollen suit with a gored skirt, a fitting jacket, basqued at back and tied with a bow. In black or navy. £2.2.0. (2.) Fitting jacket in turquoise wool over-checked in clerical grey, a clerical grey skirt, gored in front. £2.5.0. (3.) Light-weight jersey turban with high looped front. 5/6. (4.) Fine wool shirt-waist dress, with a gored skirt, padded appliqués on bodice. In deep pastels and darks. £2.9.6. (5.) White lawn blouse with fine lace edgings, hand-embroidered collar. 8/11. (6.) Felt breton, in all colours with ribbon cockade trim. 4/11

CLOTHES ARE CHEAPER

Names and addresses of the shops where these clothes can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, near King's Langley, Herts. (Our war emergency address)

(7.) Chunky, square-shouldered coat in a bold check (deep saxe, grey blue, grey, white). £1.15.0. Over (8) a deep saxe dress, short sleeved, two breast pockets. The bodice buttons to waist at back. Wine leather belt. £1.15.0. (9.) High-crowned felt with a pleated grosgrain trim. In all colours. 4/11. (10) Calf or suede handbag with gilt frame and fastening. In most colours. 10/11. (11) Vivid flannel envelope-shaped handbag. 7/6. (12) Cardigan suit in pastel jersey with a dusky fleck. £3.9.0. (The same suit, long sleeved and revered, is the same price.) (13) Blue woollen coat, square shouldered, high revered, the flared skirt tying at waist. There is a deep unpressed pleat at back. Also in scarlet and navy. £4.14.6

You may be wearing last year's clothes, done over. But in fashion. But in your wardrobe, if you have a new outfit it will be practical, functional. That is the current tendency in accessories, bits and pieces, jewellery. carefully chosen accessories, you can illuminate your signature. boutonnières, you can illuminate your femininity, write your signature. underline your femininity, write your signature.

(1.) Duck-egg blue jersey turban and scarf. 7/6. £1 . 9 . 6. *Jaeger's.*
(2.) Duck-egg fabric hand-stitched gloves, fob buttonhole. Accessory trio, handbag, gloves, fob piped black antelope. The bag is black antelope, violet piped black antelope gloves have violet gussets, the fob's leaves have violet pipings. £3 . 9 . 6. *Lederer.* (3.) Chunky necklace of blue-green glass beads. £1 . 1 . 0. *Selfridge's.* (4.) Hand-some bracelet of red, blue, emerald stones and pearls surmounting a huge black stone, the whole set in gold filigree. £1 . 15 . 0. *Selfridge's.* (5.) Belt for a dinner dress, blue suede with broad centre, studded with pink and blue stones set in metal rings. 7/11. £1 . 5 . 0. Russet suede belt with front drapery. 7/11. (6.) Buttonhole posy. 2/6. (These can be made up from your own choice of flowers.) *Galeries Lafayette.*

PROTEIN VEGETABLES

By
Eleanour
Sinclair
Rohde

IF you are planning your vegetable garden, you should definitely consider vegetables which, in the event of a real food shortage, will take the place of meat. I refer to those vegetables which are rich in protein, chiefly the haricots. Our thrifty Continental neighbours have always been appreciative of these protein vegetables, they occupy pages in their seedsmen's catalogues. Now the Dutch Government have forbidden the export of the Dutch brown bean, on account of its high food value. But there is nothing to stop us growing them; they are as easy to grow as dwarf beans.

Seeds of any of the haricots when dried, are highly nutritious, as rich in food value as the best cuts of beef, and can be stored indefinitely.

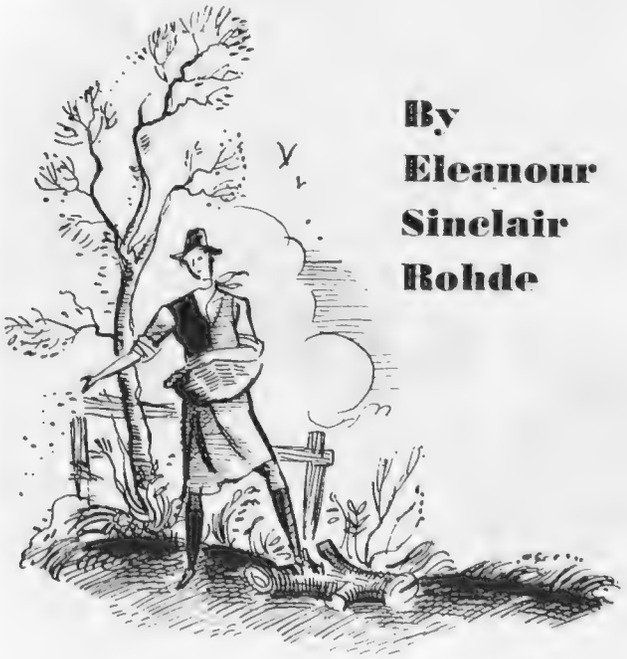
The best for flavour and quick cooking are the pea bean, the Jersey bean, Comtesse de Chambord and Cent pour un. The pea bean is very popular in parts of the Midlands, the dried seeds being used to supplement the meat in stews. It is also a delicious vegetable, gathered when the peas can be felt in the pods and sliced, peas and pods together.

Seed should be sown any time during late April or early May and treated exactly like the scarlet runner.

The true Jersey bean has been grown for generations by cottagers in the Channel Islands. They eat the peas in the green stage and save the seeds for winter use. This delicious bean needs neither stringing nor slicing, merely topping and tailing, and should be served with a little melted butter or margarine. It is an extraordinarily prolific bean, and enough seed can be saved from one plant to stock a large plot the following season.

Comtesse de Chambord and Cent pour un are among the haricots most highly prized in France. These also can be eaten either green, or the seeds stored for winter use. Like the pea bean, all these beans should be sown late April or early May. They do particularly well on warm, light soils and heavy soils should be lightened for them with hop manure.

Scarlet runners are a valuable vegetable on account of their long period of production, but the dried seeds cannot be used like those of the haricots. The most useful of the scarlet runners is Princeps. It is earlier by a fortnight than any other variety, and as it grows only four feet high, does not need the expensive long stakes required for most varieties.



Unlike French beans and all the haricots, scarlet runners need a good deal of moisture, but it is a common blunder to water them with water straight from the main in the first spell of warmth we usually get in June. Water from the main is extremely cold and gives the plants a severe set-back. If in bud, very cold water often makes them drop their buds. If watering is necessary, leave the cans standing in the sun at least four hours.

Other important vegetables to grow are carrots and onions. We import thousands of tons of these vegetables, and wherever there is space they should be grown. Carrots are nearly always sown too thickly. It is a good plan to mix the seed with sand. Sow thinly and thin early are the golden rules.

Remember that lime in the soil is essential, otherwise the growth will be poor. If your soil lacks lime, apply hydrated lime at the rate of 8 oz. to the square yard. Without lime, no vegetables, with the exception of potatoes, can thrive. Over-liming, however, is as serious a blunder as under-liming.

In sowing onion seed, remember to make the soil very firm. It is well worth the trouble of sowing each seed separately. Onions have roots as fine as hairs, and if injured by thinning out and transplanting, the plants suffer badly. Do not waste thinnings. If there is no room to plant them out, they can always be used for salads.

A vegetable that should be grown in every garden is Sugar Beet. It grows like a weed in almost any soil, makes very big roots, is rich in natural sugar and is so hardy that, unlike the common beet, it need not be lifted and stored but can be dug as required all through winter. Even in the severe winter we have just had, ours remained in perfect condition with the foliage green.

The common field swede is one of the most useful winter vegetables. Hybrids called garden swedes are not nearly so good, though listed in every catalogue. The garden varieties make comparatively small roots, but one field swede affords sufficient vegetable at a meal for at least four people. Swede soup is delicious.

People avoid swedes because they are large, but though they may look coarse, they are just as tender as turnips and far better flavoured. The really important point in cultivating swedes is to sow *very* thinly indeed and to thin as early as possible, to a foot apart.

These roots grow very quickly indeed, so quickly, in fact, that for winter use they are best sown towards the end of May. If left thickly huddled in the rows, they cannot reasonably be expected to come to any good.

Instead of dribbling in the seed in the usual way, it is far better to put just two or three at stations a foot apart. When the plants have made their third leaves, pull out the two smallest plants. Even a short row of swedes is worth growing, for every inch they occupy is solid food.

FOR APRIL APPETITES

Asparagus tips and lettuce salad with French dressing

(Below.) New carrots and turnips, cooked with margarine

Aprils ago the perfect dish for a spring lunch or dinner was the classic baby lamb. Even the highest gourmets in the land agreed that it was at its infant best when plainly roasted, with mint sauce and new potatoes. Sometimes, they allowed, it might have a sprinkling, just before the finish, of bread-crumbs, chopped garlic and chopped parsley. But apart from that little bit of fancy-work, there was little to contrive.

Now that we are ruled by the great god one-and-tenpence, we have to go a bit deeper than that. It was easy enough to produce a meal to dream about when we had luxuries at our disposal. Now we use the cheaper joints, which need cleverer cooking and more thought in their preparation.

Instead of butcher meat, star turn billed in our ration-books, we have to look around for a stand-in four or five days out of the seven. At the same time, of course, we want to make full and intelligent use of the good home produce as it comes into season.

So let us begin with the soup. With the complexion troubles of spring upon us, this one is timely, and it uses no rationed ingredient.

Beauty Soup.

The recipe comes from a famous beauty specialist whom I met in New York last year. She serves it in the restaurant where smart women pay fabulous sums for complexion diets.

Take an ounce each of haricot beans, peas and lentils; soak them overnight. Cut up small, ½-lb. carrots, ¼-lb. turnips (the young of both species are with us this month; but if you prefer to be more economical, use the older vegetables), ¼-lb. potatoes and 3 oz. button onions. Drain the dried vegetables and mix with the rest, adding 4 quarts of cold water, and salt to taste. Simmer for 4 hours. The liquid should reduce by about half.

Stuffed Mackerel.

This fish comes into good season this month and, trouble at sea permitting its appearance at the fishmonger's, we should use it for nourishment value—if not just because we like it done like this. Make a stuffing of chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt, pepper, a squeeze of lemon-juice, a little grated lemon-rind. Stuff each mackerel with this, make a few incisions across each side, paint with olive oil or melted margarine and put under a hot grill, having first greased the bars. Sprinkle the fish with salt when done, and serve with slices of lemon.

Vegetable Entrée.

Apart from salad, vegetables are a slight problem this month. We are off with the old and not quite on with the new. But there are the delectable new carrots and turnips, and here is a way of serving them together: Boil a bunch each of carrots and turnips in salted water. Drain, slice thinly and return them to the saucepan, adding a piece of margarine, a scattering of chopped parsley and salt and pepper. When the margarine is melted, serve the mixture hot.

Lettuce and Asparagus Salad.

Asparagus is in this month. The tips make a pleasant salad, and a few will be enough to give a delicious flavour. Tinned asparagus tips, or frozen fresh asparagus, can be used if necessary. Split a cabbage lettuce in two, removing coarsest leaves for soup, and wash and drain well. Put in a flat bowl. Make a French dressing with one part vinegar, two parts oil, salt and pepper. To this add a breakfastcupful of boiled asparagus tips, and pour the lot over the halves of lettuce. (Continued on page 97)

TRY CHAMPS

... and other good food from Ireland

We have to admit that better things come out of Ireland than bombs for station cloakrooms. Economical ideas, for instance, about food.

During a holiday in that distressful country I picked up plenty of them. Not in the grander hotels, for there the cooking is pretentiously Frenchified and as a rule bad, but in whitewashed farmhouses and cabins right off the tourist's track, where the peasant women use the traditional recipes of their grandmothers.

Even if we leave the pig out of our reckoning—which we must in England for the moment—and even if Irish butter can come to us only rarely, as a bona fide present from a friend (if you buy it, says the law, you can be fined or imprisoned), there is still plenty to go on with.

Have you ever, for instance, eaten what the Irish call Champ?

The idea is simple. Potatoes are thinly peeled and boiled in the ordinary way. They are then pounded with a "beetle" or potato masher, and while the pounding is in process a vegetable boiled in milk is added.

The Champ should be served piled on hot plates. A well is made in the centre and a piece of butter placed in it. All right. Don't worry about the butter. Use vitaminised margarine. Eat from the edge inwards, dipping each spoonful into the melting margarine.

Scallion Champ

For this you need six spring onions (scallions over there), one and a half pounds of potatoes, half a pint of milk, pepper and salt.

Peel the potatoes and put them on to boil in salted water. Wash and chop the onions, without discarding the green part. Put in a bowl, add salt and scald the indigestible oil out of them by pouring boiling water over them.

Drain, put them into the milk, and boil for twenty minutes.

Meanwhile, the potatoes will be ready; drain them well, see that they are dry, and mash. When all lumps have disappeared, beat in the onions and the milk in which they were cooked. The mixture should be smooth and creamy; use more milk if necessary, and add pepper and salt.

Young nettle-tops make a grand champ—but they must be young, and spring is the time to go picking them, your hands protected by gardening gloves. For your one and a half pounds of potato champ, take a cupful of chopped nettle-tops, which you boil in the milk, as the onions.

A lettuce cooked in the milk, or a number of outside leaves of lettuce left over from salads, is also extremely good. Chop the lettuce after cooking.

You often get a parsley champ in an old-fashioned Irish household; in this case use three good tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, and cook in the milk for three minutes.

Irish Stew

There are so many versions of this excellent way of spinning out the meat ration that I give a real native recipe here. Skip it if it insults your intelligence.

Ingredients are one pound of neck of mutton, two pounds of potatoes, half a pound of onions, pepper, salt, water.

Cut up the neck, cover with hot water, add salt, bring to the boil. Skin as necessary. Peel the potatoes thinly and slice about a third of them. Add the sliced potatoes to the meat, together with the onions, peeled and sliced. Season liberally with pepper. Now put the whole potatoes on top and cook slowly for about three hours. Give it an occasional stir.

Farmhouse Colcannon

This is a variation of the bubble and squeak theme.

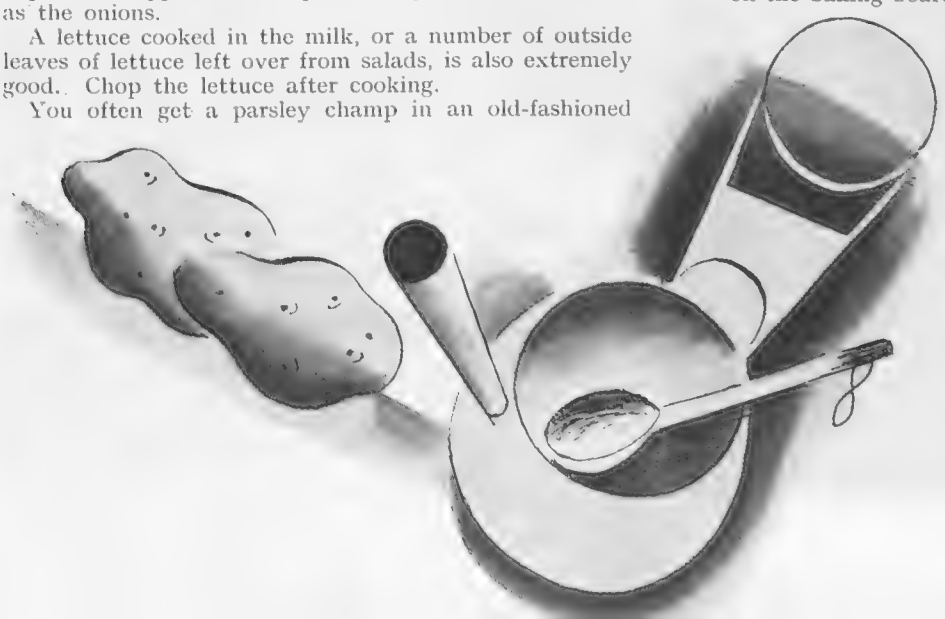
Take equal quantities of cooked potatoes and cooked cabbage. Chop the cabbage and add to the mashed potatoes, mixing well. Peel and slice an onion, and fry in dripping. Then add the potato mixture, spread it over the pan and fry till brown. Cut it in pieces, turn over, and fry till crisp.

Potato Cake

Served with bacon, potato cake makes the ration go further. It is particularly good if you fry it in the bacon fat.

You need one pound of potatoes freshly cooked in their jackets, a quarter of a pound of flour, salt, an ounce of melted margarine and a pinch of ground ginger.

Peel the potatoes while still hot and mash them. Put on the baking board and sprinkle (Continued on page 98)



By Harriet Muir

WHY BE AFRAID?

In these times only Amazons and the untruthful will deny that they are afraid. War is a fearful thing, and by reason of their physical inequality with men, women are still very much the helpless victims of it.

Don't be ashamed of fear. Men who have been bravest in battle have freely confessed to it. It is only the inability to endure it creditably that matters.

There is no formula for bravery. War would be less terrifying if there were, but women have many of the qualities which are most telling when courage is demanded and acts of valour are being performed every day in quiet places by those who fight an hourly battle with fear.

These women are not necessarily the ones who are facing the physical dangers and hardships of war, either, so much as those who quietly carry on at home; whose apprehensions are no less because they remain within the comparative shelter of their homes.

Life is fraught with problems to-day. For women of all ages they press on every side, physical danger, financial insecurity, the wrecking of plans for the future, separations.

If you stop to think about them, they grow more and more menacing; but has it ever occurred to you that all this has happened before? That human beings have endured and suffered in exactly the same way since time began and moreover have gone on and flourished and even benefited from their experiences?

It is a comforting reflection if you can dwell upon it, that the great tests of endurance to which the human race is occasionally subject are not all evil in their consequences, that even war has its benefits, if only to prove that human resolution and human courage can stand against all odds.

Don't overlook the fact when you are feeling down that other women in other places have faced war, have endured its hardships and its sacrifices, and emerged, ready to carry on, to live and laugh and reproduce the species.

Job's comforting, you think. All right, but if you take that point of view you start off on the wrong foot. You are simply asking your fears (vague and nebulous as many of them are) to take you by the throat and throttle you. You should be throttling them.

You don't have to be a super woman. Courage is, to some extent, a matter of calm reasoning. Face your fears. Challenge them. What do they amount to, after all? Isn't it true that, in the main, a great many of them are groundless? That the worst are mere ghosts of the imagination that can be exorcised?

Is it physical danger you dread? If so, that is understandable; but remember this. It is easy to indulge a morbid imagination at such times as these. Most of the things we fear may never happen. They may certainly never happen to you. Moreover, the whole subject of physical danger is like a visit to the dentist on a grand scale—the reality is hardly ever so bad as the anticipation.

Try to rid yourself of the conviction that Fate is devising a personal kind of endurance test for you. She isn't. She's too busy. Your possessions and your personal security are not specially earmarked for attention.

Keep your sense of proportion and you will keep your head.

And what of the future? Isn't it possible that your fears about this are unsubstantial, too? Look around you at the women who came out of the last war, hundreds of thousands of them who faced as much and more than you are facing now.

They must have had the same (Continued on page 96)

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We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Coty have a new make-up. The name gives the matter interest, even if one were not thinking how best to achieve a face worthy to go round with the new spring clothes.

"Magnet" is the name chosen for this new spring lipstick, compact and cream rouge. The colour is a clear, rich warm red. It is a softly flattering colour for most skins and admirably adapted to the rather gay, bright shades we shall be wearing in the season that is coming along.

The lipstick has a special and very welcome feature in the pencil end which makes it easier than most to apply. It stays on. The Compacte Rouge is 1s. 9d., the Cream Rouge 2s., and the Lipstick 4s. 6d.

How do you solve the problem of keeping your spirits up, and keeping the costs of drinks down?

Martini vermouth is an economic solution. Even if vermouth and soda were not one of the best of all drinks, it would still be inexpensive. You probably think of vermouth as something to be mixed with other drinks, but try it this way. Or try it plain as an aperitif.

A good vermouth like Martini has definite medicinal properties. Digestive and liver troubles are benefited by it.

There is an island off the north-west coast of Spain. They call it La Toja and it has been famous for its medicinal springs since the Romans came there.

You may not have the leisure or the money to travel to La Toja for a cure, but if you suffer from rheumatism or any one of many skin complaints you can have the treatment at home. The wonderful mineral salts of this island are available in the form of medicinal products marketed under the name La Toja.

There is La Toja Bath Salt—splendid for the treatment of neuritis. There is also La Toja Massage Oil, containing the requisite quantity of curative mud from the island—recommended for the treatment of lumbago, sciatica and synovitis.

Toilet soap, mud face pack and medicinal ointment come into the range made from the curative mineral salts and mud of La Toja. All are moderately priced.

It is a common sense rule of beauty culture that you should stick to one type of product.

In this way you can get co-ordination into your make-up. Moreover, it is fairer to the product. Creams and powders, rouges and lipsticks necessarily complement each other.

Take, for instance, the Dixor products. You have a whole beauty treatment in this one range and it *is* a beauty treatment.

Beginning with Velouty powder cream which performs two tasks at once and gives a velvety smoothness to the skin, you can go on to Velouty Day Cream, very light and soft, if you prefer to keep powder and cream separate. Then there is the Dixor Nourishing Skin-food which embodies the very latest principles of skin care and, finally, the Dixor Cleansing Cold Cream with an entirely new and original formula which gives it unique properties.

Dixor preparations are not expensive. You can get them anywhere, and they really assist natural beauty.

There is a range of creams and powders, not long introduced to this country from France, that have scientific properties as well as all those other more subtle qualities of elegance that a French origin suggest. They are the Reine des Crèmes creams and powders.

The night cream is a non-greasy one which cleanses and vanishes as well. As a powder base it is hard to beat.

There is a cream for greasy skins and a Mousse des Fleurs vanishing cream in a variety of flower perfumes. Finally there is the Reine Pastel, a tinted cream which gives the skin a delicate and natural colour.

La Reine creams can be had from your chemist. The prices are moderate, ranging from 1s. 3d. to 8s. 6d.

Teeth troubles creep upon you silently. You go on cleaning your teeth night and morning, not biting off cottons or scrunching too many candies, believing yourself immune from trouble, and then one morning the knowledge bursts in upon you that some irremediable damage has occurred in your mouth.

It can happen even when you keep up the practice of visiting the dentist regularly, because it is daily care alone which prevents decay and diseased gums. A scientifically perfected tooth paste like Kolynos, is a reliable way of guarding against these sudden alarms, a paste which cleans and polishes the surfaces of the teeth without bleaching or causing abrasions, with the ingredients to protect the teeth against harmful germ acids and the astringent properties which encourage firm gums.

Ember is the name of the latest Gala lipstick. It is vivid, glowing red with a dash of brown and blue in it, a creamy, olive oil lipstick packed in a fluted silver case. It costs 2s. 6d., refills 1s. 3d. Gala powder is packed in a new non-spill box. You simply take out the cork and tap box gently in order to fill a compact. This delicious powder has an olive oil base which gives a perfect matt surface. The box shown also contains a pot of Four Purpose Cream.

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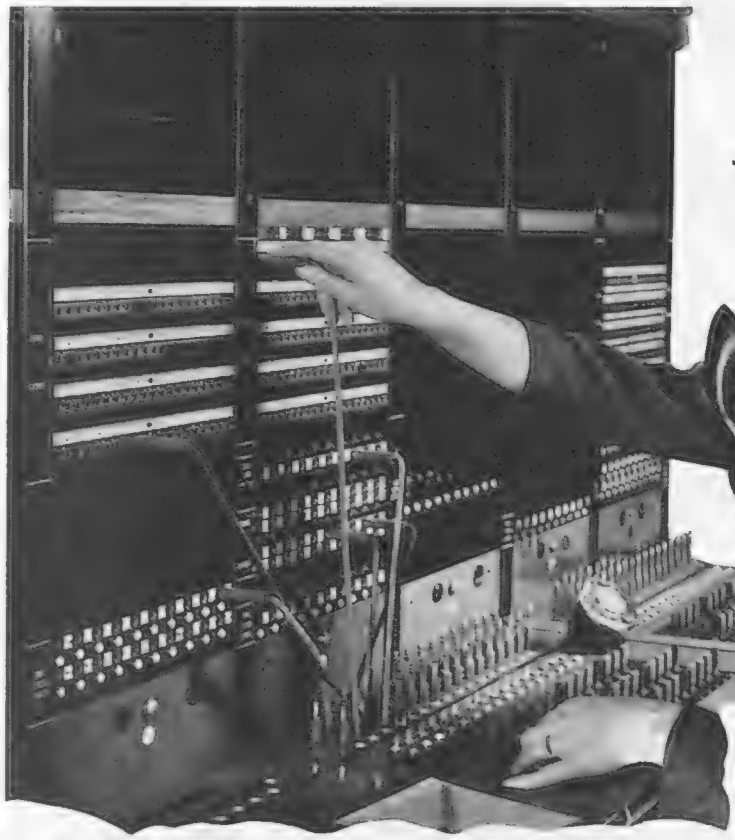

WOMEN WHO WORK

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COUPON

Buy that New Car Now

It's a Good Investment

By A. Percy Bradley

MOTORISTS in their hundreds sold or tried to sell their cars in the first few months of the war for they thought that with the meagre allowance of petrol and the increased cost of the licence fees motoring was not going to be worth while. Those who got rid of their vehicles probably now regret having acted so hastily and to those who are still endeavouring to find a buyer for their vehicles and have not yet succeeded I would advise them to wait and ponder a little. At the moment many of the motor dealers who have been lucky enough to survive up to the moment have in their showrooms a small stock of new cars. When these have been sold in all probability there will be a bigger demand from the public than can be met satisfactorily by the manufacturers. This state of affairs, plus the increase in the selling price of those cars which can be produced by the makers will undoubtedly increase the value of every serviceable second-hand car. People, therefore, who own cars and do not wish to use them would be very ill-advised to try and sell them unless, of course, financial circumstances make their disposal necessary. The present and future conditions would appear to me to wipe out entirely any question of owners suffering depreciation on their present vehicles.

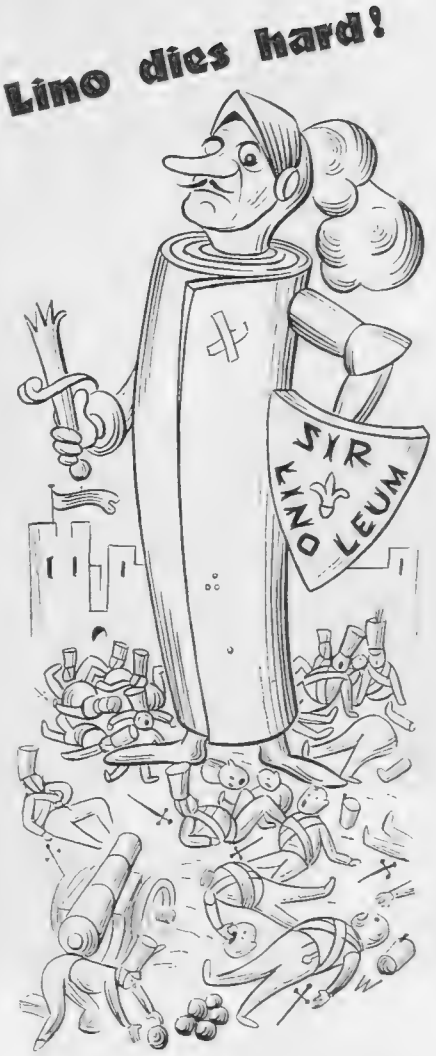
AFTER the last war those of us who were motorists then remember that absolutely fantastic prices were given for second-hand cars. I know of one case where over three thousand pounds were paid for an open touring Rolls-Royce that was more than five years old. I, myself, was lucky enough to obtain delivery of a new Calthorpe car within six months of the Armistice and after running it for almost a year I sold it and obtained over £100 more than I gave for it originally. I will not go so far as to say that the position at the end of this war will be exactly the same but there can be no doubt that any one who possesses a car when the next armistice is signed will either be very glad to have one for use or will be in a position to sell it at a price greatly in excess of what it is worth to-day.

UNLESS something very unforeseen happens the number of cars on the road should be now increasing day by day. True, motoring is costing us more per mile than it did in pre-war days so far as petrol, oil, licensing fee, etc., but, as I have said before, we have probably got rid of a very large item of expense, namely, depreciation. The roads are not filled with such dense traffic and so driving is, on the whole, much more pleasant. People are finding that the stress and strain of war forces them to take some form of recreation when time permits and what is pleasanter than going out for a drive even if it is only for thirty or fifty miles into the country during the spring or summer. Any one who wishes to buy a new car should hurry up and do so otherwise disappointment may be experienced.

It is really quite extraordinary how the average human being can accustom himself to almost anything. When "Pool" petrol was first introduced we all complained that our engine pinked, that it ate up more gallons for a given distance than was the case with the pre-war brands and that engines would not start readily on it on a cold and frosty morning. To-day, I hear very few such complaints and yet I cannot imagine that our original difficulties were the result of vivid imagination or that they have disappeared. Anyway I had completely forgotten that "Pool" petrol had any unpleasant quality until the other day when I drove one of my cars which I had laid up since last October. The tank happened to be filled with a No. 1 grade pre-war brand of petrol and during my short drive I soon realised the extent of the difference between good and inferior spirit. To run on No. 1 petrol will definitely be something to look forward to when the piping days of peace return.

MOST regiments in the army have some territorial association and as a result the troops in them are supplied with comforts from well-wishers residing in or connected with some district or locality. The Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Ordnance Corps are not so fortunate in this respect, and realising this Mr. W. E. Rootes, the president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, has issued a special appeal to the Motor Trade and the motoring community on behalf of the Comforts Fund of these two great organisations. The fact that the two corps are principally recruited from the road transport and motor industries makes it appropriate for us in the motoring world to do what we can to help provide comforts for the men. "We feel," said Mr. Rootes, "that the welfare of the men of these corps who are on active service should be the especial care of those in the motoring community who remain at home. Probably most of us have relatives or friends serving in the R.A.S.C. or the R.A.O.C. and I am very confident that the appeal I am making will meet with a generous response from all parts of the country." The number of men in the two corps is immense and is every day increasing so that the demands upon the two comforts funds involved are extremely pressing and will continue to grow. It is hoped, therefore, that in responding to this appeal donors will be as generous as possible in their contributions, and, equally important, that they will help quickly to get the necessary supplies.

AMONG the gifts in kind suggested are portable wireless sets, football outfits, dartboards and darts, playing cards, books, periodicals, meat extracts, etc. Gifts of money should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. D. C. McLagan, D.S.O., M.B.E., T.D., Hobart House, Wilton Street, London, S.W.1, cheques being made payable to "Army Transport Comforts Fund," while parcels should be addressed to Lieut.-Col. McLagan, c/o Comforts Funds, Kensington Palace Barracks, London, W.8.



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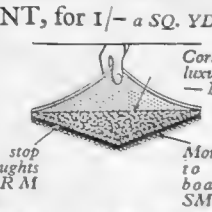
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ANNOUNCING THE

Spring Number

On April 10 The SKETCH presents a Special Spring Number – an enlarged issue bursting with good cheer. The latest spring fashions and merchandise will be described in word and picture, and there will be also those popular features which are found in The SKETCH every week. All the big and little news from the inside social circles, smart clubs and play-places, new films and plays, a short story, an amusing drawing by such masters of wit as Frank Reynolds and W. Heath Robinson are included. See that you see The SKETCH regularly by ordering it now.

THE SKETCH

APRIL TEN

On Sale every Wednesday, price One Shilling. Order it now from your local bookseller or newsagent

A Smart Six Light Saloon

The Lanchester "Fourteen" Roadrider de Luxe

By A. Percy Bradley

ALL of us know from experience that a house called "Ocean View" does not necessarily indicate that the Atlantic rollers break at the front gate and so when a car is given some striking name it is quite within the bounds of possibility that its performance does not live up to its appellation. A Lanchester "Fourteen" Roadrider de Luxe has just been driven by me over a distance of 200 miles and I can state without fear of contradiction that its name "Roadrider de Luxe" aptly describes its performance. It sits on the road like a train does on its rails and provides an unusual degree of comfort not only for the driver but for the passengers. I doubt if I have ever driven a car that felt more solid and yet not heavy. Over the worst surfaces it literally floated and stuck to its appointed path. Cornering at speed did not make the body roll nor the chassis proceed in a series of jumps. Added to all this pleasantness was a complete absence of any trace of rattle, squeak or vibration.

The Lanchester Six Light Saloon. The appearance of this car leaves nothing to be desired and it sells for the moderate sum of £390

The engine of this Lanchester has six cylinders and the cubic capacity works out at 1,809 c.c. This power unit is silent at all speeds, extremely powerful but at the same time does its job smoothly and is capable of imparting a really high speed to the car.

First thing in the morning once the choke control is pulled out the engine starts immediately and owing to the temperature of the water being regulated by a thermostat the choke can be dispensed with in half a minute. The power given out at low revs is highly satisfactory and this permits the engine to pull the car along at really slow speeds on top gear. During the course of my test I did not endeavour to find out its maximum speed but I discovered that the car would cruise in an effortless manner at about 60 m.p.h. At all speeds up to this figure and even beyond it the only noise emanating from the engine was a slight, rather pleasant hum from the dynamo.

In these days when petrol is difficult to obtain I was gratified to note that the car appeared to be covering over twenty miles to the gallon. I did not carry out any scientific or highly accurate test to determine this figure and so it must be taken to be approximately correct.

The car was fitted with the well-known Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selector gearbox, two components which are so well known that it is unnecessary for me to say any more about them than that on this car they worked as usual in a very pleasant, quiet manner. A flywheel and gearbox of the orthodox type are obtainable.

WITH a car which floats along at a comparatively high speed in such a casual way it is obviously most important that it should be supplied with really efficient brakes. For some reason or other I frequently find that brakes do not come up to the standard set by the other components on a car but on this Lanchester the brakes were beyond reproach but what is more they were really pleasant to operate.

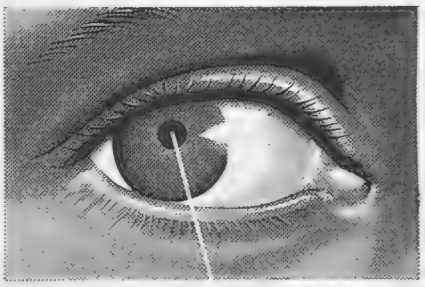
The suspension system was as near perfect as I have come across for many a long year and the design adopted contributes of course in no small way to the general road holding qualities of the car. The steering was sensitive and certain and as an adjustable steering column allowed its length to be instantly altered I was able to place the steering wheel just in the correct position. To me it is most important that the driver should be able to accommodate himself in a really comfortable position and this he cannot do if the steering wheel is too far away or too near to him.

THE appearance of the car leaves nothing to be desired. Its lines are modern but not futuristic. It is smart without being too conspicuous. The accommodation provided is generous and all the seats are really comfortable. A roomy locker for luggage is provided at the back and whether the occupants are endeavouring to reach the back or the front seats the wide well-positioned doors give them ready and free access. The fittings are in good taste and there are plenty of them. In short this latest example of Lanchester manufacture is a worthy successor of the previous models numbered in hundreds which have borne this enviable name. Prices have gone up due to wartime conditions but even so the Six-Light Saloon which I tested sells for the moderate sum of £390.

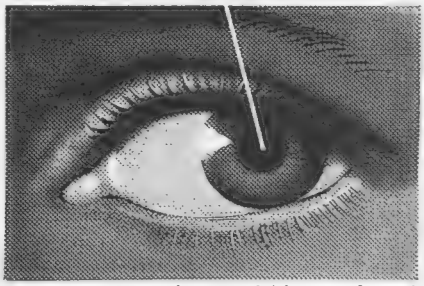
CAN YOU SAY "NO"

TO ALL THESE QUESTIONS?

1	*Do you find that you have to "force" your eyes in the black-out?*
2	*Do you feel a shock to your eyes when you enter a brightly lit room?*
3	*Pull down the lower lid of your eye. Is the inside red and vein lined?*



Bright lights force the pupils to contract



Black-out causes abnormal dilation of pupils

4	*Does reading and close work strain your eyes more than formerly?*
5	*In the black-out many places are ill-ventilated. Does the smoke and stuffiness irritate your eyes?*

If you must answer "yes" to most of these questions it's a sure sign that your eyes are suffering from war-time eyestrain. More than ever should you bathe your eyes regularly night and morning with Optrex to soothe them, protect them and strengthen them. Get another bottle to-day.

Whether you wear glasses or not you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex (brand) Eye Lotion is sold by all chemists. 2/- (with free eye-bath), and 3/6 nearly three times the quantity (without eye-bath).

Also Optrex Eye Masks at 4/6 per jar of 12.

Optrex BRAND EYE LOTION

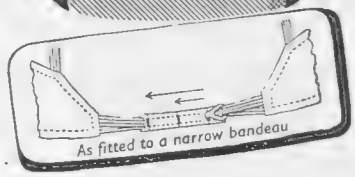
Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Road, Perivale Middlesex.

Fits without alteration

Just a simple adjustable idea which gives three fittings to every size. For example a 34-in. Kemplas will now fit a 33-in., 34-in. or 35-in. figure perfectly. In other words, it can be adjusted exactly to your size even though your measurements may vary after purchase. Ask to see it at your drapers or store. It is an idea which women have wanted for a very long time.

Illustrated Model No. 172A. Sizes 30" to 40", 6/11.

Also obtainable in various materials from 4/6 to 11/6.

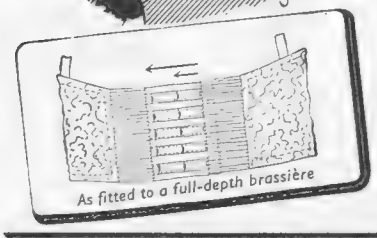


Kemplas has, of course, the additional feature of Pivotal Control which gives self-adjustment in movement and breathing by reason of the overlapping flaps in front sliding one over the other and joined by elastic bands. Perfect bust and diaphragm control is assured.

These features make Kemplas Brassières unique. Sold everywhere.

Illustrated Model No. 271A. Sizes 34" to 50", 15/6.

Also obtainable in various materials from 12/6 to 27/11.



PATENT APPLIED FOR

KEMPLAS Brassières

PATENT Nº 443496

KEMPAT LTD., ALBANY HOUSE, EUSTON RD., LONDON, N.W.1.

Panton

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 40)

Conscious of her beauty, the empress liked to appear at court magnificently dressed. (Her shoulders were considered the most perfect in all France.) At the same time she enjoyed immensely the homely entertainment of innocent games in the family circle. She would dance most gracefully while the emperor turned the handle of an instrument resembling a street organ. Often the royal palace of Saint-Cloud, later miserably devoured by flames, was the scene of festivities little inferior to those of Versailles in the time of Louis XVI.

Politically the reign scarcely ever ceased to be turbulent. There were two attempts on the life of the emperor, once while he was riding in a public park, a pistol shot was fired at him. The bullet went astray. The second attempt was much more serious. Organised by Orsini, it consisted of the throwing of three bombs, one of which exploded right underneath the royal carriage as it stopped before the steps of the opera. It is quite sufficient to see the actual photograph of the carriage after the attempt to realise that only the most benign Providence saved the imperial couple.

Several enterprises promoted by Napoleon ended in complete failure. One was the war in Italy. Another was the defence of the Pope in his temporal state of Rome, when Garibaldi, with a handful of men, scattered the French Zouaves, put the Holy Father to flight and made Rome the capital of Italy.

And when Eugénie used all the weight of her influence to send Prince Maximilian of Austria to Mexico as emperor, the unfortunate man was within a few years placed before the firing squad by Juarez, first president of the Mexican Republic.

THE birth of an heir three years after the marriage proved to be a source of great happiness to Napoleon and Eugéne. As the boy grew up the empress proved to be a tender but inflexible mother. She never forgot that she was educating an emperor. Napoleon on the contrary was one of those fathers who, with his caresses, would have spoiled an angel. He could not bear the sight of human suffering, even the unjustified cry of a child. This tender-heartedness made him detest war more than anything else. Yet when he got into his head that only a war could consolidate his empire, he came to grips with Germany without hesitation, indeed without trying to avoid it.

The storm approached. Eugénie's troubles grew with the growing clouds. The emperor made her queen-regent as he prepared to leave with his troops for the third time and she undertook this responsible task with the same virile courage as before, when she saw her husband and her fourteen-year-old son depart for the war. That was on the 28th of July, 1870.

Every one is familiar with the viscissitudes of that disastrous campaign. If one wishes to see it more vividly than in the rigid style of historical accounts, I cannot better the pictures offered by "The Debacle," from the masterly pen of Zola, or the pictures from the brush of De Neuville. At the beginning of August, Eugénie was at Saint-Cloud, and it was on Saturday, the 6th, that she received a telegram from the war zone. When it was deciphered it ran: "We are in full retreat."

Before she could hear the remainder she fell on her knees and burst into tears.

She went back to Paris, not only because she had to meet the Council of Regency, but also because she had been urged by the prefect of police to leave Saint-Cloud without delay as the palace was already surrounded by a turbulent mob. In Paris things were no better. The general alarm had provoked an outcry against the military commanders and the ruling dynasty. The streets were no longer safe for her and she became practically a prisoner in the Tuileries. It had been her express wish that a great part of the palace should be converted into a hospital, and the wounded soldiers were arriving in an

uninterrupted stream. Three times a day she had to attend the council and the rest of the time she spent in visiting the wounded.

The news that came from the front never gave a ray of hope nor showed a lull. In addition, the emperor's health aroused the greatest anxiety whilst he insisted on playing his part. Often, it was reported, the ghastly pallor of his cheeks disappeared only under a make-up. Some of the generals wanted to send him back to Paris, yet in spite of his condition, Eugénie wired him to stay. But all reports continued disastrous and their confirmation still more so.

SEPTEMBER began with the terrible catastrophe of Sedan. It was Chevre who handed to Eugénie the following telegram: "The army is defeated and captive. Having failed to meet death in the midst of my soldiers, I have been forced to surrender myself to save the army.—Napoleon."

After a moment of silence she asked: "And the prince?" The answer came short and cruel: "The prince is lost."

The blow could not have been harder. It struck simultaneously at a queen, a mother and a wife; yet she bravely tried to rally the leading forces of the nation. But the curtain was rapidly falling.

Hour by hour Paris was assuming the ugly aspect of 1789. Against the railings of the Tuileries there gathered a mob composed of sinister and ragged figures never seen on any other occasion. It seemed as though the wolves and hyenas of the Paris underworld had all come to the surface eager to burn, destroy and kill.

Repeatedly Eugénie had refused to leave her post as regent, but when she saw that the deposing of the monarchy was already under discussion, she did not insist any longer.

From the window of the palace she saw a sight similar to that on which Marie Antoinette had gazed from the balcony at Versailles. She said: "They shall not have another queen to insult!" Hundreds of people began to break down the railings and to pull the eagles from the pillars. It was then that the prefect of police rushed in and implored the empress to leave the palace.

Metternich and Nigra, the Austrian and Italian ambassadors, were by her side in those last moments and they took upon themselves the task of getting her out of the palace. There was no time to lose. They decided that only her faithful friend Madame Lebreton should accompany her. They tried one of the palace gates, but had to abandon that way of escape, for it was almost completely blocked by a yelling crowd. They went to a less conspicuous door. Outside it a multitude of people was hastening by. They waited for a favourable moment and then ventured into the street. Nigra, a young and strong man, took the empress's arm and asked if she felt nervous. She replied: "Do you feel me tremble?"

They went a few steps, hailed a cab. At that moment an Arab who was loitering in the vicinity of the door approached them and recognised the empress. As he was about to give the alarm, the Italian ambassador gave him a powerful kick and sent him rolling over. Before he could recover Eugénie and Madame Lebreton were already in the carriage. The cabby was told to go to Monsieur Besson, Councillor of State, Boulevard Haussmann, but they found that Monsieur Besson was not at home. In despair the two women, using the same cab, drove to the house of Dr. Evans, an American dentist, who for many years had attended the emperor and was a close friend of the imperial family. He had always had a deep adoration for the empress, and in return she forgave him the fact that in the old days he had also attended Mrs. Howard. But when they reached the place they found the doctor and his wife out.

They waited almost for two hours. When the doctor returned he found the Empress of France a suppliant, her sole property two handkerchiefs in a reticule and a mackintosh.

The story of the flight, known only to rescuer and rescued, would have remained totally obscure had it not been for the valuable memoirs (*Continued on page* 68)

"On war service or at home, these marvellous creams keep my complexion smooth and clear"

says

Lady Cynthia Tothill

Lady Cynthia Tothill is the only sister of the 5th Earl of Bandon. She is working as an ambulance driver. "It's especially hard on one's complexion being out in all weathers," she says, "but Pond's Creams are a splendid stand-by. They keep my skin in perfect condition."

Analysis of *Lady Cynthia Tothill's* features

(**1**) *Shape of Face:* Heart-shaped, with a broad, smooth, very white forehead.

(**2**) *Eyes:* Starry, dark, slightly almond-shaped, fringed with long, silky dark lashes. No lines or wrinkles at corners.

(**3**) *Nose:* Short and straight, with very smooth, white skin. No coarse pores or blackheads.

(**4**) *Mouth:* Wide and sensitive with well-shaped lips. *Chin:* Short, yet firm and rounded, with smooth, velvety skin. No sagging lines or blackheads.

(**5**) *Hair:* Dark and lustrous—a perfect foil for Lady Cynthia's attractive features and "peaches and cream" skin.

Lady Cynthia attributes the unusual beauty of her skin to her regular use of Pond's Creams.

Pond's Creams can do every bit as much for your complexion as they have done for hers! You see, these wonderful creams supply every one of your skin's needs. They cleanse and lubricate it; they rid it of blemishes and coarse pores; they protect it against the drying, ageing effect of cold winds.

Begin using them now! In a very short time you'll notice a wonderful change in your skin. Cared for this simple way, skin loses any trace of sallowness, becomes fresh and clear. Big pores and blemishes of all kinds disappear as your skin becomes each day healthier and in better condition!

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream every morning as a protection against dryness and to hold your powder on smoothly! It's the way to gain a new, lovelier and more youthful complexion.

POND'S CREAMS

of Dr. Thomas Evans, wherein he describes every detail in the most entertaining form.

The empress's intention was to reach England. Fortunately she had in her possession a passport made out by the British Embassy for a certain doctor and a lady patient. It was endorsed by the French authorities, but had never been used by the bona-fide holders of it. Dr. Evans was more than glad to have the opportunity of showing his devotion and he decided to play his part whatever the consequences. He needed the help of another man, and he chose his bosom friend M. Crane, later the publisher of his memoirs. They arranged to start early the next morning in Evans's landau. Crane was to impersonate the doctor, the empress the lady patient. Dr. Evans her brother, and Madame Lebreton the nurse. They started at 5 a.m. on the 5th of September.

THE city gate was a dangerous obstacle, but they got through it successfully. At 11 a.m. they reached Nantes. There they changed the carriage and proceeded for Deauville. On the way they spent the night at a wayside inn, where Eugénie acted the part of the invalid admirably.

But they were still in France. The unhappy woman did not forget that she too could have her Varennes and, like Marie Antoinette, be stopped just as she was reaching safety. But they entered Deauville at last, where the wife of Dr. Evans awaited them. In her house Eugénie had her first real rest. Nearby, in the harbour of Trouville, there was the 42-ton yacht *Gazelle*, belonging to Sir John Burgoyne, who had come to fetch his wife away from a restless France. Dr. Evans, although personally unknown to the yacht's owner, went aboard and suggested to him that he sail the empress across the Channel. Sir John, bewildered by surprise and the fact that such a responsibility should fall on him, at first raised some difficulties; but when his wife recognised the doctor, she prevailed on her husband to take the royal fugitive under the protection of the British flag. He finally agreed, provided the empress came aboard just before he was due to sail.

At 11 o'clock that evening the French police boarded the *Gazelle* and, finding nothing suspicious, departed. At midnight Eugénie met her rescuer on the quay and he assisted her across the gang-plank on to the *Gazelle*.

Sail was set and soon the craft was headed for England. She struck a heavy gale, but Eugénie was not disturbed. It was not that kind of storm she feared.

At 4 a.m. the *Gazelle* sailed up the Solent and anchored off Ryde.

ENGLAND became Eugénie's home. In England died the unlucky Napoleon III, and their son fell in Zululand fighting for England. The last Empress of the French, living on at Farnborough, kept her memories of the gay Tuileries Court, of fashionable life in Spain before that, and imparted them to a youthful visitor from Beaumont College, the Duke of Hulsear, now Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador in London.

She died in Madrid in 1920.

The fall of the crown from the royal carriage had not been a false warning to either emperor. For the first Napoleon it predicted Waterloo. For the last, Sedan.

END

Books :

(*Continued from page* 36)

His first pusher biplane *S1* flew for only a few seconds; his next, *S2*, for twelve seconds, hopping about 200 yards at from two to four feet above ground. "With reverence, and almost with tenderness," he says, "my boys put the *S2* back in the hangar."

Fighting technical difficulties all the way, relying sometimes on intuition when facts were lacking, he persevered. During the war years 1914-1918 he designed and built seventy-five large four-motored machines for the Russian Government. The 1918 armistice cut short a commission to design military machines for France.

Crossing to the U.S., he developed the vast amphibians which have made him famous. Twenty-five years' preparatory work, he says, actually went to the creation of his *S42* which made successful commercial crossings of both Pacific and Atlantic in the summer of 1937, with a cruising range of some 3,200 miles.

His book is a simple "how we did it" story written with a craftsman's pride in technical accomplishment; the hero is the machine rather than the man; it will inspire air-minded young men with a passion for engineering gadgets.

A U.S. industry of a more sensational kind is the luscious theme of Mr. Hickman Powell's "Ninety Times Guilty" (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). It tells the inside story of the vice racket, the girls entoiled in it, how District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey tackled the bawdy-house racketeers and staged the most spectacular and unsavoury criminal prosecution in gangster history.

Dewey had a tough proposition. He was up against Sicilian thugs like Charlie Lucky, alias Luciano, leader of the Italian underworld and the Unione Siciliana (doff your hats, boys!) with two hundred triggermen ready for murder at a nod.

Another typical specimen who comes into the story was Lupo the Wolf, whose mob scored sixty murders and disposed of bodies by packing them into barrels and trunks and shipping them away on the railroads.

Determined to reach the big shots behind the racket, Dewey organised a mass raid on the houses and brought in a round hundred girls and madams for questioning: "The room was misty with smoke and reeking with the stench of mixed perfumes. Most of the girls were still in their working clothes, bright silks and satins with shoes to match. They worked their powder puffs and looked in their vanity cases and used their lipsticks. But there was a blowsy appearance over all."

Oh boy, what a night that was in New York police annals! At first none of them would talk, but Dewey's men found a way of getting one to start, and competition did the rest.

It is an amazing revelation of U.S. underworld life, teeming with raw human interest—but should not be left lying on the nursery floor. That West End cabaret number, "Twenty years a chambermaid in a house of ill repute," is parochial by comparison. . . .

TO turn from this to Mr. R. H. Mottram's Norwich of the Gurney's Bank days is to hear "Eighteenth Century Drawing-room" after the hottest swing. The author of "Spanish Farm" joined the bank as quill-driver in 1900. His father worked there for fifty years, his grandfather for fifty-two, his great-grandfather for fifty-eight—virtually at the same routine at the same desk.

The frock-coated manager was farmer more than banker in his speech. He "knew all the old country lore, had 'led' a stallion for his father, could knock out a savage dog by a well-timed kick, preferred ratting to rabbiting, and rubbed his head with whisky when he had a cold . . . I remember his telling us how the 'servant gal' at his brother's farm always placed her shoes heel to toe when she retired for the night. This was a charm against the Devil. . . ."

In "Bowler Hat" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Mottram writes devoutly, with touching charm and humour, of the men he knew, the slow changes wrought by time, the calculating machine supplanting the quill, the absorption of the original firm by the modern colossus.

When he took to authorship colleagues would say to him: "Now then, we don't want a novelette about Belgian francs, you know!" He left, after twenty-two years, with a silver pint tankard and leather dispatch case, "the one possibly in reminiscence of all the brown ale we had drunk together." His book is a gracious thank you! to those vintage days of fragrant memory.

ANOTHER writer's reminiscence is Miss Anne Meredith's "Three a Penny" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), so called because friend Dorothy Sayers once said to her: "You must remember that although authors are three a penny to us, they are quite exciting to other people."

Office girl from the suburbs, wartime worker with the Red Cross, post-war with the Coal Commission, she wrote verse and journalism, then a novel which was turned down.

The Cat and the Canary at the King's Theatre inspired her to try a murder story. Collins accepted it, but refused a second, so she sent her next to a literary agent as "Anthony Gilbert" and Collins took it.

It was nice to know that the unknown Mr. Gilbert bred Scotch terriers and photographed old churches, but they wanted a publicity photograph. She accordingly had herself photographed in a wig and false beard. The agent complained that it made Mr. Gilbert look too ancient for a promising young author, and Mr. Gilbert had to admit he was just a pseudonym.

That was how Miss Meredith founded Anthony Gilbert's fame as a writer of distinctive crime stories and was duly elected to Mr. Anthony Berkeley's Detection Club. Her story, told modestly with humour, will specially interest aspirants and recruits to the Three-a-Penny brigade.

KARL, last of the Austrian emperors, came to the throne at twenty-nine in November, 1916, when his kingdom, tied to Hohenzollern Germany, was at war.

Handsome, serious, sensitive, a devoted husband and father with no great grip of statecraft, he brooded on Europe's tragedy, and early in 1917 sent peace proposals to Britain and France. Prince Sixtus, his brother-in-law, serving with the Belgian Army, was smuggled into Austria to act as intermediary. His empress, Zita—who survives with her son Otto—believed earnestly: "*We must have peace at any price!*"

The mission failed, partly through French mistrust, and Clemenceau afterwards discredited Karl by publishing his letter; but it was at least a sincere attempt to save Europe from two more years of devastating war.

That is Karl's main claim to fame. As monarch he was unhappy, ill-starred. He had come into direct succession through two Habsburg tragedies: the Archduke Rudolf's death-pact with Marie Vetsera, at Meyerling, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's assassination at Sarajevo, in June, 1914. When the empire was split up in 1918 he went into exile; subsequent attempts to claim the Hungarian crown were rebuffed ignominiously; he died in 1922.

Mrs. Bertita Harding, who has written graphic books on the Emperor Franz Josef and Maximilian of Mexico, dramatises the story of Karl and his Italian princess wife in "Imperial Twilight" (Harrap, 12s. 6d): a biography in a popular narrative style which humanises history and makes it as intimate as a novel.

IN Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's "Great Chameleon" (Hutchinson, 8s. 3d.) eighteenth century social history *is* a novel, and a vastly pleasing one. Living at Bath and liking it, he has taken a Bath notable for subject: the admirable *School for Scandal*, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, playwright, lawyer, politician, courtier, lover, wit, man-about-town, advocate at the Warren Hastings trial; the man of whom Moore wrote at his death:

How proud they can press to the funeral array

(*Continued on page* 70)

Meat for two, does for three

WHEN YOU COOK IT IN PHOENIX

CARRY ON, CASSEROLES! What a boon they were in the last war, and how this splendid economical method of cooking has advanced with the coming of Phoenix, the clear oven glass. The level, even heat obtained inside a Phoenix dish causes less meat shrinkage than by any other way. Every drop of goodness is conserved. Every ounce of meat goes further. Housewives wanting to prepare a satisfying hot meal for a houseful of hungry young people, find it can be done most economically 'en casserole' in Phoenix. Remember also that you can dish up in smart Phoenix dishes, straight from the oven piping hot to the table—so Phoenix saves a lot of washing up!

NEW CASSEROLE COOKERY BOOK — *FREE*

Phoenix have just brought out a new edition of their special cookery book "Casserole Cookery". Full of practical recipes for wartime. It is published at 6d., but readers of this paper are entitled to a FREE copy. Send a postcard to-day to Dept. B, Phoenix Works, Loxdale Street, Bilston, Staffs.

CLEAR and stays CLEAR

Phoenix never gets dull or yellow. Cooking stains come away easily from a Phoenix dish, leaving it shining and transparent. Housewives praise the smooth, clever shapes designed by Elizabeth Craig to slip snugly into the oven.

PHOENIX
REGD. TRADE MARK
THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE
'For cooking the most economical way'

Mr Colman tells the Press how he solved the household budget economy problem!

*". . . so you see, gentlemen, it's I and not Mrs. Colman who deserves the credit for installing our AB Cooker. And, frankly, I never made a sounder investment. You'd never believe the difference it's made to our butcher's bill. Roasts don't shrink or dry up like they used to—in fact, we get several more portions from every joint cooked in our 'AB.' Another thing—before the war we had a cooker **and** separate water heater. Now our 'AB' does both these essential jobs in one—ensures perfect, economical cooking and a day and night hot water service in kitchen and bathroom for a consumption of approximately 3 tons of approved fuel a year. How's that for economy, gentlemen? . . ."*

You, too, could make no sounder investment than to instal an AB Cooker. Read the important facts below and judge for yourself.

AUTOMATIC FEED *regulates a continuous minimum supply of fuel, governed by cooking demands, to firepot—eliminating waste and frequent re-stoking. Fill the hopper only twice in 24 hours—once in the morning and once at night.*

AMPLE COOKING SPACE *for preparing simple or elaborate meals for 6-10 people. No "extras" to be cooked elsewhere. Roomy hot plates with baffle plates to conserve heat and increase water heating facilities when hot plates are not in use.*

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERATURE CONTROL *and balanced oven heat ensure perfect cooking with the maximum retention of food values and the minimum of shrinkage. Increase or decrease temperature, at will, in a matter of seconds. Maximum cooking heat available instantly for early breakfasts and urgent meals.*

CONSTANT HOT WATER *in kitchen and bathroom. No separate boiler needed—no complicated installation or new hot water system.*

The AB Cooker

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Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow!
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

Mr. Vachell makes a teeming pageant of the times; famous comtemporaries crowd into the story; he revels in all the robust dialogue Miss Ashton's narrative lacks. When Garrick gives Dick his blessing on the Drury Lane management, he says: "You must be your own pilot. Have a care to steer wide of the reefs."

"What reefs?"

"The bottle, the gaming-table, and all the bitches in the kingdom. Fare thee well!"

I liked, too, Mr. Vachell's summary of his hero's three-bottle age: "Parsons, doctors, schoolmasters, eminent jurists, and country squires drank to excess. A gentleman, old or young, was no gentleman if he failed to carry his liquor like a gentleman. He was expected to be genial 'in his cups.' Falstaff drunk is more amusing than Falstaff sober. So was Thomas Sheridan. *What ladies thought about it they kept to themselves.*" (Italics mine.)

AMERICAN crime history is also a novel in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Lizzie Borden" (Hutchinson, 8s. 3d.). In 1892 Lizzie, Sunday-school teacher and church worker, was charged with a fiendish murder. Her father was found mutilated in his sitting-room, her stepmother in a room upstairs, both victims of an axe.

She was acquitted, but Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, delving into possible motives, reconstructing prior events, believes that she was guilty.

Emotionally starved, home-repressed, she grasped at a last straw—a man of straw, worthless, incompetent, cowardly. She was driven to murder by fear of being robbed of him. That is the author's conjecture; and she builds it up with vital drama and tense psychological interest. Fiction into fact has made a good novel.

JUST how much fact went to the making of Miss Katherine Albert's "Remember Valerie March" (Cassell, 8s. 3d.) we may not know, but her Hollywood film star, from rising to setting, is convincing. "Not a woman, but a flesh-and-blood career" hardly sums her up. Her director, who narrates the story, touched the core of her problem when he reflected:

"She was a dumb child when she started. At an age when most girls are entering college, she was already a star, a studio property, fawned on by those who wanted to make money out of her, kept as emotionally stable as possible by me, who could only express myself through her. How could she see in proportion, when she lived the unhealthy egotistical life required of her?"

Hollywood must have many such. Miss Albert lays bare the soul of one in a story worth the attention of all film-fans, which means 'most everyone in a flick world. When the time comes for her to quit: "Valerie could get rid of husbands and lovers and friends without turning a hair but this—this was her career!" But she made even her exit a publicity hit; trust her for that!

MISS DENISE ROBINS can work wonders with a strong human situation. In "Sweet Sorrow" (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 3d.) two charming young innocents, Guy Denver and Celia Hammond, find themselves marooned in a cottage for days in a flood.

The Press make a "story" of it. Guy is a Harley Street doctor ('ware B.M.C., now . . .); his wife wants evidence for divorce. What a gift to a novelist with Miss Robins' emotional stops—or non-stops! She makes the most of it; and so will her readers, gratefully. This is good work, with just the right situation. Celia does the noble thing.

END

They Live Again

(*Continued from page 23*)

his eyes narrowed, but when he spoke his voice was quiet and level. "I see," he said. "I see." And in that moment Squadron Leader King felt he could see it all. "Somebody else will take this machine back," he went on. "You will be attached to Headquarters Flight. In the event of the squadron going into action you will remain here on camp defence. You will not leave the ground unless the camp is attacked. You will take your orders from Flight Lieutenant Atkins."

Trent nodded, that slow, almost mocking nod. His hand lifted to his helmet in a movement that was more a farewell gesture than a salute. "Okay," he said.

King's eyes flashed in sudden anger. "You will report to my office in one hour," he said, and with that he turned away as though anxious to avoid further discussion.

Back in his office Squadron Leader King faced his adjutant. The anger he had shown on the 'drome fell from him like a discarded garment, for it was King's boast that he could completely control his passions. "Now what do you think of the gift, Brown?" he asked.

"A very hard nut but a brilliant pilot—a good man. I think Martin has boobed."

"Yes, Martin's boobed, Brown." King was almost chuckling. "Martin couldn't handle him. Too tough for Martin."

Brown smiled to himself as he recalled the quiet innocence of Trent's words—"I didn't mean to scare any one," and King's eyes at that moment. "But you can't ground a man like that," he said. "Thompson says he has met the fellow before. They were at ten F.T.S. (Flying Training School) together. It seems that Trent was a god to the fellows there but he scared the wits out of all the instructors. They couldn't do anything with him. He knew no such thing as discipline but he knew how to fly, and, listen—Thompson says the negatives from Trent's camera-gun were always filed for exhibition."

"What was that?" King asked suddenly, looking up from his desk.

"I thought that would interest you," Brown smiled. "They say the fellow could hit a fly at fifty yards with his guns. Martin didn't know that. He didn't have him long enough."

"But where did he learn to fly and shoot?" King asked the question that had been puzzling him ever since he had watched the "Hurricane's" spectacular arrival. "Does any one know anything about him?"

"Yes. He's Canadian. Came over to join up when war broke out. His father was killed in a dog fight during the last war. He's been touring Canada and the States with an air circus—stunting and bottle shooting and all that." His eyes rested meaningly on King as he added: "By jove, I'd like to see him in action, though."

"Yes, it would be very enlightening, particularly for the Huns. When he's become a little more disciplined he'll be a very useful man, but for the time being he'll stay in Headquarters Flight."

Brown shrugged a little hopelessly. Discipline or no discipline, he felt he'd rather go into action with a man like Trent behind him than with any one else in the squadron. He decided to try another line. "Some men never do bend to discipline," he said. "Some of them are born fighters and they fight best alone and in their own way. Look at the last war—men like Ball, Mannock, McCudden, Bishop, all lone fighters; and what fighters they were." His eyes rested dreamily on the ceiling as he murmured: "Men who could never be defeated even in death, for they live again. This Trent may be another of them."

"We shall soon see," King said. "After he's had a month in Headquarters Flight.

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For the children

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A month on the ground will do him good."

Baffled, Brown fell silent and it was during that silence that the loud speakers that had been installed in every hangar, billet, canteen and office, bellowed the warning: "Number five wing interceptor squadrons stand by. Number five wing interceptor squadrons stand by."

King flashed the other a swift glance. "Take over, Brown," he said, and before Brown could reply, he was running for "A" Flight hangar.

From every direction men came running to their stations. No orders were necessary, hardly a word was spoken. Each man knew his duties and did them swiftly and silently. Incredible as it sounds, it is nevertheless a fact, that within a minute and a half of that first warning the nine Gloster "Gladiators" of "A," "B" and "C" flights were standing before the hangars, their propellers idling as the engines warmed up, while the pilots stood complete with flying kit and parachutes waiting for the words—"Air action."

Two minutes later the loud speakers again spoke. "Number five wing interceptor squadrons, air action. E.A. square E, forty-five. Eighteen thousand. Proceeding N.N.E."

An orderly officer repeated the message. "Number five wing interceptor squadrons. Enemy aircraft square E, forty-five. Altitude eighteen thousand feet. Proceeding north-north-east."

There was a sudden rush for the machines followed almost immediately by a deafening roar as the three "Mercury" engines of "A" flight, led by the C.O., burst to full throttle and raced away into wind. "B" flight chased them and were in turn chased by "C" flight, for the 'drome—previously a landing field—was not large enough for the squadron to take the air in formation.

And leaning on the trailing edge of the "Hurricane's" port wing a lone figure watched the squadron linking up in "Vic" formation as it clawed for height.

For a full half minute Trent watched the squadron until it was an indistinct blur of tiny spots far away, then he turned abruptly to a sergeant fitter. "Sergeant, start this machine up, right away," he snapped.

The sergeant stared from Trent to the "Hurricane" and back again to Trent. "But, there's a raid on, sir. Headquarters don't leave the ground during a raid."

Trent was already dragging his flying kit and parachute from the cockpit. He paused a moment and eyed the sergeant. "Start that machine up, I said." His voice was quiet but the words were a command and after one more glance at Trent's face the sergeant hurried to obey. Hardly had the engine started and the sergeant scrambled back than the "Hurricane" leapt forward like a live thing, screamed across the 'drome under full throttle, and tucked up its wheels as it skimmed the tree tops. Five minutes later Trent was roaring across the sky heading for square E, forty-five and forcing the "Hurricane" up—up with every mile, his keen eyes searching the horizon for aircraft.

He tuned in to Interceptor Command Headquarters and caught a part of King's reply: ". . . can see nothing. Am turning east, approaching square E, forty. Over." A few seconds later he caught a glimpse of King's "Gladiators" far away on his left.

It seemed but a few seconds after that that Trent suddenly sat up, tensed and alert, peering intently at a group of tiny dots away on his right. As the formation rapidly grew a slow smile of infinite satisfaction spread over his face. He flashed a swift glance around the horizon and nodded as he saw that he was alone—just he and that formation—with the vast naked sky to fight it out in.

He could see them distinctly now, twin-engined monoplanes; bombers, he decided. He thought he recognised them as a Junkers type, slow and cumbersome, helpless in single combat against a British "Spitfire" or "Hurricane." But this was not single combat, for there were five enemy machines—he was close enough to count them now—travelling in "flight" formation and keeping steadily to their course. (*Continued on page 72*)

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her"

Tennyson

There is no other Lavender with the charm and quality of the Yardley Lavender. The beauty of its wistful appealing fragrance has endeared it to many generations of fashionable Englishwomen. Today it is established as an indispensable article of their Toilette. It is a delightful Perfume for every occasion, and for Daytime Daintiness and for the less formal evening engagements it is ideal.

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Almost they seemed to be ignoring him but he sensed eyes watching him and rear guns trying to train on his plane.

He let them pass at less than six hundred yards before he swung round in a vicious bank and headed straight at the leader. What really happened during the next few seconds Trent himself would find it hard to explain even if he cared to. Certain it is that the Germans were completely surprised by the swift savagery of that attack. Hardly had they begun to separate than the "Hurricane" was through them and whirling round on a mad, vertical bank to return. Not once did Trent soar for safety. He went in to fight relying solely on his amazing skill and the deadly accuracy of his fire; rolling, looping, zooming and diving round the bombers with the diabolical fury of a man bent on the utter destruction of his enemies.

Such a fight could not last in so confined a space. When the second bomber went down in a last mad plunge, its engines still at full throttle, the formation broke and turned. But it seemed that Trent was determined that nothing should escape him. Fastening on to the tail of a third he held his fire until his spinner almost touched the fleeing German's tail plane. Lifting and dropping, banking alternately, he crept closer until at last it came—a short, stunning burst from his eight guns point blank at the pilot's cockpit—and Trent was racing away after his next victims.

But he was never to reach them for before he could close in nine "Gladiators" screamed down apparently from nowhere on to the escaping bombers.

One quick glance was enough for Trent. King's squadron, with King leading. Obviously he had been seen but whether he had been recognised he could not tell. He swung round in a sharp bank and headed back home.

When the squadron returned Trent was leaning against the "Hurricane" as he had been when they left. He watched them all down and was about to turn away when King approached.

King halted before him, and for a long moment the two men eyed each other, then King's hand went out. "Good work, Trent," King said. No back-slapping, no embarrassing congratulations. Just—"Good work, Trent." Small praise, but praise indeed.

Trent hesitated a moment before he took the outstretched hand, then he smiled, that slow, impudent smile. "Thanks, but they were my pigeons. I could have wiped them all out," he said quietly.

"Yes, I know that." And in that moment Squadron Leader King knew all he wished to know. He knew that the man was not boasting; that, left to himself, Trent would have annihilated the entire German formation; that he was facing a man who was not urged on by a reckless courage, but a man of the calibre of Bishop, cool, calculating, deadly. He thought of Brown's words—"Men whom death could not defeat, for they live again." Yes, they live again. He must take care of Trent, ensure that he kept on living.

"Attach yourself to 'A' flight," King said. "Oh, by the way, I still want to see you in my office in one hour."

"Okay—er—sir," Trent said, and deep in his eyes a little devil danced merrily.

King grinned as he hurried away to his office, his thoughts shaping a message he must send to his friend Squadron Leader Martin.

END

The Self-Contained Life

(*Continued from page* 5)

About this small, self-contained life business; there's a lot in it. I know, because I've had some, as Mr. Thoreau might have said. I must say, it is asking too much of the woods and lakes to expect them to make it up to you for the delights of London—it is, to be more accurate, asking too much of yourself. We can't all be Thoreaus. And last year, down in the most remote settlement in South-West Africa, I met an elderly Englishman, who said:

"I *loathe* the wide open spaces! I love crowds! Give me a stall at Covent Garden, and you can have all the rest of Africa!"

When we set out for that experimental year in British Columbia, we knew we were taking a great risk. To begin with, we were taking a risk without any chance to back out—and, primarily, we were taking it between ourselves. It was going to be a test, that first winter, locked up inside a log cabin, with the nearest neighbour a good four-mile row away. We wouldn't have believed it, in Montreal, if any one had told us we would have cheered when we found ourselves frozen in, a two-inch thickness of ice across our sheltered bay, and no one able to get near us, or we to anybody; an ecstatic isolation—until we noticed that the food was finished!

Analysed candidly, it wasn't the beauty of our surroundings that made life so livable in British Columbia—like old Tim, the hotel's boatman on the lakes of Killarney, we sometimes felt like saying: "Ah, it's no treat to me, sir, I see it every day." It was the way we were *managing* to live that gave us the amazing amount of fun we got out of it. When I was going out to bag a couple of ducks, for instance, I did not just empty a box of cartridges in my pockets, as I would have in England. Not likely; they were too expensive. Instead, I picked up about a dozen, with the knowledge that they simply *must* get at least three or four ducks. And then, waiting for the evening flight beside a point, I did not blaze away at everything that seemed within range—no, I waited until a pair came by that seemed almost a dead cert. And *then* I experienced something like a professional skill in the job.

Real hams we considered beyond our purse. But the butcher could send up from the settlement, thirty miles below, a section of pig, rolled up to look like a ham. And for this we had a special treatment. We stuck cloves in its sides, put in cinnamon bars, put it in a potful of water, and dumped in several cupfuls of brown sugar. Then we put it on the back of the stove, and let it simmer all day. It did not matter how long. At night we took it off and put it on a shelf outside the cabin to cool. In the morning, we would find that the pseudo ham had sucked back nearly all the liquid; the juice so piquant with cloves, cinnamon and rich brown sugar.

To eat a thick slab of that, cold, for an afternoon's winter tea, was like eating candied apricots from Grasse—only much better! That gave an excitement to life.

I have read, under those comfortable circumstances, even the Help Wanted ads., in the New York Sunday newspapers. Read—and thanked God that I was not so desperate as to have to answer some of them, those gaudy and obvious fakes, which some man or woman would clutch like the last straw, and tramp the cruel streets—trying to sell someone, any one, something that they did not want.

"When you've sunk this low," said a melancholic old moose hunter, who was trying to make a living from a semi-submerged farm next to us—"you ain't no longer afraid of *anything* in life. Life can't do anything more to you, cause you've already hit rock bottom. So I ain't scared!"

He was, as a matter of fact, scared stiff all the time; otherwise he would not always have been talking about it. He was always afraid that he was going to let himself down. And, as a result, he scared himself out of the place. Whereas, directly across the lake from him, lived an old French-Canadian, a former trapper, who had no visible means of support, yet managed to keep fat and healthy all the time. But perhaps this immunity from the perils and consequences of this life came from the fact that Old Louis could neither read nor write.

He had nothing to stir, or bother, his imagination, except the immediate things he saw around him. And what things he saw that could be caught, and eaten—Old Louis caught, and ate.

"He's the gol-darnedst, most self-satisfied, self-sufficient, selfish old —— I ever saw!" said a local settler, who was always worrying whether he would be able to pay his bill at the store, or not.

I think the whole trend of the times, rapidly accelerated by this war, is to diminish one's material demands from life. Coming back from France last August, I faced a man in the train who at last confessed to me that he was a Liberal M.P.

"If you had your choice," he asked, "where would you like to live?"

I always find that an impossible question to answer. "I don't know," I said; "but with *my* means, at the present, I *think* I would like a small cottage in the French Pyrenees. Not that I would stay there. I should want at least four months in Paris, or some European capital, every year, with enough money so that I could stay out all night, and come home with the vegetables in the morning. After that, I think the Pyrenees would be a refreshing spot."

He grinned. "You know," he said earnestly, "my ambition used to be to have a big house, with a two-mile drive, and the biggest motor car in the vicinity."

"Surprised to hear you admit it."

"Fact. I actually did want that. Just think!"

"And you, a Member of Parliament! You make me nervous."

"But just look at 'the stately homes of England'! How do you account for those?"

"Look at the pyraminds," I countered. "Also look at the slums of Cambridge, which, I believe, are considered to be some of the worst in England. I don't know what Oxford's are like."

He sighed. "I'm not a varsity man. But now, now I no longer want the house with the two-mile drive. Queer, isn't it?"

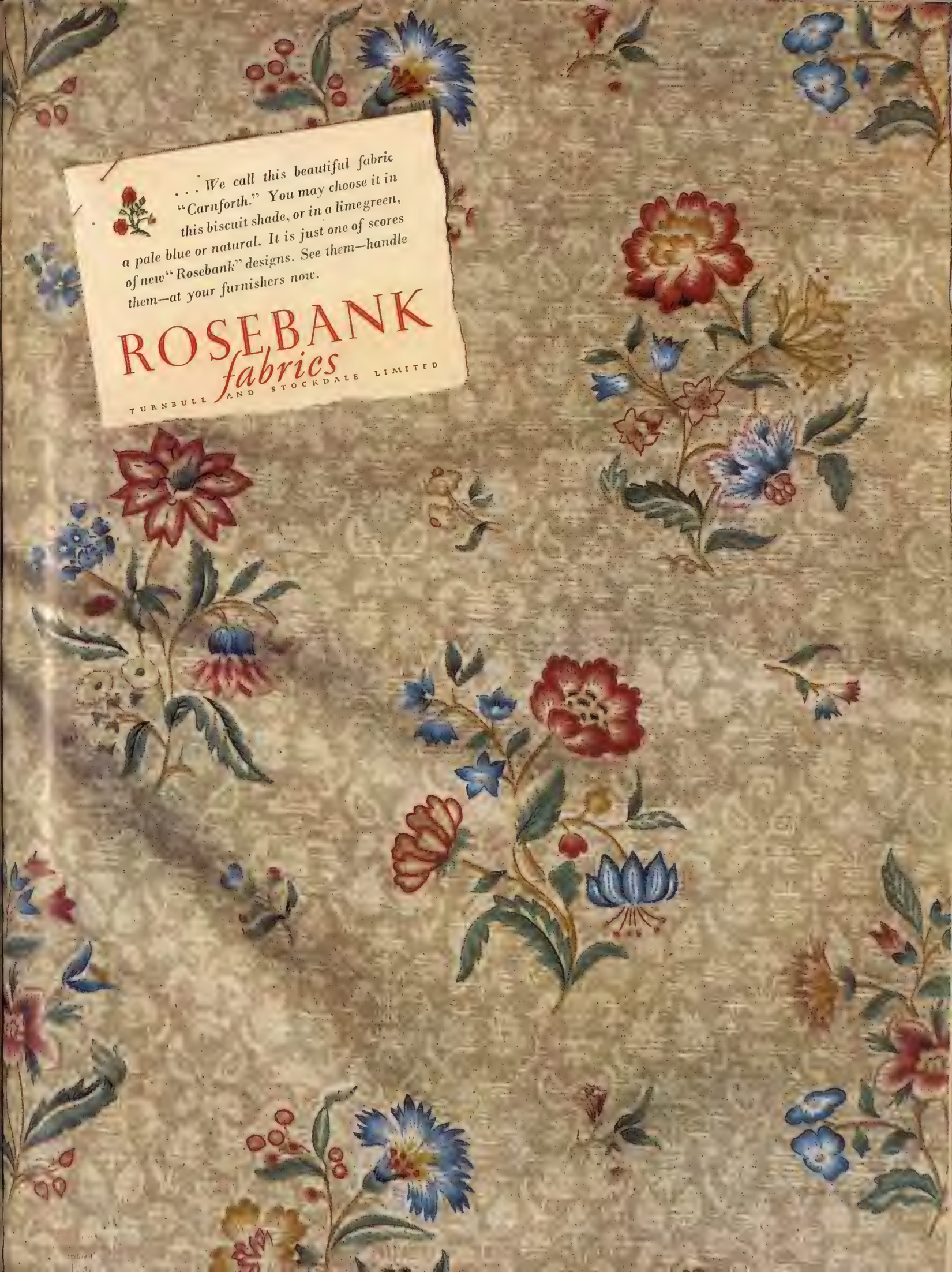
"Not a bit. I've got a friend who at this very moment is looking around England for a house with an impressive drive. It doesn't matter much, to him, what sort of a house it will be—he just wants that drive. It will answer, I feel sure, something lacking in his character, it will give him poise. He might have to do without enough maids to run the house, but he will bankrupt himself before he would forego a butler. And once every evening, sometime during the dinner, he will be sure to begin a sentence with, "Now, my wine merchant . . ."

"What a horrible young man!"

"Not in the least. He is really very nice. He just *sees* himself as something, definitely something which he has read—for, of course, he will never lead anything but a vicarious life."

"You've said it!" gasped the Liberal Member of Parliament—"The vicarious life! That's precisely what happened to me; the minute I got into politics, got into the swim of things, I forgot all about that house with the big drive. I've got a flat now, in Westminster, and I'm happy as a king!"

I have lived the small-life in boats, lived so long with them that I had become positively attached to some objects. Anybody would say you were crazy, for instance, if you admitted that you had become fond of a frying-pan. Yet I did. When my wife and I sailed the *Flame* across Europe, a little twenty-six-foot Norfolk Broads yawl, which we took from Rotterdam to Sulina, on the Black Sea, we were eight months on the trip. Before we were out a month we knew the good, or (*Continued on page* 75)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evil, character of every object on that boat. We knew, for example, that we had one frying-pan we could *trust*. Absolutely. It was just a heavy iron thing, with weight enough to be useful as ballast. But when it got hot—it stayed hot! Cooking a three-course dinner on two Primus stoves, which we did sometimes just to show-off before visitors, we knew that, once that reliable old-fashioned frying-pan became heated, we could take it off the stove, put it on the floorboards, and that it would keep whatever was in it hot while we cooked the next course. We had a frying-pan without staying-power, an aluminium one we bought in Germany, which lost heart and got cold the minute we took it from off the flame. And toast for breakfast (an impossible thing to make on a Primus) we made simply by heating that patient old iron frying-pan until it was nearly red hot, and then just *pressed* the slabs of bread against it.

WHEN we were frozen in on the coast of the Black Sea, and knew that in a few days an Italian ship would arrive to take us down to Constantinople, it tore our hearts to see so many dumb and faithful utensils to which we would have to say good-bye. One of these was our neat, clean little yacht-toilet. We knew we would never find its match in any Mohammedan country, nor did we! And then, the shelves and lockers I had made, so carefully, which held all our belongings and food; it seemed a crime to have to turn them over to alien, unsympathetic hands.

You never appreciate a boat's personality until you come to sell her. And we had never realised what a wealth of interest we had in our small life inside that cabin, until, in a sumptuous Italian steamer going down the Black Sea, where we could have had almost anything we wanted, we suddenly saw that we didn't want anything. We had, for the moment, such a home-sickness for our old cramped quarters that we had no taste for any other life.

I still have the Danube kilometre chart, where of the names of certain towns I have recorded events: Omoldova, in Rumania, for instance, has "*Two sterlet.*" Now, a sterlet is like a minute sturgeon, and, steamed in butter, he is more delicious than any fish that swims. I caught these two fishing with a boatload of Customs guards.

WHEN I drove from coast to coast across Africa this last year, we had so much kit in the car that we could not have a servant. Every night in the depths of the Belgian Congo, or in the killing heat of French Equatorial Africa, we had to get out beds, sheets, mosquito nets, stove and food. For the greater part of the last 120 nights we cooked everything we ate on a minute alcohol lamp that cost four shillings. Soups, sausages, vegetables, coffee, tea . . . I am not aware, now, that we ever felt stinted for anything. In mud and wattle native huts, in dusty, bat-infested Government rest houses, the same old faithful length of rope, which I always managed to stretch between *something*, was always slung up at the start, with the nets tied on ready for when we put out the lamps. In that small, but very methodical existence, we usually could set up house in less than twenty minutes.

On the Gold Coast, where I was waiting for another steamer to take me away, I had to say farewell to all those trusty belongings. When I spread them out on the floor of the bungalow, I felt positively depressed. That faithful camp-bed; how many meals had I eaten, using it as a chair! How many meals had been cooked in those nested, aluminium pots—six that went inside one another. The hatchet that had driven stakes, and the brush-knife that had cleared paths. . . . My pillow, my blankets, my holdall. And now, I was giving them all away!

"But what an outfit!" cried my host's wife; "Now we can go anywhere—with this!"

"*You* can," I said sadly.

For I knew that, for me, another small, self-contained life had ended. The days, for a long time, were over, when I would

The Self-Contained Life

rummage through the chop-box to see what I thought would be a good combination for dinner. I would pay for my meals now, pay to be waited upon, and eat listlessly.

And now, in London, in war time, I face another small life. On week-ends, I haven't the petrol to drive out in the country; so I stay home and read a book. In winter, life for me (with a gamey leg) stops around four-thirty, for I have no fancy to fall off a kerb in a blackout. I haven't the cash to take continual taxies, nor the energy to pursue a bus; so I don't go down to the centre as much as I used to. I am chary about inviting friends to dine, especially in rainy weather. Nor do I care, very much, to go out. If there is a particularly good show on, yes, I'm willing. But that's all.

WHAT about that little cinema around the corner? And that restaurant in the square, which looked as if it was going to fold up and fade any minute, that seems to have taken a new lease on life! It's gone gay, and is starting to have dances, now. Let's eat there, pass up the West End for a change.

For this is what is actually happening. Life, for the ordinary thinking individual, is becoming more concentrated around and within himself. And, in the aggregate, it is becoming de-centralised. We will, except when impelled by some boisterous, holiday spirit, seek our food and amusements more and more in our immediate vicinity. And, even more than that, we are beginning to get more and more genuine satisfaction from living just within ourselves.

We feel, instinctively, that our persons and our possessions, even our personalities, are menaced by this war. Therefore everything about us has taken on an enhanced value. And home has become interesting again

We are, in fact, regaining some of the solid contentments of the days when every Englishman's home was his castle.

END

Adventurers of England

(*Continued from page* 17)

survivor had died while trying to dig a grave for his dead companion in misfortune.

Sir John Franklin's earlier voyages included one undertaken on behalf of the company, and it was a Hudson Bay official, Dr. John Rae, who, during an expedition undertaken for survey purposes, first obtained definite information of the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which was confirmed by the discovery of some of the plate and decorations belonging to the ill-starred explorer. Dr. Rae's methods were in certain respects ahead of his time, and he was one of the first northern travellers to discard the large stocks of provisions with which most such journeys were burdened and live as far as possible off the country by shooting and fishing.

ALREADY, before the dawn of the nineteenth century, while Captain Cook and his successor Vancouver were opening up the unknown North Pacific, the Hudson's Bay Company and its rivals were pushing their way westward down the great rivers in search of a practicable route to the sea. Simon Fraser, whose name lives in that of the great and rapid river which rushes with all its perilous "riffles" and rapids from the Rockies to the sea, carried out in 1806 an epic canoe journey, actually reaching tidal water, though the hostile spirit of the Indians prevented him from savouring the full triumph of his achievement. Thirteen years before, Alexander Mackenzie, of the North-West Company, had carried out a similar voyage down the Peace River, and inscribed in vermilion paint mixed with melted fat on a rock facing seawards these words: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land the 22nd of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

In 1835 a new chapter was added to shipping history when the steamship *Beaver* achieved the distinction of being the first steamship to round the dreaded Horn. The little vessel, which was built on the Thames, and equipped with two seventy-five horse-power engines, did not as a matter of fact perform the voyage under steam, since the attempt was regarded as too dangerous. She was accordingly rigged as a brig, and the passage was made under sail, arriving on the Columbia River a hundred and sixty-three days out.

The voyage gave her a chance to demonstrate her seaworthiness and the ability of her commander, Captain Home. A barque had been sent with her to act in the capacity of escort in case she got into difficulties; but during the usual rough weather off the Horn it was the larger vessel which got into trouble, and her tiny charge, outdistancing her under every rag she could carry, romped ahead and reached port three weeks ahead of her chaperone.

The *Beaver* turned out as long-lived as many of the early steamships. She caused, of course, a great sensation on the coast, almost as much among the white settlers as among the natives, for neither had ever beheld such a phenomenon before; and, with her armament of six nine-pounders, she traded for many years between the various stations of the company, from Fort Camosun (now Victoria) to the shores of the Behring Sea, collecting furs and carrying supplies. In the eighteen-seventies the old ship was taken over by the Admiralty for hydrographic purposes, after which she was again sold for trading purposes along the coast; and it is possible that a search might still reveal some of her former furniture and fittings doing useful service in Vancouver Island homes.

The company's fleet also included many interesting vessels which had won renown in other fields. Notable among these was the beautiful tea clipper *Titania*, which, built for the China trade in 1866 by Steele, of Greenock, and incidentally nearly lost on her maiden passage, was bought for the Hudson's Bay Company's service in the eighteen-eighties. The *Titania* was noted even in her tea clipper days for her liveliness in a seaway, and it is a marvel how she contrived for several years not only to survive the battering of the Cape Horn greybeards, but even to make what were very near being record passages. On September 29, 1889, she sailed from Vancouver for London, and arrived only one hundred and ten days out from the Pacific port, beating the Aberdeen White Star clipper *Pericles*, a much more powerful vessel, by two days. She was skippered on this occasion and throughout her service in the company's ownership by her old China trade captain, "Dandy" Dunn, so called because of his personal smartness both ashore and afloat.

DURING the last Great War the ships of Hudson Bay were called upon to play unexpected parts. They were engaged for the most part in the transport of goods to France, and among others may be mentioned the ice-breaker *Nascopie*, which distinguished herself by getting the better of a U-boat during an encounter in the North Sea. What share they may take in the present conflict is, of course, shrouded for the time being in a mist as impenetrable as those of Hudson Bay itself; but it is perhaps safe to hazard the supposition that whatever job they may have to do will be carried out in the spirit befitting those who bear the title of "Adventurers of England."

END

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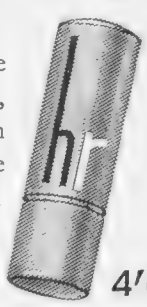

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PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

The Secret Agent's Wife

(*Continued from page 29*)

the restaurant were sitting at the drawing-room table.

Harry said formally, "Sheila, this is Mr. Guise and this is Mr. Hendrikson. Gentlemen, Mrs. Warren—my wife."

They rose and bowed stiffly. "Sit down again, please," she said, "don't mind me. I've come back for a warmer coat and I'm going right out again."

"I think not," said the dark swarthy one. Adding, as he saw her look of swift anger, "I mean I hope not. We, too, would enjoy your company."

"Sit down, Sheila." Harry pulled out the chair next to him and looked at her with a desperate appeal in his eyes as if he were trying to tell her something. All right, she thought, I'll play up. She threw her hat on the striped satin sofa, pulled off her gloves and sat down.

"Sheila," said Harry, "these gentlemen are under a misapprehension. They think we can be bought into the spy game. Now you know very well I married you for love, but it doesn't alter the fact that with your fortune we don't need to risk our necks. We have money to burn."

Her stomach fluttered with fear and excitement. "We certainly have," she said lightly, taking the bundle of banknotes from her pocket-book and tossing them over to him. Harry peeled off the outer one and touched it to Hendrikson's glowing cigar tip.

Both men grabbed Harry's wrist. Guise snatched the note and crushed out the flame with his fingers. "Himmel! That elementary trick."

Hendrikson, the dark one, smoothed the singed note on the table, stared at it closely back and front, took a phial from his pocket and wiped it over with the liquid. Sheila saw the little muscle in Harry's cheek move as if he remained motionless with intense effort. But he said in a bored voice, "It is just what it appears to be—an untouched genuine Bank of England note."

She saw the black hairs on the thick mottled hand that tossed it to her across the table. "You may have it back," said the hand's owner.

She left it lying there.

"All the same," said the thin, beak-nosed Guise, who looked like a well-dressed vulture, "we might as well finish the job and search the woman."

Sheila leapt to her feet, reckless with fury. "If either of you dare lay——"

Harry caught her arm. "Be quiet, Sheila—please. This is just one of those things. Our visitors have a duty to perform. I do somewhat resemble a man they seek. The sooner they are convinced I am not that person, the sooner this little session will be over. It will help if you co-operate."

"But, Harry——"

"*Please*, Sheila. We have nothing to hide. But you will bring on us endless annoyance if you make them think you are up to some trickery."

"Oh, very well!"

But she was blazing with temper when the two men had satisfied themselves with impersonal expert thoroughness that she carried nothing suspicious on her person, had treated with chemicals all the rest of the paper money she had brought in, had apologised to her insincerely and had gone. She turned the snib on the door after them and leaned against it. "Well really, Major Warren, what *is* this thing you let me in for?"

"A case of mistaken identity, as I told you."

"But you said——"

He put his hand over her mouth. "That's enough. They showed me a photo. They had good reasons for their suspicion. I'm very like the bloke they thought I was."

Sheila pushed his hand away furiously. "That's no reason for standing abuse from foreigners. Why didn't you ring the bell and raise hell in the hotel?"

"Because an army officer can't afford a scandal. When mud is thrown, some of it sticks."

"So you're a worm, Harry Warren. Well, I'm not. And here we part. I'm going to Cooks's right now to get on the waiting list for a plane before they close!"

Harry went to the windows and flung them open. "Let's get rid of this filthy smoke. Wait a moment, I'll go with you."

They went down in the lift in hostile silence. Harry hailed a taxi crawling along the kerb and pushed Sheila in. "The Bois de la Cambre," he told the driver.

"But, Harry——"

He put his finger to his lips. "Wait, please, I beg of you."

Sheila smouldered in her corner till they reached the Bois de la Cambre on the outskirts of the far-flung Forêt de Soignes. Harry paid off the driver and helped her out.

"Now talk to your heart's content," he said.

"I think it's your turn to do some talking."

He drew her arm through his and led her past the lodge houses into the flaming autumn beauty of the park.

"That's why I brought you here. It's only in the open that it's safe to talk. At least, of such things as I have to tell you. In wartime walls have ears."

"I see," she said miserably. "You *are* the man they thought you were. A spy!"

Harry shuddered. "My dear Sheila, that vile word! It belongs to the mercenary renegade who sells his country. I'm a patriot. An honourable soldier—a secret agent."

Sheila looked at him with horror and drew her arm away. "A German officer with a British commission!"

He took her hands and pulled her down beside him on an empty bench beneath a towering chestnut tree. "Quite the reverse, Sheila. I was a British officer on the German Headquarters Staff with a German pedigree and passport. Until those fellows put cyanide in my wine at a drinking party, watched me pretend to collapse, stripped me of my uniform and identification papers, threw me out of a car and left me for dead."

Love and anxiety flamed up together. "Oh, Harry, how terribly dangerous! How *brave* you must be!"

"Not as brave as I ought to be, Sheila," he said ruefully. "Not brave enough to let you go and carry on without you. If those fellows had been sure I *was* their man, they'd have shot us both without mercy."

Sheila gulped. "Don't ask me to believe that. What about their own skins? Think of the commotion the shots would cause in that respectable hotel."

Harry smiled a little wearily. "There would be no commotion. That's why I told you to submit gracefully. Espionage is now a science. The training is severe and very comprehensive. Counter-espionage and self-protection must both be ruthless. Especially now that we are again at war. They would use soundless automatics which make a little gasping phut. They would descend to the lounge without hurry, probably pause to buy papers or a cigar, saunter out and never be seen again."

Sheila whitened, and her hands trembled in Harry's grip. "I won't breathe freely till we're out of Brussels. I guess I'm a coward. I'm scared stiff."

"Not you, darling. You're as cool as I am under fire. You guessed all right a lot depended on your wits. Even if it didn't happen to be our lives. Those were saved by your unreliability with money, your nitwit extravagance, your providential capacity for letting my instructions go in at one ear and out at the other. Now, what did you do with that missing note?"

A little wind stirred the tree and some yellow leaves fell on them. Sheila drew up her silver fox scarf. She said in a small

meek voice, "Was it very important, that missing note?"

"Better that it should be missing, since its absence was so opportune. But two facts remain unchanged. The bravest man in the world risked his life to get the figures I wrote on it this morning. My reputation hangs on their safe delivery to the War Office to-morrow. I didn't have time to memorise them, and I couldn't recall their correct sequence to save my life."

"Oh, dear!" said Sheila. "If there were a fox hole handy, I'd go right into it and never come up. You see, I was so bored with all the fuss she was making, I didn't remember to ask her her name."

"Whose name, for heaven's sake?"

"The girl I gave the money to. She was crying in the English tea-room. American tourist. She'd missed her ship and got stranded. Harry, that was special and unusual. It wasn't an everyday pity-me story. It was a real mess she wasn't to blame for. So I thought you'd agree that didn't count."

Harry looked round at the sloping green meadows and the driveway behind them. There was no one very near. He took Sheila in his arms and kissed her. "I might have known you'd meet a special case if you went out alone with a lot of ready money on you. I'm to blame for not being explicit. I can't claim I don't know what to expect. Sweet fool, but I love you for it."

He jumped up abruptly and pulled her with him. "Come on. Let's get a taxi back and try to find her."

Sheila had to step out to keep up with his long swinging strides. "That Bulgarian, Harry. Do they trust him to work for the Allies?"

"They do. He's only Bulgarian when he's selling rose oil to the Belgian perfume people. He'll turn German to-morrow on his way to the Fatherland. Actually, he's a Scotsman from Lanark who can speak, think and play hide and seek in twelve languages. And even that's more than I ought to be telling you. Now just forget you know——"

Harry ran to catch a taxi just putting a fare down at the gates. They were back in the Place de Brouckere before Cooks's closed, pushed their way through the waiting crowd and reached a tired bank teller in the Bureau de Change. He had immediate news for them, but it was bad.

A young woman answering Sheila's description exactly had come in to change a ten-pound note shortly after half-past two. There was at the time an American gentleman at the grille, very disappointed because the supply of English banknotes had run low. He had offered the American lady ten per cent above the rate to change it with her for Belgian francs. She had seemed delighted, commenting that this was her lucky day. He, the bank clerk, had turned away to attend to a very impatient customer waiting his turn, and when he had looked up again the two were gone. He couldn't remember anything remarkable about the American gentleman. There had been so many all day.

"That's that," said Sheila, outside on the kerb. "I could bite myself for not asking for her address. Not that it would help now. But—oh, Harry, I'm *so* sorry!"

"But that's illogical, darling, under the circumstances. Let's go and rest before dinner. Then we'll pack for an early start. And sensibly forget it."

"What were those figures exactly?" she whispered.

"Code giving position of enemy brigades. The lives of our own men."

"Oh, Harry!"

"Enough is enough, Sheila. Can't always win in this game. I said—*forget it.*"

But she saw later he was not able to forget it himself. He was smoking and pretending to read, lying on his own bed. He was holding a book on his chest, but his eyes were focused on the ceiling. He was smoking too fast. Grinding the cigarettes out before they were half smoked.

Sheila glanced round the luxurious lamplit room, typical of the rooms that had meant home to her because Harry was in them, a glittering succession (*Continued on page* 78)

EUGENUINE!

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of expensive, modern, beautiful hotels.

And this had been one of her favourite hours. The hour before dinner. Resting together, reading, talking in the twilight of the Bosphorus, the warm dusk of Budapest, the swift nightfall of Athens or in lamplight as now—of their separate adventures of the day.

But this hour was steeped in the blackest of misery. Not his misery nor misery for him, but her own personal misery.

"Harry," she said quietly, "I have something important to tell you."

He swung himself up so suddenly it made her jump. Came to her bed and sat by her. "Is it suitable for a possible dictaphone to pick up?" he whispered.

"It certainly isn't," she whispered back.

He took a wad of hotel notepaper from the desk, gave her pencil and book to write on. Went back to his lonely thinking.

Sheila held the pencil, her brows knitting with worry. It was easier to tell things than put them down on paper. Harry looked across, smiled and nodded. There was no help for it. He must know immediately. She began to write.

"Darlingest, I have a confession to make. I deceived you because I loved you so much and now I'm telling you this for the same reason.

"You should have told me what you really were. I wouldn't have minded taking the risk. I would have had courage then to tell you what I was putting over on you.

"You see, I don't come of a good family at all. I told you that because the way you spoke, your manners, everything you did and said shouted you belong to the class I wanted to belong to. I loved the way you walked into night clubs and hotels and places, as if you were a king, and all the waiters knew it and rushed to do things for you. Yet you bossed them without even trying. You were always so kind to everyone, so friendly. Yet they'd never dare take a liberty.

"It made me feel I'd miss all I'd ever wanted if I couldn't have you; but all the same, I loved you for your heart under all that. I mean yourself. Oh, this is all so difficult. I can only put over words somebody else has written so it must seem funny to you. I didn't dare risk losing you. Well, all that's the reason I lied to you.

"My family never had a country home in Buckinghamshire. They never had a home at all. Unless you would call dismal theatrical boarding houses in provincial towns home (you wouldn't).

"My parents were grand people, but your mother would be shocked at them. They did cross-talk and comic dancing in music-halls. Soon after I was born, my mother was back at work and I was in a dress-basket

The Secret Agent's Wife

growing up in the wings of theatres. When I was six years old my father found I had an odd talent and he taught me to do an act.

"That act was a misery to me. I hate it still. But it made me a trouper, and when I left school I went right back to the stage and got where you found me. A little nobody at all that clawed her way up and learned her well-bred accent in an elocution class. Not a lady who took a step down for the adventure of the thing—like I had to be fool enough to tell you.

"Soon I'm coming to reason I'm confessing all this."

Sheila stopped and glanced at Harry, now apparently engrossed in his book. Her eyes filled with tears, and she continued to write swiftly.

"If you don't want me any more now you know the truth about me, I'll understand. No scandal for your family, either. You'll go off on your mysterious assignments and I'll join the ambulance as we planned. The only difference will be that we won't get together again for keeps when it's all over."

Now she paused, closed her eyes and pressed her mouth together with a look of deep concentration. When she resumed writing her pencil flew over three of the small sheets of notepaper.

"That first lot of figures, Harry, is the complete list of prices on the menu at the restaurant to-day. That's so you can go and check this is no fairy tale. The second lot is an accurate transcription of the figures you wrote on the back of the banknote. I saw them when I was counting the money. They looked like stock market quotations someone had jotted down, but I saw them and I had to remember them, because that's the curse my father wished on me.

"He discovered I had an uncanny faculty for remembering figures I had seen or heard. I used to give him all his telephone numbers. He trained me to do an act in a velvet Fauntleroy suit as the Mathematical Boy Wonder. People in the audience would reel off strings of figures and I would recite them backwards. I never made a mistake. I couldn't. They haunted my dreams and darkened my childhood. You can stake your reputation on that memory. I'm glad of it now for the first time in my life."

Harry was leaning over, holding out his hand for what she had written. She gave it to him and lay watching his face while he read. He smiled, he chuckled, he looked happy, surprised, tender. Finally, he turned to her and she saw in his eyes that he believed in her faculty, there was no change in his love. Everything was going to be all right.

END

Hair Story

(*Continued from page 24*)

outstripped all others in the sense that it is effective with every type of hair, reproducing the softly yielding quality of a natural wave. There is nothing to injure the hair in this system. It leaves it brilliantly glossy, softly curled and natural in its effect. The Eugene, moreover, is a permanent wave that can be made to last nine months, and that, you will agree, is *something*.

After health and the waving of hair comes the dressing. The order is important, yet each is vital to the other.

A good hair cut is practically as important as a good figure and much easier to acquire, yet it is surprising how many women go through life without ever having one.

Just to have had the opinion of an artist in hair styling in regard to what type of hairdressing is best suited to your features is to put yourself right for ever in the understanding of what hair styling can do to you.

Even if you cannot do more, go to a first class hairdresser twice a year. Let him style your hair and then have your local hairdresser keep it going between times.

No investment that you can possibly make in the interests of your appearance will pay you better than this one.

Styles for the moment are interesting and reflective of the present mood for more feminine effects. They are looser, kinder, younger.

Raymond of Grafton Street, who created the hair style in the picture on page 24, says that hair is being worn longer. He is himself working on styles which, though conforming to this idea, are still easy to handle.

Notice in the picture how softness behind the ears is achieved by rows of curls. At the sides Raymond has swept up the hair to end in a curl on top. The brow is clear and the top hair is waved back from the face and curled to join the side.

Tiers of curls cluster in the nape of the neck and a flat sweep of hair at the back of the head is kept glossy with brushing and brilliantine.

We give you a selection of dramatic, pretty and clever hair styles on page 25. Each of these Hollywood actresses have been made lovelier by the skilful creation of a coiffure which accents their better features and brakes down on the not so good. Some of the greatest artists in hairdressing have been at work on them, and there is a lot to learn from it all.

Study them carefully. If you recognise some feature of your own, some feature or some combination of effects that can be applied to bring out your own good points, try it out. A new hair style is a grand tonic for your face. But first let the hair be good.

Round, White and Firm

(*Continued from page* 50)

a special tissue-building nutritive food that will help considerably.

There are certain ages (about the thirty to thirty-five or forty period) when every woman should watch all her muscles, they are inclined to sag and must be made resilient or else a youthful figure is undeniably and irremediably a thing of the past. The pectoral muscles, which extend from the arms, across the chest and are the foundation of all uplift, are chief offenders in this respect.

If the bust begins to show signs of becoming too full, you might be able to prevent this by careful diet and a lessening of the amount of liquid taken. This care should be immediate, and not left until the bust has increased to a proportion that will make sagging of the tissues inevitable if any reduction is effected.

There are, of course, tonic preparations that will keep a certain firmness of flesh while reducing.

Hot water is relaxing. If you take your bath rather hot, hammock each breast in a large cold-water-dipped handkerchief. The handkerchief should be slung under the breasts and support given by tying the ends at the back of the neck. After your bath the breasts should be cold-sponged with an upward movement.

When you are dry take a soft loofah that fits over your hand; sprinkle it with eau de Cologne, and rub it lightly yet briskly around each breast, rubbing clockwise for the left, and anti-clockwise for the right breast. If you are at the danger age when flesh might be losing its firmness, give your entire body a brisk rub with the eau de Cologne soaked loofah; it has a fine tonic effect.

Of course, it is impossible to concentrate on the beauty of form of the breasts without giving as much thought to the entire figure. The stance of the body has not only an all-important effect on the appearance of your bust, but on its health and muscular uplift.

Keep your shoulders down and back, your stomach in, you tail tucked in, and let your chest be held up and out. In the modern stance the spine should be straight with the bust not stuck out, but held up because of the upward pull of the ribs from the waistline.

OF equal importance are foundation garments. These can, if not carefully chosen, mar the appearance of the figure, and mar the appearance and the actual form of the bust. If you wear a corselette you must be absolutely certain that the garment is long enough, fitting not only your hips and waist to perfection, but fitting, and giving uplift to your bosom.

Le Gant have a series of A, B and C fittings which enable all figures to have this perfect brassière uplift with the right fitting hips and waist. To wear a corselette that has any drag on the bust through being too short or too small in the bust measurement, is just asking for trouble.

A brassière should be light (unless the figure is very heavy) and, while giving a little support should not be too tight or too constricting. The breasts have to depend on themselves for some support.

On the other hand, it is foolish to think that because you have a small bust you do not need a brassière—this is putting too great a strain on the tissues in these days of greater physical activity, and it is unnecessarily endangering your bust line.

The medium figure, neither very slim nor very heavy, is often happier in a belt and brassière worn separately, but every figure is the better for some type of belt, brassière or corselette. These days corset makers are getting their garments so scientifically designed that no figure problem is too great for them. Breasts, waist, hips, or stomach—the solution of your figure problem starts with your corsetière. A really good foundation is the foundation of your maximum figure perfection.

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Winged Terrors

(*Continued from page* 33)

guard had been cold. That wasn't agreeable, nor was it necessary. He remembered how in the last war. . . .

"I'll mention it to the quartermaster," Zarles said hurriedly, for he was almost jealous of the last war which, according to fellows like Boittreau, had been so much bigger and better than this war. "Now what about that report from vedette C.3? About a sound as if tanks were being assembled?"

"Caporal Sagon has just rung up to say they can still hear them. But he's not certain now they are tanks. He thinks they sound more like aeroplanes. I'm going to talk to Caporal Sagon when he's been relieved."

"I think I'll go and visit the vedettes myself," Zarles said. "Then if I hear anything, I'll ask the air force people to send a plane over."

"Quite right," approved Sergeant Boittreau. "Those lazy fellows don't do half enough work. If they were stuck in this thrice accursed tin can, it would do them good. But it was different in the last war. I remember. . . ."

Mercifully it was a short anecdote, and five minutes later Lieutenant Zarles was emerging cautiously through a camouflaged trapdoor that was one of the exits from *Numéro Douze*.

He was now in a sloping field, portions of which had been churned by the German guns a few days before. A few hundred yards below he could see the French wire, three belts of it with tank traps in between. The tank traps were low, triangular cement posts. If any tank were foolish enough to try to charge over them, it would find itself lifted so that its tracks could no longer bite the ground.

Beyond the wire and the tank traps there was a stretch of low-lying level ground, a sort of No Man's Land the French troops had nicknamed the Champ de Mars. It had been the stage for several bloody encounters between French and German patrols, little squabbles Sergeant Boittreau had called them. But a week's incessant rain had put an end to the "little squabbles." The Champ de Mars was now a sodden, desolate stretch of mud with the burned-out skeleton of a Dornier "Do 17" bomber up-ended in the middle.

Lieutenant Zarles made his way down a deep winding cemented trench camouflaged with bushes to the vedette, a circular pit with a large pill-box housing two anti-tank guns and six machine guns. If every man in the vedette had been killed, those guns would still have been fired by photo-electricity from *Numéro Douze*.

As he walked, he was aware of a noise coming from ridge 67 on the enemy side of the Champ de Mars. It puzzled him just as it had puzzled the good Caporal Sagon. Not tanks—certainly not tanks, for it was too high-pitched. And equally certainly not aeroplanes, for it was too loud and too continuous.

The men in the vedette were listening with interest, crowded on the fire-step beside the sentries instead of smoking and playing cards in the pill-box. They were pleased as well as interested. Any break in the monotony was better than none.

Caporal Sagon hopped down and saluted his officer.

"Can you hear the aeroplanes, *mon Lieutenant?*" he asked, quite unnecessarily.

"Not aeroplanes," Zarles corrected.

"No," Caporal Sagon agreed. "I didn't think myself they were aeroplanes. And yet I never heard tanks or tractors or armoured cars that sounded quite like that. . . . But perhaps I am mistaken!"

The officer avoided his interrogative glance and ascended the fire-step. It was a comparatively clear night. He focused his powerful night glasses on the ridge opposite.

Now he could see the German wire and the pill-boxes behind. Near the top of the ridge there was a high hedge that had sprouted in a night after the German occupation. In reality it was no hedge, but a painted canvas

Pot-roasting for

POT LUCK

★ ★ ★ ★

Pot-roasting is a cooking art which many of us are now practising. Correctly speaking, it's not quite roasting (any more than "roasting," which is really baking, is). Rather, it's a combination of (so-called) roasting and stewing—a modern form of braising, if you like. It's a grand method of cooking cheaper cuts of meat and fowl or game too old for roasting in the ordinary way. It also cuts down actual cooking costs because, while the process is long and slow, it consumes an almost negligible amount of fuel.

Pot-roasting, however, calls for more than putting the meat in a pot and letting it cook slowly by itself. It calls for most particular flavouring and seasoning—a few grains each of various aromatic spices, the right amount of special herbs. I always have all these on hand—no longer, though, in separate form. From the day when, being out of herbs and spice, I turned to Lea & Perrins Sauce, I no longer bothered about assembling special flavouring-seasonings for myself. In Lea & Perrins, a concentrated *true* essence of herbs, spice, vegetables and fruits, matured in purest vinegar and soy, I found everything that I required.

Pot-roast stuffed breast of mutton (or veal) this way: Have the breast boned. Score the outside. Spread your favourite stuffing on the inside. Sprinkle over a few drops of Lea & Perrins. Roll up, tie, then well brown the outside all over in a little melted fat. Transfer to a deep stewpot. Wash the goodness off the frying-pan with ¾ pint water. Add a good teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins and salt to taste, pour over the meat, cover tightly and gently simmer for an hour. Now add 8 to 10 little onions, enough small carrots to go round and a sliced small white turnip. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Next, add potatoes, cover again and simmer till done. Dish up and pass the rich gravy separately. That's pot-roast—and pot-luck (in its fortunate sense)! Lucky pots, indeed, are those with Lea & Perrins seasoning them.

* * * *

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screen placed there to conceal the activities behind.

While he gazed, he heard the drone of aeroplanes coming from behind. They were French Curtis "Hawks," two of them flying at a lower altitude than usual. They seemed to make straight for ridge 67, and Zarles guessed that someone had asked for a reconnaissance.

But the reconnaissance was never made. Four Messerschmitts dropped as if by magic from a cloud. At the same instant, Zarles heard the furious yapping of anti-aircraft guns behind the ridge and saw their shells bursting in the sky.

For the French pilots to have held their course would have been suicide. They circled sharply and made off with the Messerschmitts in pursuit. To the ears of the watchers below came a distant sound of machine gun firing.

"They don't mean we should probe their little secret," Caporal Sagon muttered. "This is the first night they have fired on our reconnaissance planes. Beyond a doubt, they are hatching something over there."

Zarles had had the same idea. He was certain something important was going on behind the screen on ridge 67.

He jumped off the fire-step and ran into the pill-box. His intention was to warn Dupont there was something brewing, but even as he reached for the instrument there was a screaming whistle followed by a concussion that made him stagger back with his hands to his face.

He had been forestalled. The German batteries on ridge 67 had suddenly opened fire.

It was a heavy barrage, a barrage that must have impressed even old Boittreau. The noise of detonating shells merged into one continuous, deafening, crunching sound torn by the screams of enormous projectiles hurtling through the air. A storm of shrapnel lashed the convulsed ground, the air was thick with fumes and smoke, and to a watcher from a distance the French line would have seemed engulfed in a sea of blue and yellow fire.

The pill-box was proof against everything save a direct hit from the very largest type of shell. Even the slots through which the guns fired could be closed by iron shutters. But it was a nerve-wracking experience to crouch in the hot, choking blackness of a cement beehive, knowing that any instant one might be blown into eternity.

Zarles knelt at the scissors periscope below the observation slit. His eyes were streaming and he was jerking as if an electric current were passing through his body.

Balloon flares had been sent up by scores from *Numèro Douze*. As they drifted slowly across the shell-torn sky, they threw an intense yellow light upon the Champ de Mars. And beyond that he could glimpse ridge 67, now sparkling red, blue and yellow, where the French shells were falling.

It was a mad scene, a scene of lightning and violence set in a frame of indescribable noise. Now he saw black fountains of earth and smoke shot with flame dotting the Champ de Mars. Between those fountains stalked glowing threads of death, streams of tracer bullets and anti-tank shells.

An attack was coming and the French guns had shortened range. Zarles shouted an order. In an instant the shutters had been raised and his gun crews were in position waiting for their targets to appear.

The targets came. Hurtling through the storm of steel and fire to the scream of monstrous engines. Vast beetle-like forms travelling faster than any tank Zarles had ever seen. Fortresses flying at ninety miles an hour a few feet above the ground.

They might have been variously described as low-flying armoured planes or winged tanks. Hybrids of land and air. They had bodies and caterpillar tracks like tanks, but they had also stunted wings and propellers by which they could hop rather than fly over obstacles.

He saw one alight a short distance in front of the French wire. It taxied forward on its high tracks and then rose again with a deafening acceleration of (*Continued on page* 82)

The simple pleasures of a care-free life are unattainable in modern times. To-day, in a topsy-turvy world, we need the help of all the resources of science to maintain our health and our nervous forces. The article below tells you how you can meet the increased strain of life in wartime by taking an 8 weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.

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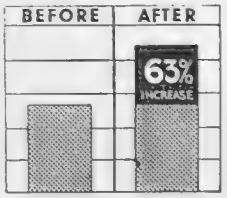

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The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

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engine power. It cleared wire and tank traps like a horse, and then it was on the ground once more and roaring up the slope with guns blazing from its turrets.

Another followed. But as it touched the ground it slewed round, its engine raving in helpless fury. It was scrabbling, ploughing the earth like a fearful insect in the throes of death with flames shooting from its engine.

A door opened and steel-helmeted men in armour flung themselves out. Through the inferno of whistling death they came towards the pill-box flinging hand grenades as they ran. Suddenly something burst in their midst. There was a sheet of lurid flame, and their bodies were tossed like broken dolls in a cascade of flying earth.

In the pill-box the poilus were shouting exultantly. Already it was plain the surprise was a failure. Less than a dozen of the flying tanks had crossed their wire. Those could be dealt with later; in the meantime, the voices of the French guns were waxing ever more dominant and triumphant. . . .

"A wash-out!" Zarles said in English.

French Communiquè issued at 10.30 the next morning :—

"Last night the enemy made an attempt to penetrate our defences with a new weapon that can be best described as winged tanks. The experiment was a costly failure. Over thirty were destroyed by our artillery. Ten that succeeded in crossing over our lines surrendered when they found themselves unsupported."

German Communiquè issued at 10.30 the next morning :—

"There is no truth in the report published in Paris that winged tanks have been used experimentally on the Western Front."

END

There's History in Every Brick

(*Continued from page* 18)

conduct of the clergy. During the Commonwealth some Dutch prisoners were confined in the palace and Archbishop Parker's tomb was broken open; the lead enclosing the body was plucked off and sold and his bones buried in the palace yard. When the restoration happened, the remains of the worthy archbishop were returned to the chapel.

This tortoise shell, my dear young lady, belonged to a tortoise owned by the famous Archbishop Laud who died (the tortoise, not the archbishop) at the ripe age of 120. In the high summer of 1780 several hundred soldiers were quartered in this palace. The Archbishop called Wallis, left for a few weeks during the occupation of the soldiery who came because numerous rioters came from St. George's Field and all day long paraded round and round the palace shouting "No Popery!"

What do you say, my dear young lady: "They didn't seem to have much fun in those days"? Well, perhaps not, but I do like to remember that when the first Lambeth Conference was held, in 1867, four bishops from the colonies who found that "no smoking" was the order in the great hall, discovered they could not woo sleep at night unless they first puffed their pipes. What to do? "Ah, I have it," exclaimed one of the visiting bishops. The four men of the cloth went out and hired a four-wheel cab (a growler), and had it posted at the gate of the palace. The four-wheeler was used as the bishops' smoking room. Every night, after their confab, the four would climb into the cab and smoke their pipes in peace.

Now we come to Westminster Hall, once called "the most wonderful hall in the world." It is 240 feet long, 60 feet wide, 92 feet high, and it contains 1,000,000 cubic feet. Experts say that as a structural achievement, the roof of Westminster Hall is something to be compared with the building of the Forth Bridge. For centuries the notorious little death-watch beetle would tunnel in and tunnel in for miles and miles into the timber of the roof. Had not the beetle been stopped in time, the whole wonderful roof, built by Hugh Herland, would

St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The Great Quadrangle. These buildings were designed by James Gibbs in 1730 and the main block, containing the Great Hall, to the left is unaltered. Gibbs was the architect of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church and the Radcliffe Library at Oxford. He charged nothing for the work he did for St. Bartholomew's, and Ralph Allen, who was the original of Allworthy in "Tom Jones," supplied free all the Bath stone with which the buildings are faced

have come crashing down. Herland was master carpenter to Richard II. The roof was built round the walls which were erected originally by William Rufus. Herland had to stretch the roof across 68 feet using neither tie-beams not pillars; and he had to find giant timbers weighing three tons each which gave him hammer posts 21 feet long and 3 feet thick. Nowadays there are few trees left in England which could produce such grandiose timber. The roof of Westminster Hall stood for 500 years before it was found that the beetle was boring into the beams. There were spaces big enough for a man to stand upright in them.

What history has been fashioned between these walls. At the spot marked by a tablet stood Charles Stuart when he was condemned to die. Here was Cromwell installed as Lord Provost in the Coronation Chair. This was the only time this chair had ever been out of Westminster Abbey in a period of 600 years.

Why did Hollywood which made England, and indeed the world, conscious of Lloyd's, neglect to do the same by Westminster Hall? Look at the pageant of history which has passed here. Once upon a time seven bishops were simultaneously put on trial for attacking the Stuart king; here Warren Hastings was impeached for his administration of India—and acquitted. And the great trials! Here is squeaky voiced Guy Fawkes being tried for an attempt to blow up the House yonder. Here is Sir Thomas More of whom we have already spoken, and here comes that simpering dandy, Milord Essex, favourite of Good Queen Bess. Then, the lyings-in-state! It is 1898. The women still wear bustles and the men frock coats. The bells are tolling the passing of William Stewart Gladstone. Political passions are stilled as the crowd reverently files past the bier. In 1910 there comes the lying-in-state of Edward VII. Then in 1936, George V lies here, with his four sons standing one at each corner of his bier. Far into the night, the king's people throng by in a procession which lasted for days.

When Westminster Hall was the seat of the Courts of Law, it was always full of lawyers and their clients walking up and down in the middle, while the cases were being tried in the corners. In after years, traders began to insinuate themselves into the hall. There came law-book sellers, setting up their trestles and offering their wares; they were followed by ordinary booksellers and stationers, and in the end, before they were driven out, we find glove merchants, and lace and handkerchiefs being offered on sale. What a story, my masters.

If you are not too tired, my dear young lady, let us, as Doctor Johnson said, take a stroll and look in at Mr. Neville Chamberlain's official residence, No. 10 Downing Street, which has been the home of Britain's Prime Ministers since 1735. Two hundred odd eventful years have made No. 10 both feared and famous throughout the world. Its traditions are believed to date back to ancient times and some authorities state that the Druids worshipped nearby. It is believed too that in Roman times, the Downing Street site and its immediate neighbourhood became of considerable importance. I must apologise for the way Henry VIII keeps on popping in and out of our talk, but here he is again because it is said that in the later years of his reign, the premises of the Axe brewery were in Downing Street, and from this brewery the king of many wives used to obtain his beer. When the brewery went out of business, we find what we call in our old-fashioned way a pub, the Peacock Inn, standing on the site. And as recently as 1824 Downing Street had two pubs in its narrow thoroughfare: one the "Axe and Gate," and the other the "King's Head." We find that in 1680 one George Downing, son of a Puritan barrister, was the landlord of the "Peacock." Downing served under Cromwell, and after the Restoration he transferred his allegiance to Charles II. Pepys refers to George Downing as an ungrateful villain. Maybe, but anyhow he became Secretary to the Treasury. (*Continued on page* 84)

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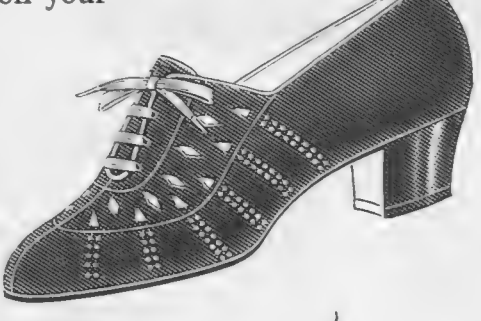

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IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

There's History in Every Brick

In 1722, part of the property became stables. The lease was purchased by the Crown in 1733, and two years later we find Sir Robert Walpole moving into No. 10 as its first tenant. Sir Robert offered the new house as a gift to George II who accepted it on condition that the house should be entailed in perpetuity as the house of the First Lord of the Treasury. What meetings, what heartbreaks there have been in No. 10. It is said on reliable authority that in the entrance hall of this house, Wellington and Nelson met once and for the only time in their lives. Both were waiting to see the Prime Minister, and neither knew who the other was. Soldier and sailor entered into conversation, but it was not until long afterwards that either of them learnt to whom he had been speaking.

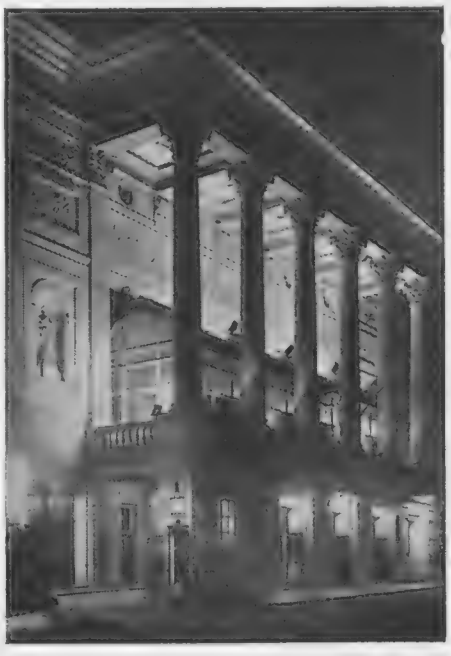
LET us just cross the way to Scotland Yard which is said to preserve the name of an old palace where in Saxon times and even later, the Kings of Scotland resided when they came to London to do homage to the Kings of England. Once again, I am afraid I shall have to mention Henry VIII, because it was his sister, Margaret, who was the last sovereign to use this palace. When the poet Milton was secretary to Richard Cromwell, he lodged in Scotland Yard. Once upon a time it was proposed to erect an opera house here, and the foundation stone was actually laid in 1875, but the proposition came to nothing. There was a lack of money and for the same reason an idea of building a block of flats and offices on this site also came to nought. The Government stepped in subsequently and took over possession.

You must walk a little faster, my dear young lady, if you want to get a glimpse of Buckingham Palace, and hear, how on this site in the reign of James I there was a mulberry garden, promoted especially for the benefit of the king, and also of the silk industry. In 1762 George III moved over here from St. James's Palace. He paid £21,000 for his purchase. Between 1825 and 1836 this building was reconstructed for William IV, but he did not like it and it was not occupied until the coming of Queen Victoria, who was said not to like it either. Nine years after she came to the throne, Queen Victoria built an east front at a cost of £150,000, and a south wing and a ballroom measuring 111 feet by 60 feet. A new east front was built in 1912 at a cost of £60,000. There is a story that the Dutch architect who built the house of the Duke of Buckingham threatened to throw him from the roof unless his bill was paid. You have heard no doubt, my dear young lady, of a certain "Boston tea party." Well, in all probability, the first nice cup of tea ever made in England was made on the site of Buckingham Palace, because when the Earl of Arlington owned the property, and it was called Arlington House, he brought from Holland the first pound of tea ever to enter England.

NOW let us move on and take a look at theatreland, I mean old theatreland, and particularly Drury Lane Theatre. It was built in 1663 when it was known as the Theatre Royal; in 1672 it was destroyed by fire and in 1674 Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt it. Its great history began long after Nell Gwyn was selling oranges outside. In 1775 Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance here as Portia. Five years later there were the Gordon Riots, and so great was the disturbance and so great also was the damage that the theatre had to close. The reason for the anger of the Gordon Rioters was that Garrick had engaged a number of Frenchmen to dance in a spectacular piece he produced here called *The Chinese Festival*. In 1784, the great Kemble made his first London appearance as Hamlet. After that Drury Lane kept on being burnt down or pulled down. Nell Gwyn lived in a nearby alley in the days of her obscurity. Pepys records seeing her standing at the door of her lodgings on May Day, 1677. He says: "She seemed a mighty pretty creature." Nell who began her career selling oranges outside the theatre, made her first appearance there as an actress in 1670. Until comparatively few years ago, a guard of soldiers was mounted every night. With the passing of the busbies, a very spectacular effect left the neighbourhood.

Covent Garden Opera House just across the road was once the great rival of Drury Lane. Handel it was who first brought Italian Opera to London and obtained a £50,000 subscription to launch his season which did not, however, become a success. Then the battle royal between Drury Lane and Covent Garden started. When Drury Lane engaged Garrick as a star at the then unheard of salary of 600 guineas for the season, John Rich at the Covent Garden Opera House engaged Mrs. Cibber to play Desdemona. The battle royal between the two royal theatres lasted for years. Then in 1808 Covent Garden was burnt down. When the theatre reopened there were scenes of riot and disorder because the prices of admission had been raised. The police made nearly eighty arrests. Kemble, the actor, who had made a great success when he left Drury Lane to cross over to Covent Garden, engaged professional pugilists to go into the pit and fight the rioters.

In 1856 another fire destroyed the theatre. A few years later the greatest singers in the world began to make their appearance here. In 1861, Adeline Patti appeared, and in 1888



Covent Garden Opera House by night. Some of the greatest singers in the world have made their appearance here

the brothers De Reske, and the same year Melba sung. In 1907 Tetrazzini made her début, the last perhaps of the glamorous singers. In latter years, Covent Garden Opera House has been a circus, a dance hall, a cinema, once again a theatre and once again an opera house.

Now let us climb on a bus and go down the Strand, Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's. Did you ever hear:

Christopher Wren
Was dining some men.
He said:
"If anyone calls,
Say I am designing St. Paul's."

St. Paul's in fact goes back to the year 1610 when it was a church erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent. The church was destroyed by fire. Fire has again and again and again destroyed churches erected on this site. The bulk of the money for the rebuilding was obtained from the city of London's duty on coal. Was that in your American history books of England?

Before we part I would like to show you "Bart's," otherwise St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The story of it goes back to the reign

of the Norman King, Henry I. The King became very serious minded after his son was drowned. At his court the jester, Rahera, was caught up in the movement towards serious things and he turned monk and went on a pilgrimage to Rome where he caught malaria and made a vow if ever he recovered and reached England again he would found a hospital for the poor. The jester monk did recover and started St. Bartholomew's on a piece of marshland in the northern part of the city of London. For more than twenty years, the former jester himself ministered to the sick.

In 1143 he died, but for four centuries St. Bartholomew's continued its work and when it was closed at the time of the Reformation its loss was at once felt. The Lord Mayor of the time petitioned for its reopening, and the king gave it a new charter. The Great Fire of London passed by St. Bartholomew's, but it was found necessary to rebuild it in the eighteenth century.

Stones of London. May you stand steadfast for evermore.

END

Spring Tonics for Tired Homes

(*Continued from page* 35)

curtains as they were, but give the stimulant required with new contrasts.

Take, perhaps, one or more of the colours which predominates in the carpet or curtains. Repeat them in new cushion covers, new lampshades or even lampshade trimmings which you can make yourself.

Turn out, ruthlessly, any oddments of decoration that were used to accent the former character of the scheme. Bring in a bright new piece of china, a picture, a painted side table. Any little thing, well placed, will do the trick.

Rearrange the pictures if you don't do more. Do so more especially if you are having a new wall treatment. Group them prettily according to sizes and type and colouring. Use them to emphasise the grouping of the furniture or to give stimulus to an uninhabited area of wall space.

Take a note of the simple wall treatment in one of the designs for a hall shown here. This could be introduced without much expense in a restricted space.

Against a plain distempered wall a panel of wallpaper is laid upon the wall and edged with a simple beading. Below, a semi-circular shelf, painted to match the panel, is fixed to the wall and in the centre a mirror is hung.

That is the whole story, but you can see for yourself what it does to a passage.

Another sketch illustrates a new use for a fireside cupboard, for any cupboard suitably situated.

The top doors have been removed and the interior of the cupboard has been painted to contrast with the background colouring of the room. A fabric pelmet which matches the pelmet of the window is used to give importance and a finish to the treatment. China, glass and books with a lamp for better effect at night are carefully chosen to show themselves against their flattering background.

It would be a simple matter to arrange interior lighting for this cupboard and the effect would be quite lovely at night.

Imagine the interior painted a lustrous antique green with ruby glass and delicate Worcester china in maroon and gold on the shelves. Soft lighting from the sides would enable the colour contrast to be twice as effective.

Expensiveness has very little to do with either of the treatments illustrated, but each of them typifies the kind of tonic that ingenuity can give to your home this spring.

END

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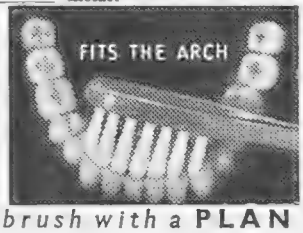
1 SIZE

1 PRICE



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Run Rabbit

(Continued from page 9)

"It was very good of you," Dussel said; "I might have missed the train if you hadn't opened the door for me."

"Glad to have been able to help," said the K.M. He looked out of the window; they were running by the sea. "Nearly in."

Dussel stood up and took his suitcase from the rack. The King's Messenger looked at the case which was made of brown leather. "Are you going to take that up the line with you," he asked.

"I'm not crossing till to-morrow, I'm staying with friends for to-night," Dussel answered. "I came down a day early."

"So it would not have mattered so much if you had missed the train," the other said.

Dussel saw that the King's Messenger was looking at him more closely than he had hitherto. He said: "It would have mattered to me, I should not have seen my friends."

The train was coming into the station. Looking out of the window Dussel saw a dark blue closed car in the yard; a uniformed chauffeur stood by the car.

"They have sent a car for me," he said.

"Why did you come by the boat train as you are not crossing till to-morrow?" the K.M. asked.

"Because boat trains are the quickest; the ticket allows travellers to break their journey."

"Aren't you travelling on a warrant?"

Dussel did not answer at once. The question was awkward because if he was going on duty he ought to have been given a railway warrant. Hering had decided it was not worth risking a forged document when a genuine ticket could easily be bought. After a moment he said: "I paid my own fare as far as here; I might have had trouble with the authorities if I had broken my journey on a warrant."

The train had stopped; Dussel held open the door for the King's Messenger.

"Thanks very much," he said, as he joined the other on the platform. "I hope you have a good crossing."

"So do I," said the K.M.

"The sea is calm," Dussel said, edging away.

The King's Messenger was once more looking at him closely, running his eyes over Dussel's new uniform. Supposing Hering had made a mistake; buttons wrongly spaced or shoulder badges that should be bronze instead of gilt! For a moment fear gripped Dussel, passing when the K.M. held out his hand and said, "Good-bye and good luck."

"Thanks," Dussel said.

CARRYING his suitcase he made his way out of the station and walked over to the blue car. As he approached, the chauffeur, whom Dussel now recognised as Hering, came forward, touched his cap and took the suitcase. Dussel was going to get into the back of the car when Hering said, in an undertone, "Sit by me."

Dussel nodded. They drove out of the station yard; Hering did not speak again till they were clear of the town. "Done it?" he asked.

"Yes," Dussel said.

"Anything of value?"

"I don't know; I photographed every document; some of the papers were in cipher."

"They will work those out when you get the other side," Hering said.

"How am I going to do that," Dussel asked.

"Same way as you came."

Dussel lit a cigarette; he smoked for a few moments. "Do you think one of our machines will be able to land without being seen?"

"I should think it is doubtful, they are watching every inch of the sky," Hering said.

"Then why try it?"

"It is nothing to do with me; I'm only carrying out orders," Hering said.

"I haven't a chance in uniform, if I am caught."

"I have provided for that; in the back of

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the car you will find a German Air Force officer's uniform; also a parachute. You will change before you leave the car. I'll take care of the uniform you are wearing. If they find out before you are picked up you will say that the pilot ordered you to bail out when he believed he was going to crash. You will then be a prisoner of war."

Dussel patted the breast pocket of his tunic where he had put the negatives of the documents that he had photographed. "What about these?"

"If you are in danger of capture you will have to get rid of them."

"How?"

"That is your affair; now we are coming to the place." Hering pulled the car to the side of the road; he pointed to the right. "You see a big field over there with a barn in the corner. You are to wait in the barn. No one is likely to disturb you; the nearest farm is a mile away and we are six miles from any town; the machine is coming for you at dusk."

Dussel, now thoroughly nervous, said: "How is a pilot, who has never landed in England, going to find one particular barn?"

"This pilot has landed in England and he has landed in that field; it was all worked out in peace time. You are close to the coast you know. You had better get into the back and change; I don't want to hang about there."

Dussel got into the back of the car. Here he found a suitcase containing a German Air Force uniform; the parachute was on the floor under a rug. Fingering the parachute, he said: "How am I going to open this thing?"

"It is folded so that you can; hurry up." Hering was looking up and down the road; he was showing signs of strain himself.

Dussel changed uniforms; as soon as he had done this he felt a great sense of relief. Except for the roll of negatives there was nothing to convict him as a spy. If anyone approached the barn he would have time to bury the negatives.

"All set?" Hering asked.

"Yes." Dussel took the parachute out of the car.

"Good luck; see you again soon." Hering let in the clutch.

You won't! Dussel thought as he watched the car start. He looked up at the sun. Dusk would set in in another half-hour. Slinging the parachute over his shoulder he set off for the barn, which lay three hundred yards from the road. No car came by as he crossed the field.

On reaching the barn he prepared his parachute, then sat down on a log in the doorway to wait. He considered his chances. Hering had said it was doubtful whether a German machine would be able to land in England unobserved. He was close to the coast it was true; a fast machine flying high might swoop down, land, and take off again before anyone could get to the place. Then, with darkness gathering there was a fair chance of escape. Maybe the scheme was not so hair-brained. Anyway in another twenty minutes he would know. He looked round the barn. A farm cart and a rusty harrow were against the wall, also some tools; beyond these, hay, cut in closely-pressed trusses, was stacked. Dussel walked over to look at the hay. As he did so a grimy bearded face raised itself from the top of the bundles and a voice said: "Wot cheer mate! Got the makings?"

Dussel stood still; he realised that in the half-darkness the tramp had not seen his uniform and thought he was a fellow-hobo.

The tramp raised himself slowly and slid from the hay to the ground. He was an enormous man. He stared at Dussel, now able to see that he was in uniform. "Blimey. Where 'ave you come from?"

Dussel pointed to the roof and then to his opened parachute.

"'Urt yerself?" the tramp asked. His voice was friendly. Dussel realised that the man did not know the uniform he was wearing was not British. He was a great, big, illiterate-looking brute.

"I'm all right; the machine is smashed."

"'Ow are yer (*Continued on page* 88)

Are you one of the thousands of women who feel that "Acid Skin" causes all their beauty worries—blackheads, blemishes, oily shine, roughness and a general loss of fresh tone and fine texture? Here is new hope for you, a remarkable new beauty treatment for "Acid Skin" which has been acclaimed by leading American Beauty Specialists: Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams which contain 'MILK OF MAGNESIA.'*

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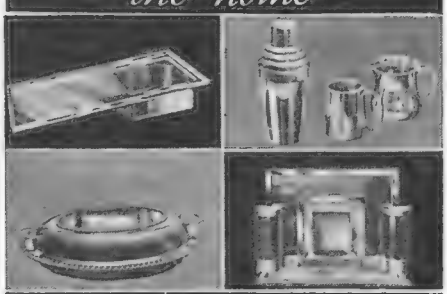

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going to get 'ome?'" the tramp asked.

"They are sending for me," Dussel said, then stood very still; overhead he could hear the drone of an engine. "I believe that is the plane coming now."

"You blokes looks arter each other," said the tramp scratching his chin.

"Oh yes, we do that," Dussel agreed. Looking up he saw a plane circling to land.

The tramp came to the door. In the light he was now able to see Dussel's uniform clearly. He said nothing, but stared at the machine which had just touched down. It was grey and had no distinguishing marks.

The man was so rough and unkempt that Dussel felt sure he had no idea of the truth. After all, Dussel looked British enough and spoke English perfectly. He must, however, avoid a meeting between the tramp and the German pilot who had come for him. He edged outside the door of the barn, intending to run for it.

"I must be going; sorry I can't give you a lift; good-bye," Dussel said.

"You ain't going!" The tramp crashed his fist into Dussel's face.

Dussel fell to the ground. Dazed, but not unconscious, he saw the tramp take a pitchfork standing against the wall. The man gave him a prick with it. "If you 'ollers!" he said, shaking the pitchfork over Dussel's stomach; then he drew back behind the door, the pitchfork poised ready to bring crashing down on the head of the pilot when he came into the barn.

Dussel realised the man's plan and made a last attempt to bluff. "You will get into trouble for knocking British officers about," he said in his flawless English.

"British officers!" sneered the tramp. I knows a Jerry when I sees one. 'Ere, take a peek at that"; he drew back his jacket, showing three soiled war ribbons, headed by the Mons Star, sown to his waistcoat.

The unsuspecting German pilot came into the barn, looking for Dussel. The tramp raised the pitchfork and brought it crashing down on the pilot's head. "There's one for Adolf!" he said. "Ah! Would yer! I told yer to stay quiet," he stunned Dussel, then made his way to the back of the barn and cut some lengths of cord from the trusses of hay.

After several minutes work the big tramp had both his prisoners securely fixed. To make sure they did not roll towards one another and work on the cords with their teeth, if they recovered consciousness, he fastened them to the walls on opposite sides of the barn. When the job was finally completed he stood in the doorway scratching his head.

What now? Have to go to the nearest town and tell the "busies" he supposed! He had no affection for police stations. Sleeping rough in summer, tramping from spike to spike in winter, thumbing lifts, begging from door to door, flashing his greasy war ribbons, slaking a perpetual thirst with nectar-tasting glasses of cool, dark beer when he made a "touch," for twenty years he had not done one thing for England. But now he straightened his shoulders as in army days, as he set off along the high road to find the cops.

END

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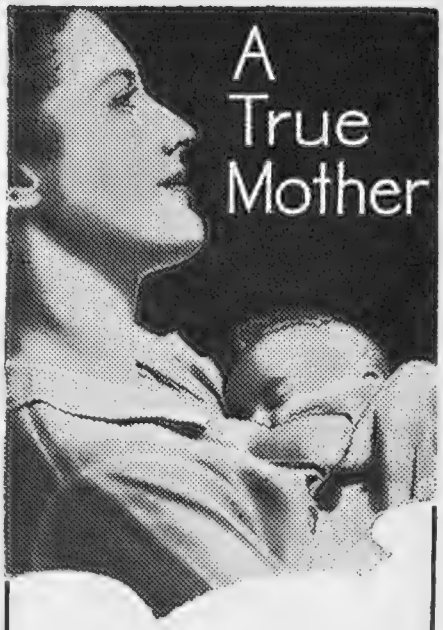
See Advertisement on page 101



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Science Blue-prints

(*Continued from page* 11)

in need of renewals; and in the United States alone it is reckoned that the rail equipment works could operate at capacity for fifteen years, and then not catch up with needed replacements. Despite her biggest-ever building boom of the early thirties, Britain is still short of five million houses, and more than half of those we have lack electricity, while only a fraction have labour-saving devices. All city and street, and most public building lighting, is bad, compared with what could be done to light the night if the scientists and engineers had a free run, with all the labour and money they want. Tens of thousands perish annually in the most advanced lands, mainly because roads have not kept pace with motorisation. Everywhere, there are formidable challenges to man's endurance, energy and courage.

Glance at the high lights. None is among the fantasies in the moon rocket category. All represent extensions of current trends, or work which is now being pursued, backed by hard-headed business money.

There is the wide, ramified drive to make life less dangerous. And that has nothing to do with war, diseases or bacilli, or even with a blackout which has so far caused more casualties than West-front bullets. It is estimated that over a million people annually perish as victims of industrial, domestic and road, sea and air accidents. The home is more dangerous than the road. America has a million kitchen accidents a year. In Britain, a thousand persons are killed yearly in the coal mines, seven thousand on the roads, and two thousand by slipping up on rugs or in getting in or out of baths.

More than twelve hundred laboratories and research stations contain men busy, in one way or another, trying to diminish the risks created by the road machines around which our civilisation is largely built up. The robot light signals which now control big city main route traffic have diminished accidents. It took years of experiment and laboratory work to perfect them. Improved brakes and tyres save lives daily. Both have meant years of costly and arduous research and experimentation. Hundreds of scientific brains, and thousands of highly skilled hands, are working on the problem of bettering road surfaces. To-morrow, we shall have better tyres, better brakes, more efficient headlamps, and shadowless "moon" lighting on all main roads.

Flying is still too risky for comfort. Fog and cloud are dangerous. But wartime researches are cutting into the deep layers of these problems. The efforts to get a searchlight beam to reach through haze, and direct the guns on enemy aircraft, will prove to have a life-saving value in years to come. All the belligerents are trying to devise methods to prevent a tank leaking petrol when pierced by a lead pellet, or catching fire in the air or when it crashes. The Germans have a self-sealing tank which goes some way to solve the problem. Civil aviation will one day bless the efforts generated by these military needs.

The danger of incendiary bombs has stimulated the search for more effective fire extinguishers, cheaper apparatus and chemicals, and cheaper and more efficient fireproof materials. Already houses can be built which will not burn. Spray systems, linked to electric switches and thermostats, guard most big modern buildings. In the world of to-morrow fires will not be an everyday routine occurrence, as they are in the world of to-day.

But work in this whole field is small compared to that being done in the general field of lowering production costs and shifting heavy and painful labour more and more from men to machines. Tens of thousands of scientific brains are bent to that job. Triumph means the expansion of our civilisation; failure, its death.

The change-over from manual to machine labour occurred only 150 years ago. When the first power loom started to revolve, there were only eight million (*Continued on page* 90)

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.....AND AN EASY CONSCIENCE

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people in England. In the next sixty years the population of the world doubled, while that of England trebled, and that of America increased sixfold. Power was being applied to industry, transportation and agriculture—a thing unknown in man's previous history—and people grew with the increase in jobs and food.

Coal fuelled the machines. Then oil joined it. Now, both are being drawn into the new chemical plant where scientists hammer at the problem of using basic raw materials less wastefully. To-morrow, it may be an offence to burn raw coal, or fuel a motor with undiluted petrol. Coal, and petroleum, may be too important to use so wastefully.

Thirty years ago Britain, with a population eight millions less than now, used twenty million tons more coal than is consumed to-day. The scientists have saved that waste. The electricity industry in that period has increased production of current 700 per cent, with an increase in coal use of only 200 per cent. Gas production has risen seventy per cent, but coal used to produce it has risen only fifteen per cent. The iron and steel industry has used scientific workers to such effect that it has lopped six million tons of coal off its annual bill, saving four and a half million pounds a year. The process continues. If it did not, gas, electricity, iron and steel, and many other things would cost more than people can afford to pay.

If those scientific brains had not found out how to use coal more economically, 125,000 more miners would be kept busy digging the 32,000,000 tons more coal we would need now. Their jobs have gone; but more men have found jobs throughout expanded industry. And the labour grade has risen. It always happens. The more arduous forms of toil tend to decrease, and the more highly skilled and better paid forms tend to increase, all along the line. The miner's son becomes a mechanic, the mechanic's son a practical engineer, the engineer's son a technical executive in a big industrial organisation.

Agriculture is an obstinate problem which draws more and more specialised scientific brains into its zone of research. Man's problem was once to produce enough food to sustain himself. It was reversed when the scientists and engineers provided machines for breaking the soil, sowing the seed, cutting, reaping, harvesting. The problem is now one of securing the farmers everywhere an adequate price for their crops, which are in the aggregate tremendous.

War again played its part in that situation Forty years ago, Sir William Crookes forecast a world famine in the nineteen-thirties if the secret of the fixation of nitrogen were not found. The natural nitrate supply would not suffice to refertilise the exhausted earth. Then the Allies cut off the Germans from the Chilean supply, and the Germans put a weight of money and brains behind the search for the formula. They found it; and built huge plants for extracting nitrogen from the air. Synthetic nitrogen production is now a world industry. No blockade can deprive an industrial state of its most important soil fertiliser.

Stripped of its philosophy, politics, and trimmings generally, life remains essentially a matter of the sun and the plants. The growing plants capture and store the energy of the sun by chemical processes which we still do not understand—although the head of the world's biggest research laboratories is always urging all his colleagues and assistants to devote any leisure they have to investigating the mystery of why the grass is green.

The plant life of the sea sustains the fish population, directly, or through absorption of plant-eating fish by other fish. The plant life of the land sustains the animals and birds, and man sustains his life on both, and fish as well. Some human beings prefer to take their nourishment direct from plant life, occasionally permitting themselves the lust and license of an egg. They are usually

pugnacious and somewhat annoying persons, like Bernard Shaw and Adolf Hitler.

If one day the plants lost their capacity for absorbing the sun's energy, all plant and animal, fish and bird life, would perish. Man, too, would become extinct, unless chemists quickly solved the problem on which they are now tentatively engaged, namely, how to utilise, directly, the sun's energy, now available only through the crude and wasteful processes of cultivating the land, raising crops, and flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle, and hordes of poultry, and pulling the fish out of the sea by the shipload, and then going through an elaborate business of slaughter, transportation, preservation, packing, canning, display, selling, carrying, cooking, serving, and, finally, eating, with an unnecessary ceremoniousness, moving the substance into our mouths, chewing it, and propelling it down a pipe to our stomachs, whence it passes in chemical forms to renew our tissues and bones and keep us functioning in our various ways.

Scientists are finding out ways of growing edible plants, fruit and vegetables, by synthetic electric sunlight, and in water impregnated with chemicals. This is the celebrated "aquaculture," which some think will one day replace agriculture.

Other scientists, the large body now occupied with the great new chemical research work and industry which centres around oil, think that in time oil will yield, besides motor fuel, road material, plastics, furniture, a superior rubber, alcohol, solvents, and other things, a synthetic tablet food which will suffice to nourish a human being, even if it does not provide any of the normal and much-prized pleasures of the table.

But the more immediate and practical research is into ways and means of improving crops, and eliminating waste. It is reckoned that insects, plant diseases and weeds, impose on farmers in Britain, Europe and the United States an annual loss of over £2,000,000,000. Production cost will come down when science can achieve some further successes in this realm. But 6,000 species of insects still ravage the crops, causing more damage than disease, but not quite as much as weeds. For every pound the farmer earns, his fight with his natural enemies costs him another pound, which otherwise he might pocket as gain, or pass on to the consumer in lower prices without diminishing his own profit.

Many scientists, on the chemical side, view the farm as the source of the industrial raw materials of to-morrow: a vision which, if it materialises fully, will revolutionise agriculture and industry, and may transform eating habits. One of the proposals is to ferment 700,000,000 bushels of corn to produce a ten per cent blend of alcohol for 1,600,000,000 gallons of a new fuel, which will start as ninety per cent petrol, and diminish to fifty per cent. Thirty out of each fifty-six pounds of corn represents alcohol-yielding starch. The farmer then has twenty-six pounds of residue as gluten, and oil-press cake for stock feed.

This is the industrial angle of approach. The farmer millions in America have been accustomed to raise pigs in order to use and sell their surplus corn as pork. But when excess of supply over demand made this procedure unprofitable, the problem arose of what to do about the surplus corn anyway: and the idea of feeding it into motors as an alcohol ingredient of fuel was then propounded by a leading industrial chemist.

We purify water and food, and pasteurise our milk. But we are only just starting, through air conditioning, to purify the air we breathe at the rate of eighteen inhalations a minute. The business of purifying the air is going to be colossal; but it will be done. Laws eventually will oblige all public places to instal the necessary equipment. We shall then see a check on the spread of epidemics like the common cold and influenza.

Roads will be made wider and straighter, safer and longer; and they will be illuminated all night long. Commercial aeroplanes will increase hugely in size, and will become the safest form of travel. Motor cars will tend to become more and more small movable living quarters and (*Continued on page* 92)

Not forgetting the windows— extra Court bedcovers can be used with advantage to make bedroom schemes complete. For wide draw curtains they save making-time and labour.

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111

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

convertible bed for summer use is standard on one of the new season popular car models. The nomadic trend—so strongly on the increase in the years between the two wars—will grow fast; and there will be great seasonal migrations. All these things will expand industry and absorb men in jobs.

Two of the great new industries will be aviation and television. In the greatest producing country, America, the automobile industry accounts for one job in every six. The aviation industry will equal that when it gets into its full stride. One of the war-time revelations has been the German expert calculation that it requires a labour force of 1,800,000 to maintain—which means replace as well as service and operate—an air fleet of 10,000 machines. A civil fleet will not require so large a labour force; but the force needed will still be very large, and the spiral of industrial activity set up will be immense.

Radio up to 1914 was mainly useful for communication between ship and shore. The military necessity for a portable and foolproof radio field set caused radio technique to take a spurt ahead. The radio telephone was elaborated, but military men could not use it because it had no privacy. Out of that war defect arose the dazzling idea of broadcasting, the reverse of the military desire for secretive narrow-casting. That development burst on the world in 1920.

Television is not much beyond where broadcasting was twenty years ago. Transmission and reception are not yet fully effective. A cheap, efficient receiving set has yet to come. A television programme, sustained on a business basis, has yet to be evolved. The great future of radio lies in individualisation of radio-television. When families, friends and business men can maintain constant personal contacts by this means, radio and television will come of age.

Before this comes about we shall probably see an era when skilled workers—as in the belligerent countries to-day—are at a scarcity rather than a surplus value. More and more technicians, administrators, manual workers will be needed in the expanding fields of aviation, radio, electrical equipment, chemistry, plastics, social welfare, tool and machine making, scientific instrument making, metallurgy and general industry.

Men with scientific qualifications will be in great demand, especially in the field of

Science Blue-prints

industrial chemistry. The world's biggest industrial organisation, the United States Steel Corporation, spends £7,000,000 a year on its laboratories. Another has a thousand scientific workers employed in its research department. In its new three-storey laboratory at Manchester, the dye branch of Imperial Chemical Industries has a hundred chemists and two hundred assistants employed.

Artists, too, are in increasing demand. They are needed by an industry which must continually improve, not only the usefulness, but the appearance of its products. Display backgrounds, packings, containers, advertising and shapes of things all require specialist attention and the services of trained designers and artists. Merchants and producers have found out that a car, radio set, shoe, frock, piece of furniture, a perfume sells better than its competitor when it or its container is shaped in a pleasing or striking manner. Some women's shoes are branded now, not with the name of a manufacturer, or the chain store which sells them, but as the latest design of some well-known artist designer. It is a new departure: and it will grow.

As for the industries which have grown up around the desire of women to improve upon Nature, they are far from their ultimate development, as women's possibilities in the realm of *décor* and excitingness are remote from finality.

Plastics, synthetic products, substitute materials and foods, new approaches to the problem of human health and work power, population readjustment, development of backward areas, extension and quickening of communications: these open up fresh and staggering horizons, comparable to those which arrived with the railway, the steamboat, the electro-magnet, the dynamo, the principle of the motor, the hot-blast doubling blast furnace efficiency, the principle of the interchangeability of parts (mass production), and all the other new phenomena of the first forty years of last century

The opportunities of the next fifty years will be greater than those of the half-century which began with the deliberate view that all was finished, all lost, and that man had come to the end of his growth period, and his possibilities.

END

NEW TOOTH TREATMENT RENEWS ENAMEL

Scientific research has revealed that unless the teeth and gums absorb calcium salts from the saliva, a state of decay cannot be prevented. This discovery resulted in the introduction of 'GLAZUROL,' a preparation containing *protective* calcium and mineral salts to renew and strengthen the enamel of the teeth; leading Dentists confirm the importance of this new treatment and recommend 'GLAZUROL' to their patients.

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REMINERALISING TOOTH-POWDER

The Lady Takes a Twist

(*Continued from page* 15)

"Hush," she said softly. "You mustn't talk to me like that. The King's Proctor might hear you, and besides, a girl has got to be so careful when she goes out with strange men. Hasn't she, Sam?"

I didn't say anything. But when we were in the taxi, going to Laurillards to dance, I said:

"You've got your nerve talking to me about a girl having to be careful when she goes out with strange men. What about me? Just remember, if you please, that it was *you* who picked *me* up. *I'm* the person who ought to be careful."

She said: "Oh, Sam, do you really think so? You know, I rather like you. I think you're *sweet*. I think that if I was somebody else I might be rather keen on you. I think you've got a very good line and I like the way you talk. I think you're really rather nice, Samuel, even if you are a card-sharper."

I put my arm round her and gave her a very long and decided kiss. After it was over she said brightly:

"That's what comes of trying to do business with crooks. The first time I looked at you I knew that I shouldn't be safe with you."

I didn't say anything. I was thinking hard. I was thinking that when it came down to brass tacks I was just as big a fool about women as any one else.

And why not?

After tea she unfolded her scheme. I must say it sounded almost foolproof to me.

"Listen, Sam," she said. "I told you that I'd arranged everything in my mind. Well that's quite true. *Everything* is in our favour.

"First of all, that man you did down on the boat coming over—Hilary Pyke—is a friend of a friend of my father's. We've never met him but I believe he had a letter of introduction to my papa and he was coming down to spend a week-end with us. Father got a letter from him yesterday, from Southampton, saying that he couldn't manage it. Papa was disappointed because, as you know, Pyke has a reputation for being a big gambler. Papa likes a game of poker too and Arthur, my husband, will do anything to gamble for big money—more especially now that he's playing with *my* money.

"All you have to do is to telephone to Mayfield—it's in Kent—to-morrow, and say that you are Hilary Pyke and that you've altered your plans and that you'll be able to go down after all. Next day—Friday—you pack your bag for a long week-end and go down. Arthur is going to be there to have one of his periodical rows with papa who, of course, is fed up with the divorce, and when you arrive there will be the makings of a first-class poker school. You understand, Sam dear?"

I said I understood.

She went on:

"Now you were talking about technique. Well, that's going to be fearfully easy. I'm going down to Mayfield to-night to get some clothes because I'm staying with friends in Devonshire over the week-end. When I get down there I'm going to prepare the ground for you. All the playing cards in the house are kept in papa's drawer in the library. I'm going to unseal all the packages *very* carefully and mark all the cards for you. You'll have to tell me just how you want that done. Then I'll reseal all the packages and when you sit down to play it will be rather like shelling peas, won't it, Sam?"

I looked at her in amazement.

"What a woman!" I said. "You're the answer to the card-sharper's prayer. If anything, it ought to be *easier* than shelling peas."

I explained to her at length just how I wanted the cards marked. She absorbed the information easily and quickly.

"There's just one thing," she said. "If you *can* manage it, don't win too much from papa or any stranger who may be playing. Arthur is your prey. Take him for everything you can."

I grinned at her.

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll leave him with his shoelaces and he'll be lucky if he has those."

She put her hand on mine and gave it a little squeeze.

"You are a *dear*, Sam," she said. "You really are rather thrilling. No—I've got to go. I've so much to do and so have you."

She looked at me very demurely.

"You've got to make all those inquiries about me," she said. "So I'd better give you some details about myself. You, on your part, will please give me the address of your apartment in town and your telephone number so that when I come back from Devonshire I can meet you and collect my half of the swag. Don't you think?"

I agreed. We exchanged the necessary information. Then I paid the bill and put her into a cab.

"*Au revoir*, Sam," she said. "I think you're *sweet*. I do *like* being partners with you."

"I'm glad you're glad," I said. "Personally I'm beginning to wonder if I'm not a bit mad to come into this thing with you. Still my best friends have told me I'm rather a half-wit where women are concerned."

"Never mind, dear," she said as the cab began to move away. "So long as the other half of your wits work you ought to be *fairly safe*."

WELL . . . to cut a long story short, it came off. *And how!* Really it was rather like stealing a sleeping child's rattle. I hadn't been at Mayfield for half an hour before I realised that every male person in the house was just itching to get his fingers on a pack of cards.

Arthur—Geralda's husband—a great big, lumbering brute absolutely devoid of any sense of humour, but exuding a certain bovine *bonhomie*, began to talk in terms of poker at dinner on Friday night. Old man Vandelyn—Geralda's papa—as she called him—was just as bad, and the two other fellows who were staying in the house were both blessed with this world's goods and itching to get a little more of them.

And she had marked the cards perfectly. I've never seen such a swell job. I managed to get away with it without taking too much out of the old boy and the other two. I won three hundred and fifty from the three of them more or less on absolutely honest poker, but (and what a "but") I took Arthur for twenty-two thousand pounds altogether. The damn fool just didn't know *when* to stop. Twelve thousand of it was won at cut-throat between the two of us after the others had thrown their hands in. The poor mug hadn't got a chance.

Naturally I was feeling rather bucked when I got back to town. Not so much for myself as for Geralda. I felt an unholy joy at having saved her money for her, and, between you and me and the doorpost, I was finding myself thinking about her a trifle too much for my peace of mind. (*Continued on page* 94)

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For details of staff collection scheme apply to HARRY JONES, Hon. Publicity Officer, W.E.F. Section

On the Wednesday morning I got up and mooned about my apartment thinking things out. Then I had an idea. It seemed to me rather a bonny idea. I thought I would give Geralda a surprise—a rather nice surprise.

So I put my plan into effect and then waited for her to telephone.

She came through in the afternoon.

"Hello, Sam dear," she said. "I'm so glad to hear your voice. I've just telephoned through to Mayfield and papa's been telling me how you cleaned Arthur out for *thousands* and that he has been rushing around the county all yesterday morning raising the wind and getting the bank to let him have enough money to settle with you. Papa says Arthur is tearing his hair and swearing that he'll never even *look* at another playing card. Isn't it marvellous?"

"I'm so pleased you're pleased," I said. "What about dining with me to-night. I've got rather a pleasant little surprise for you."

"I'd love to, Sam," she said. "I really would. And, my dear, I've got a little surprise for you too! Where shall we dine?"

I said that I thought we ought to meet at the Silver Perroquet at nine-thirty. I said that as that was the place where I'd first met her I thought that we should settle our business and part in the same spot.

She said: "Sam, you *do* sound mournful, don't you? Never mind. Perhaps when we've settled our business deal I'll let you kiss me in the cab again. Would you like that, Sam dear?"

I said I'd think about it and let her know. She promised to be at the Silver Perroquet at nine-thirty, and she also promised to wear a new and wonderful frock—that she'd bought in anticipation of the share-out—just for me.

When I hung the receiver up I thought to myself that she certainly had something. *Everything* about her was quite perfect. Her voice, her figure, her pretended brazen effrontery—everything was right.

I think that I have already told you that when it comes to women I am just as big a fool as any other man.

I'M not going to make any secret about the fact that when I went along to the Silver Perroquet I had a decided feeling that I'd got to do something about Geralda. She hypnotised me. There was something about her, some indefinite quality that I couldn't put my finger on, that enthralled me. Quite apart from her looks and the way she wore clothes and the lovely *timbre* of her voice she had that extraordinary thing—allure. That's the word, *allure*.

When we met she gave my hand a little squeeze and as we were walking to our table she said:

"It's *marvellous*—isn't it, Sam? It's just wonderful."

I said that I was happy if she was.

We dined. When we'd finished dinner and were drinking our coffee I suddenly realised that she was looking at me in a rather peculiar way. She'd altered somehow. Her eyes—they'd always been rather soft and appealing—were quite hard.

I said: "What's the matter, Geralda? Is anything wrong? I particularly hope there isn't. I have a strong reason for hoping that."

Her voice was cool.

"What's your reason?" she asked.

I passed her my open cigarette case and lit her cigarette.

"I had a strange idea," I said. "I got it this morning. I had an idea that when your divorce is made absolute I'd like to ask you to marry me."

She laughed. It was a brittle sort of laugh.

"Was that the surprise you had in store for me?" she said. "If so, it's not so much a surprise as a shock."

I looked at her in amazement. Her whole character seemed suddenly to have altered. She looked thoroughly *tough*.

"What a damn fool you must be if you expect that I'd even listen to a proposal of marriage from *you*," she said incisively. "Haven't you realised that you are a crook—a card-sharper? A man who is pointed out

The Lady Takes a Twist

as being a rather smart swindler who's been clever—or lucky enough not to have been caught out?"

"Oh yes, Geralda," I said. "But I gathered that *you* were quite prepared to make use of the services of a card-sharper when you needed them."

"Quite," she replied. "Which brings me to the little surprise I have for you."

She leaned back and looked squarely at me. There was definite hostility in her eyes.

"You've got an idea in your head that you are going to retain half the money you won from Arthur," she said. "Well—you're not. *You're going to hand all of it over to me.*"

"You don't say?" I said cheerfully. "I'm very interested. Tell me why."

She smiled. It was a tight, clever little smile.

"I've caught you out," she said. "This is a case of the biter bit. For a long time you've been going about the world swindling people and making money by playing crooked cards. Well—for once in your life someone has been clever enough to catch *you*. You're going to hand over all the money to me, and if you want to know why I'll tell you.

"To-morrow I'm going home to Mayfield. When I get there papa will tell me all about the game. I shall get him to give me a description of you. Then I shall put on an act and tell him that you were only pretending to be Hilary Pyke, that you were pointed out to me on the *Harlech Castle*. That you are really Sam Courvoisier, the card-sharp, that you probably learned from Hilary Pyke that he had an invitation to go to Mayfield, that he couldn't go, and that you went along and swindled them just as you swindled *him* on the boat."

She gave a shrill little laugh.

"I should think it would take Arthur exactly two minutes to get on to Scotland Yard after he hears *that*," she went on. "And if you know anything about the Yard you'll know they're really very efficient and they'll have you within a month."

She drew in a deep breath of cigarette smoke and sent it out through her finely cut nostrils.

"*That's* what's going to happen if you don't hand over *all* the money," she said.

I sighed.

"What a beastly little crook you are, Geralda," I told her. "But supposing when the Yard do catch up with me I tell them the whole story. What then?"

She smiled.

"Do you think they'll believe you?" she asked. "Of course they won't. Your story will sound so absolutely fatuous that it wouldn't even be considered for a moment. And you know it!"

"Yes . . ." I agreed. "Ordinarily you might be right. But, Geralda, you made one fearful mistake to-night. If you'd only listened to *my* surprise before telling me yours. If you'd only listened to what I had to say, you could have got away with it easily."

"I shall get away with it," she said. "Still, I'm curious about *your* surprise. Why ought I to have waited?"

I grinned at her.

"I was thinking about you this morning," I said. "And I came to the conclusion that you were rather marvellous. I wanted to make you *very* happy. I thought of a rather nice little plan. The other day—when I was making inquiries and checking up on you generally I learned where your bank was. *I thought it would be rather a gesture to give you all the money I got from Arthur.* I thought it might boost me in your estimation.

"So this morning I walked round to your bank and I paid in all the money I won from Arthur. Twenty-two thousand pounds were paid into your account this morning, Geralda."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Well—that makes it very simple, Mr. Card-Sharper," she said. "I've got *all* the money and that's that. That's what I wanted."

"Not at all, Geralda, *dear*," I said. "On the contrary you are not going to have *any*

of the money. You're going to get it from the bank and give it *all* back to me!"

She laughed.

"Oh, *am* I?" she said tritely. "Why?"

I permitted myself a big grin.

"The reason is fearfully simple," I said. "When Arthur paid up yesterday, he did so after arranging to get the money from the Mayfield bank. They gave it to him in hundred-pound notes. He handed them over to me. The Mayfield bank will have the numbers of those notes—naturally. Well, Geralda, *I paid the same notes into your bank*. They'll have a note of the numbers too. See?

"You're going round to your bank first thing in the morning," I said smilingly, "and you're going to draw that twenty-two thousand out and you're going to hand it to me. If you don't I'm going down to Mayfield and I'm going to tell Arthur the whole story. I'm going to prove it's true by showing him that the identical notes drawn by him from the Mayfield bank were paid into your account here in London. And how do you like that?"

She didn't say anything for quite a bit. Then she murmured.

"Sam—I've made a fool of myself. You've got me on toast." Her voice took on a lovely cooing note. "Can't we be friends—Sam?"

"Oh no," I said. "I'm cured of you, Geralda. Thank you very much for showing me the *real* you."

She stubbed out her cigarette angrily.

"What an idiot I've been," she muttered. "If I'd only let you talk first——"

"Quite," I agreed. "If you'd only listened to my two surprises before you opened your blackmailing campaign . . ."

She looked at me.

"Two surprises," she said. "Well—what's the other one?"

"You jump to conclusions too quickly, Geralda," I told her. "When you were on the *Harlech Castle* and the first officer pointed out Sam Courvoisier and Hilary Pyke to you—you looked at them from the point of view of a swindler and a swindlee. You thought that it *must* be the good-looking one who was the swindler.

"You see, my dear, you were wrong from the start.

"*I'm not Sam Courvoisier. I'm Hilary Pyke!*"

END

Spring Fevers

(*Continued from page* 42)

4. Salines are important. A teaspoon of Eno's or Kruschen every other day as an alkaliser agent, not as a purge, will be useful.

5. Young vegetables are nature's own re-vitalising agents, as are new-laid eggs and milk at this season. Let these be your chief items of diet if you can procure them. Turnips activate the kidneys, dandelion leaves—and is there a better salad—the liver. Spinach and carrot put fresh force into the blood-stream, and spring onions will seek out any poison wheresoever it is hidden in the body and destroy it.

The top leaves of young nettles cooked like spinach, are a finer dish and blood corrective, say the gipsies and the Cornish people; while the best slimming course, because it so perfectly adjusts digestion is a dish of the fried skin of baked potatoes. Frizzle it sparingly in margarine, it is delicious.

6. Teeth should be overhauled at this time of year. Change your mouthwash even if you replace it by common salt. If the gums bleed use di-oxygen in the mouth-rinse and three times a week paint them with iodine. But, above all, see a dentist.

7. Exercises fall last, but seven is the mystic number and seven works the trick. Massage is part of exercise. It should be your business to crack every knuckle in your toes and fingers and work these round in their sockets. Bring the blood to them, break up adhesions, free them from secretions. Work the great joints likewise, from arms and knees to (*Continued on page* 96)

TANGEE LIPSTICK

"Colour Selection" links Fashion with Beauty

says lovely ***DAPHNE COURTNEY*** *one of London's most glamorous mannequins.*

"I KNOW from experience that perfect colour harmony between my complexion, clothes and lipstick shade is absolutely imperative if I am to look my best. **TANGEE**, with its truly amazing property of ★'**COLOUR SELECTION,**' is the only lipstick I know of that can unerringly give the vital colour harmony necessary to link Fashion with Beauty."

Daphne Courtney

Gown by Neil Roger.

TANGEE Lipstick *for YOUR individual colour,* **1/9** *and* **4/6.** **TANGEE Rouge to match,** *Compact* **1/9** *and* **3/6.** *Crème* **3/6.** **TANGEE Face Powder,** *six shades* - - - - - **2/6** *and* **4/6.** **6d. trial sizes obtainable everywhere.** *Use TANGEE Theatrical when a brighter colour is required.*

★*Make this test* *See* TANGEE **'Colour Selection'** *actually at work! Rub a TANGEE LIPSTICK lightly on the back of your hand and on the backs of the hands of two or three of your friends. See how the pale orange of the TANGEE Lipstick changes to a different glamorous shade for each person, according to her type.*

TANGEE "THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK."

Luft-Tangee (London) Ltd., 31-33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1

FACE *and* HANDS

Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time—it prevents red and roughened skin, and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman.

Write for interesting Larola Booklet :
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Spinach, Dandelion, Celery and other juices have firmly established a successful technique of sane healing and regeneration. Every reader of "Britannia and Eve" is urged to write for a copy of the authoritative and absorbing booklet by a famous Continental Physician, describing how these life juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert chemical drugs in the treatment of ill-health, and the promotion of full-blooded vitality. Send your name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., to J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 94 Westbourne Grove, London, W.2, mentioning **Hofels' Life Juices.—B.E.28.**

ankles and wrists. Throw your head back and twist your neck round and round, and you will hear the crunchings. All to the good. Keep on till they cease, and so keep old age at bay.

Bring your eyes into motion. Roll them either way; blink them. Clap a hand over your right eye, and move your left forefinger from farthest left to right past your eye, follow it with your sight. Do the same with your right eye. It sounds ridiculous, but it will bring them into action and refresh them.

Spring Fevers

They have been tired, kept more or less static and consequently strained by focusing almost continually on close objects. Rest them on tree tops and far green hedges, on distance, and by movement. The earth has turned from her sleep and is now in movement. Respond. Be active. Call every physical faculty you have into play and full being, moderately at first but steadily, so that your body may be ready to seize, enjoy and absorb summer's store of health.

One Minute Beauty Treatment

(*Continued from page* 43)

with Pasteurised Cream, and then a skin-food is slipped on and left, either all night or for several hours. You won't know yourself next morning. Some women don't know themselves in the afternoon, for they use Black Ointment as a midday beautifier for a gala occasion.

This treatment should only be had once a week.

A cracked, dry and lined skin can be miraculously vitalised by soaking throat and face in Eastern Oils. The youth it restores amounts to transformation. Here again, after cleansing, you prepare the face with an appetiser, Eau Verte. Next, wipe it over with Eastern Balsam Oil, and lie back with compresses of Anti-wrinkle Lotion over the eyes. Fifteen to thirty minutes is sufficient. Pasteurised Cream replaces the oil. Follow on with skin-food, lavishly. If you want to derive full benefit from the oil, it is best to let the impoverished skin sleep in its face-banquet, and rejoice next day in having shed many years.

Why Be Afraid ?

(*Continued from page* 58)

terrors, the same forebodings. Yet here they are. Many of them are happy, secure, even better women for having known those deep experiences.

Don't forget these things when you are feeling the injustices of war. Remember rather that women have been and always will be at their very best when danger and insecurity arouse their protective and maternal instincts.

That is Nature's way, and Nature is a wise old bird.

Perhaps you are young and there is the fear that among the men who will never come back from this crusade is the one who might have been yours.

All right. It is possible, but believe this. Your future happiness does not depend upon any other human being so much as upon your self. In the final test it is not from others that we draw our happiness, but from an inward sense of confidence and contentment.

There will be another man, a good man, capable of bringing you the companionship and the fulfilment you seek. Wait for him calmly, confidently. Don't wear out your youth and your self confidence in vain imaginings that he may never come.

On the other hand, you may be an older woman whose fear is that economic insecurity may forbid your having the children you long for before it is too late. The answer to that is, if you want children, have them now.

Like most parents, you want to give the best to your children. You want ease and comfort for them. But are you right in wanting it? Are you justified in bringing up human beings without the smallest knowledge of adversity, without the tempering influence of trouble?

The world will stand in need of sturdy, resolute young people to carry on the new order for which we have worked and are going to make sacrifices.

You have lived, are living through difficult times. You have suffered, but you have also had fun. If you can take it, your children can. You are the very person to produce them. Things won't be worse for them, and they may be a lot better.

As for financial troubles—well, we all have them. At least, there will be few of us who haven't before this business is through; but again, why be afraid? Poverty doesn't kill you, but it teaches you a lot about living if you have the courage and the resolution to put your hand to anything.

This is no attempt to make light of the fears which all women feel at this time. It is not an attempt to disprove that many very real and imminent threats pursue us, but it is a plea to regard these troublous times as something from which in the end we may have a new understanding of life and a fresh confidence in ourselves.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 41)

On Duty

oilsilk compartments hold foundation cream, cream rouge and cold cream, lipstick, a flat powder puff, flat packet of powder and a packet of cleansing tissues. All this for 12s. 6d.

ONE of the neatest make-up boxes for women in the Services who want something light and compact for packing is the "Helene" Box. This is in good-looking brown leather, lined throughout. There is a large size packet of cleansing tissues in the lid, three good-sized jars of cream, a large bottle of cleansing milk and another of skin tonic, small bottles of varnish remover and natural colour nail varnish, a flat box of cuticle cream and a very large box of face powder. All the jars and boxes are of bakelite and the bottles have bakelite screw tops. You can get these boxes at the big stores, and they cost 37s. 6d. Women in uniform can also get the "Helene" Clean-up Beauty Treatment for 5s.

IF you spent this winter in uniform you will have learnt by now that woollen undies, red flannel linings to coats and capes and fleecy lined waistcoats mean more to you than mink and sable.

At the stores there are good fleece-lined sleeveless waistcoats to wear with uniform. One is in suède leather and the other in poplin. Both have slit pockets and fasten right up to the round neckline. Both are lined with softest fleece. The suède leather is shown in beige, air force blue and navy, and costs 52s. 6d. The poplin is 35s. 6d. and comes in grey and also in navy.

There also you will find khaki cardigans in lambswool for 25s. 9d., and botany wool pullovers with sleeves which cost 25s. 9d., sleeveless 18s. 9d. These are in khaki, air force blue and navy. Khaki socks cost 2s. 6d., thick wool ribbed stockings are 6s. 11d.

The most sensible khaki uniform shirt I have seen is in union taffeta, made with two collars. This particular material is uncrushable and the shirt costs 21s. 9d.

No mess No waste Cleans Best Lasts Longest

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Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/-

Prices U.K. only

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★

RENDELLS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCTS

APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ SOLD BY CHEMISTS

Off Duty

WHEN a blonde is blonder than she was born her complexion tone is apt to give her away by remaining several shades darker than the colour of her hair would suggest. If you put a blonde make-up on a brunette's skin, or even on a mid-brunette's skin, you will add anything from ten to fifteen years to her age.

The only way to solve the problem is to get as much life as possible into your make-up. Richard Hudnut has brought out a new powder called "Apricot," which not only suits brunettes but will flatter the complexion of dark-skinned blondes. It is the newest newcomer to the "Three Flowers" powder series and you get a really large box for 1s. 3d.

HOW I wish that the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance courses taught people how to deal more efficiently with homely accidents. I know that the authorities think they do but they don't really concentrate enough on the importance of unexciting symptoms. This was brought home to me when my mother's cook poured a kettle of boiling water over her foot.

The housemaid had just taken her first-aid and home nursing exam., and so, of course, felt quite capable of dealing with the situation.

The scald did not look anything much to begin with but the cook poured olive oil over it before she could be stopped.

It never occurred to the Red Cross girl that this scald called for treatment for shock. She did a very smart piece of work with a bandage, and forty-eight hours later the cook was a very ill woman. They both got quite a shock when I explained that a burn a quarter that size on her chest would probably have killed her. They both were astonished when I told them that the patient should have been put to bed at once, kept very warm, given a hot-water bottle and a large cup of hot sweet tea, that instead of the oil they should have painted on the white of egg, let it dry, and painted on another layer, that the doctor should have been sent for immediately.

They now have a large tube of tannic acid jelly—every Boots shop sells it—which every one should have in the house, and it is to be hoped next time every one concerned will forget first aid and send for a doctor.

This case took five weeks to clear up and the patient had a rash from septic absorption for over ten days.

END

For April Appetites

(*Continued from page* 56)

Stewed hearts

This recipe was given to me by a woman cookery expert at the Ministry of Food, who thinks that although hearts are more usually stuffed and roasted, they are much nicer stewed. Having tried her recipe, I agree.

Ingredients are 2 sheeps' hearts, 2 small onions, 2 or 3 stalks of celery (or ¼ lb. mushrooms), 1 oz. dripping, 1 oz. flour, ¾ pint water or stock, salt and pepper. Wash the hearts well, and slice neatly. Melt fat, slice onions and fry till lightly browned. Dip the slices of heart in well-seasoned flour and fry until brown. Add water and cut-up celery (or peeled mushrooms, with their stalks). Cover, and stew gently for 1½ to 2 hours, either on top of the stove or in the oven.

Savoury forcemeat balls can be served with this if you like. Ox heart may be used, but it takes rather longer to cook.

New rhubarb pudding

Try stewing rhubarb with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. If you add sugar at the end of the cooking, you will find that only a little is needed. Stew ½ lb. rhubarb this way, and put it in a casserole dish. Have ready an egg and its weight in margarine, sugar, ground rice and flour. Cream the margarine and sugar, adding the beaten egg, ground rice and flour. Beat well together. Cover the rhubarb with the mixture. Bake in a quick oven for about half an hour.

END

Horrockses SHEETS

Pillow Cases and Towels are Best

To sleep between Horrockses sheets is a joy. Their soft smooth texture is an irresistible call to sleep. Their snowy whiteness, no fleeting thing, will make you feel proud of your choice.

Horrockses has been a household word since 1791. Put your faith in these products and you will never be disappointed.

Look for the Horrockses tab. It is your guarantee of quality.

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INSTANT beauty

The W.R.N.S.

FOR WOMEN IN WARTIME

There is one beauty-care which is always right. The care that makes the complexion instantly perfect, gives it a fresh, velvety bloom at a second's notice. And does more than that besides! Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is not only the make-up-in-a-moment cream. It *protects* the complexion on outdoor duties, *revives* its own natural beauty as well. The quick cream, the cream that's always on guard for your loveliness.

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades. Tubes 6d.— Mirror-fitted Jars 1/— Dressing Table Jars 2/6

POTTER & MOORE'S
POWDER CREAM

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Kill the roots by a natural method not a depilatory, not electrolysis. Send for my HOME TREATMENT, 13/- Postage abroad 2/6 extra.

Treatment at my Rooms from 10/6.

HELEN LAWRENCE, *Phone: Western 4518*
81 Earl's Court Road, Kensington, W.8

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

Try Champs

(*Continued from page* 57)

over the melted margarine and about half a teaspoonful of salt and the ginger. Knead in enough flour to make a paste. This should be elastic; don't kneed too much. Roll out, cut into triangular pieces and brown on both sides, using a hot girdle or thick iron frying pan. (The solid hot plate of an electric stove is suitable, too.)

A variation of this is potato apple cake. For this the potato and flour mixture is rolled out and made into a round, which is cut into four triangular pieces. Slices of raw apple are put on two of the pieces. The other two triangles are added on top, and the edges are sealed by pinching. The cakes are then baked brown in the oven.

When ready, the cakes are cut round the side so that the top can be turned back. Now sugar is put in, also knobs of butter (margarine will do). Back go the top coverings, and the cakes are returned to the oven until butter and sugar are melted.

END

Slick, Ribbed Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 49)

until work measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Work 1 in. without shaping. Then continue until 13 ins. from cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row, at armhole edge, until 60 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (Wrong Side of Work Facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows, work 5½ ins. on the remaining 48 sts.

SHAPE NECK (Right Side of Work Facing)

Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of next row, at neck edge. Work 1½ ins. on the remaining sts. decreasing 1 st. every row, at neck edge, until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (Wrong Side of Work Facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 5 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 9 needles, cast on 60 sts., work 5 ins. in patt., dec. 1 st. at end of every 4th row (at armhole edge). Work 1 in. without shaping. Then continue until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. at end of every 4th row, at armhole edge, until 60 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (Right Side of Work Facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 3 armhole end rows, work 5½ ins. on the remaining 48 sts.

SHAPE NECK (Wrong Side of Work Facing)

Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge. Then work 1½ ins. on the remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge, until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (Right Side of Work Facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles, cast on 84 sts., work 5 ins. in patt. Then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row, until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron, and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves, arranging fullness to the top of shoulders. With double wool, work 2 rows of double crochet down each front and round neck. Leave 11 loops down right side for buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

END

THAT EXPENSIVE WAVE

Is it worth a penny to save it?

'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness! 'Danderine' will also keep your hair in place after a shampoo.

Use 'Danderine' every day — every time you comb your hair — to be *sure* of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing not only that it *is clean* but that it really *looks* clean. To know that it will stay as you arranged it and that no dandruff will appear.

You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. It's no trouble. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists, stores and hairdressers 1/3, 2/6 & 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

THE MODEST VIOLET
is *your* loss

THERE was once a wonderful commodity. It would have made your housekeeping much, much easier. It would have done the children a world of good. It would have saved you a lot of money. And yet, because it hung its head and never even mentioned its name above a whisper, you never heard about it. You never learnt what it could do for you. You never even knew what you were missing. . . . How unkind of that modest commodity! Nowadays, thank goodness, good goods ring bells and fire off guns to call attention to their shining! Thank goodness for advertising!

READ ADVERTISEMENTS AND PROFIT BY THEM!

Issued by the Advertising Association

War on dingy Teeth

Sound White Teeth

are half-the-battle

Your teeth play an important part in helping you to "win through!" Keep them sparkling white by using this new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' by its action in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth—especially smokers. Try the only toothpaste that contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they become a natural white—and stay white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' is the dentifrice to do it every time. Get a tube today. *If you have a relative or friend in the "Services" include a tube in your next parcel.*

6d., 10½d. and 1/6. Sold everywhere.

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★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

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ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

Cartols: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

With Fluffy Yoke and Cuffs

(Continued from page 49)

LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 82 sts. Work 10 ins. main patt.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (Right side facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 4 armhole end rows, work 2 ins. on remaining sts., cast off.

BELT

With double wool and No. 13 needles, cast on 16 sts. Rib 28 ins. K. 1, p. 1. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row, until 6 sts. remain. Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 90 sts. Rib 6 rows, k. 1, p. 1.

7th row: P. twice into every st.** Change to No. 8 needles, work 10 rows, main patt. Change to No. 13 needles.

11*th row:* K. 2 tog. to end.

12*th to* 15*th rows:* Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib **.

16*th row:* P. twice into every st. Repeat from ** to ** for 3 patts. working 16 rows of last patt. in k. 1, p. 1 rib (90 sts), end on last row of patt.

Change to No. 10 needles, and work in main patt. for 7 ins., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row, until 110 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGING

With No. 13 needles cast on 14 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Make a buttonhole. Rib 4 sts., cast off 6 sts., rib 4 sts.

Next row: Rib 4 sts., cast on 6 sts., rib 4 sts. Make 4 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Rib until 36 ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off.

BACK YOKE

With No. 13 needles, cast on 33 sts., work as for the lower edge of sleeve, for 7 patts. Work the 16th row of last patt. in k. 1, p. 1 rib (33 sts.). Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT YOKE

With No. 13 needles, cast on 33 sts. Work as for the lower edge of sleeves for 2 patts. Work rows 1 to 10 of 3rd patt. Change to No. 13 needles, rib 4 rows (k. 1, p. 1). Cast off.

LEFT FRONT YOKE

Work as for right front yoke.

TO MAKE UP

Press body, and the top of sleeves. Sew yokes to top of jumper. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves. Sew edgings to fronts and back of neck. Sew belt to lower edge, arranging fullness evenly. Work buttonholes, sew on buttons. Sew buckle to belt.

NOTE—(Page 49) should read as follows :

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 2 inches on remaining sts. Cast off.

END

Magic Eyes of the Air

(Continued from page 19)

a few hundred feet to six miles. Facing snow and sleet, with numbed fingers pressed on camera buttons, plastered with enemy artillery, our non-stop cameramen have visited Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, the Ruhr, Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven. Some of these flights were short hops, others covered over 1000 miles. Within a month of the outbreak of war, our chiefs of staff were in possession of a complete detailed map of the Siegfried Line. That was the *(Continued on page 100*

THE GAY-WAY TO HEALTH

LADY URSULA STEWART is a great believer in Plain Martini Vermouth as a prelude to the meal. She finds it gives zest to the food and keeps one slim.

Martini Vermouth is a glorious rich wine that has that "certain something" other wines haven't got—natural aromatic herbs! Herbs that aid digestion and help to keep one bright and cheery. Herbs that act as a tonic on stomach, kidneys and liver—the secret of a youthful figure and complexion. Yes, a plain Martini Vermouth is pleasant and stimulating from the first sip.

MARTINI *Vermouth*

Product of Martini & Rossi-Torino

DRY OR SWEET

DRINK IT NEAT

★ *Refuse Inferior Substitutes—look for the Martini label*

MV41b

A HARLEY STREET TREATMENT

for

WOMEN

in the

FORTIES

MIDDLE-AGE MISERIES BANISHED

Your Doctor Approves

If you are in the throes of the most difficult and dangerous period of a woman's life—between 40 and 50—if you are suffering intense pain and anxieties of mind because of **SUDDEN HOT FLUSHES, PERSPIRATION, NERVES, PALPITATION, HEADACHES, ITCHING, GIDDINESS, EAR NOISES, INSOMNIA, WAR NERVES,** etc., you should know that it is now possible to end all such troubles permanently and safely. You can read all about this remarkable advance of medical science in a new book, ***"THE CRISIS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE,"*** written by a prominent women's doctor, which explains fully why suffering is so intense at this time of life, why the body becomes fat in lumps and rolls, etc. This book points the way to a complete cessation of all troubles due to the "Changing Years."

MENOPAX

Ends Women's Middle-age Suffering

This remarkable treatment has brought within the reach of all women what was hitherto a costly specialist's treatment. It gives women in the "change" new health, new courage, hope and youthful energy, and also takes years off their age. Menopax brand Tablets are now obtainable in three sizes, **3/6, 5/- (nearly twice the quantity), 10/6** (four times the quantity), from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all chemists (or direct post paid). **You can obtain "The Crisis in a Woman's Life" from any branch of "BOOTS" the Chemists, also Timothy Whites and Taylors, FREE, or for two penny stamps, direct from: Clinical Products, Ltd. (227a), Furnival House, 14-18 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.**

camera's reply to the years of secret preparation that the Nazis had put in on their line of fortifications.

To give some idea of the skill and daring involved in this reconnaissance work I should like to show you over the planes themselves and the studios where negatives are developed, printed and pieced together to form maps, complete to the last millimetre.

We have come a long way from the days when pilots sat in open cockpits and worked their cameras by hand. The aerial sleuth of 1940 has an automatic camera which can take 125 pictures on one strip of film without having to be reloaded. He doesn't have to reload or focus his camera throughout the patrol; his job is to fly straight, work out the speed and direction of the wind and adjust the exposure interval. The slightest distortion may ruin a whole set of plates.

IN cold print all this sounds rather dull and mechanical, but there are thrills in plenty for our camera patrols. It is not so long since a New Zealand pilot limped home with one wing practically shot off and the 'plane fabric peeling like an artichoke. Another, bound for Heligoland, was greeted with "onions" and pom-pom shells until he seemed to be spinning in an inferno of red, black and orange smoke. But there was no question of giving up until the last foot of film had been shot. Defying the A.A. guns, our pilot zig-zagged until his ship was still lower and his precious film clicked at the correct angle. Riddled by machine-gun bullets and with ice and snow on the wings and fuselage, the 'plane hobbled back to our lines.

To read the laconic reports of some of the pilots you would scarcely credit the kind of conditions encountered by these gallant men. Only those who understand aviation will appreciate what lies behind such a bald report as this one:

"Weather conditions extremely bad. Slow-moving cold covered much of the operational area, giving conditions of dense cloud from 700 to 15,000 feet. The freezing level was 10,000 feet and thunderstorms were widespread."

QUITE recently, an act of incredible heroism was performed during a high altitude flight, with the temperature twenty degrees below zero. The photography had been successfully carried out and the 'plane was making its way back when it was swept by A.A. fire. Seeing that the gunner was badly wounded, the observer tried to reach him by making his way through a narrow aperture inside the fuselage. To do so he had to throw off his parachute harness, life jacket and leather jerkin. Stripped to his underwear and half-frozen with cold, he wormed his way to the side of his comrade, dressed the wound and stayed with him until they reached their landing field.

But it requires more than courage to handle a reconnaissance craft to the fullest advantage. The delicate equipment demands skilful handling and the ability to think quickly in an emergency. The camera is in itself a triumph of ingenious craftsmanship. Powerful lenses used to be a Swiss or German monopoly but, to-day, British manufacturers are producing a miracle lens that can photograph an area of fifty miles from a height of 25,000 feet. From the cameras examined in wrecked Nazi planes, we can say with safety that our products are equal to Germany's best.

The camera used on a reconnaissance flight is fitted to the floor and sides of the 'plane

Magic Eyes of the Air

and mechanically operated from an electric motor or a control on the dashboard. Weighing about 40 lb., it is loaded, ready for use, and fitted into the frame. This nine-lensed monster "can do anything but talk," I was assured by a proud aviator. From the lowly depths of my humble amateur status—my vest-pocket camera represents the limit of my photographic powers!—I had to agree. I could only gape and marvel at an instrument that works "by itself," uses a 2.9 lens and develops its negatives before the 'plane has grounded.

What else can this mighty weapon do? Although its full potentialities have not even yet been developed the aerial camera is already established as the most important strategic weapon in modern warfare. This magic camera can photograph a U-boat slinking below the surface. Gun tracks and blast marks, however carefully camouflaged, leap out to the lens. Panchromatic plates and infra-red rays defeat the choicest colour designs of the camouflage experts. Through these plates the most unobtrusive tints of green appear black.

Rapid exposure has made night photography both possible and practical. A flare, working with a photo-electric cell, opens and shuts the shutter as required and permits aerial photography by night. Contrary to popular belief, moonlight is not enough.

ALTHOUGH such marked progress had been made in lens speeds, the weather is still the decisive factor and cloud remains the one big blot on the photographer's landscape! On a clear day he may take 100 perfect pictures from a height of 30,000 feet. A few hours later he may be risking his life for a few distorted plates and "blanks." Cloud not only spoils his film but may actually mislead him by throwing shadows over the territory and distorting the whole terrain.

To assist pilots the "blonde" is consulted. This is not some gifted soothsayer, but a long fair strand of hair which is placed in the hydrograph and attached to a pencil. If the atmosphere is dry the hair contracts and lifts the pencil; if there is humidity in the air the "blonde" slackens and directs the pencil on a downward course.

It is a mistake to suppose that these camera patrolmen have to be photographic wizards. In actual fact, the crew rarely understand the technical side—that is left to the ground staff. Once the camera is actually fitted, it works like a robot. The pilot and his observer are only concerned with flying their ship on a level keel and at a steady speed and height. Bad weather and enemy artillery make this job anything but a picnic for navigators.

Before the reconnaissance 'plane takes off, her pilot has carefully studied the country which he is to photograph in detail—if he is lucky! The camera is ready for action and a spare magazine is handy in case he wishes to reload. Everything is in position except the shutter. Up climbs the machine to the required height over the territory that is to be photographed. Shrewd eyes dwell patiently on the sensitive instruments which indicate the velocity and direction of the wind. Once they have gauged their height and the speed at which they are moving, the signal "go ahead" is passed to the photographer. His job is to determine the "shutter interval" or the period which must be allowed between exposures.

THE camera fires at fixed intervals every few seconds, but the aperture is so adjusted that, as the plane moves on, over half of the last picture is "shot" once again. This overlapping is essential because duplicate pictures of enemy territory may be useful for other purposes than bombing raids.

When the exposure interval has been worked out the camera is started by remote control from a panel close to the observer's seat. The robot is now in possession, exposing the film, winding it through and resetting the shutter. On and on clicks the film past the lens. Up to 150 pictures can be taken in this way without (*Continued on page* 102)

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any one in the plane lifting a finger!

With infinite caution the pilot keeps his ship dead level. The slightest spin while the film is being taken may distort it beyond recognition and necessitate another dangerous flight over the same territory. Back and forth they must fly, photographing the same piece of country from several angles. If danger looms and they have to put on speed suddenly the man at the camera must be told at once in order that he may adjust his shutter. But, whatever the speed, it is all-important to keep steady when the red light warns the pilot that another exposure is due.

Whatever happens, the men in that plane have but one thought—to keep going until every foot of film has passed the lens. Only then is the task complete. Some of these dare-devil photographers often find it difficult to keep out of a scrap, but they have strict instructions to avoid heroics and carry on calmly with the job in hand. Already, in these early days, we have had wonderful testimony to the spirit of the men who board our reconnaissance planes. There was the pilot who encountered a vicious A.A. barrage over one of Germany's big towns. At 15,000 feet he could have climbed still higher for safety, but the enemy gunfire merely stimulated him. Grinning like a schoolboy who has safely slipped out of bounds he swooped to 4,000 feet while the shells screamed frenziedly round his machine. Click, click went the film. It seemed to provoke him to undertake the last stage in this suicide hop. Down he dropped until he was only 1,000 feet above the ground. There the plane hovered for a few deafening seconds until the observer nodded. The job was done. With another cheeky grin, the pilot spat his wad of chewing gum into the German city and soared away towards our lines.

NOT all our men come back safely. Practically in ribbons a British plane slumped wearily over the landing field. She was long overdue and we had given her up. As the ground staff rushed across to her they were surprised to see nobody get out. The pilot was dead, riddled with bullets. In the cockpit sat the observer, also dead. His body was still warm. He must have died from his wounds as he made his landing. A few feet away was the camera, still intact and loaded with some excellent shots of Hitler's Germany.

Within a few hours the R.A.F. was given an opportunity to hit back on the same lines. Constantly on guard beside their precious detectors, our men suddenly "trapped" the sound of enemy engines. Thousands of feet above the aerodrome a lonely Messerschmitt was looking for a suitable platform from which to photograph the field and surrounding territory. Hastily stubbing out his cigarette, a young pilot fighter hopped into his plane. In a couple of minutes he had covered the twenty miles that separated him from his quarry. Foxing him stealthily behind a bank of cloud he climbed steadily higher until he was within easy range. He then pumped 400 bullets into the Nazi plane which caught fire like a pile of shavings and screamed to the ground in its death agony.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that reconnaissance work begins or ends with the pilots and observers. Much must be done before they can go off on their photographic raids, much more before the full harvest of their work is reaped. The backbone of every reconnaissance triumph is the patient and skilful ground staff which is trained for several months at an R.A.F. school before it is qualified to deal with the technical side of these flights. Upon these men falls the task of loading the cameras, adjusting the delicate shutters and "processing" the films. Their portable developing and printing apparatus is a model of up-to-date

Magic Eyes of the Air

equipment. With their dark rooms on wheels, heating and drying apparatus and duplicating machines they are in a position to print and distribute pictures within a few minutes of the landing.

Not that this side of the business is always a mechanical or straightforward process! There are times when much delicate adjustment is necessary on the part of the photographic staff. Variations of weather, light and speed may produce distortions which will have to be rectified before the photographs can be of any service to the intelligence staff. Armed with the data supplied by the pilot and observer, and with the instruments before them, the staff can make the necessary allowances for film that has been faultily exposed; thus distorted plates are saved from the scrap heap.

But even when pilot, observer and developer have each completed their individual job the most vital part of the business still remains. The complete map has to be assembled from scores of prints. As soon as the reconnaissance men land after a raid they go at once to a certain room at wing headquarters. Here, while memory is fresh, they are closely cross-examined by an intelligence officer who is anxious to know if they have spotted anything suspicious while they were flying over enemy territory. With his keen probing mind he is often able to find significance in some small detail that seemed unimportant to the man at the controls.

While the aviators go off to relax for a few days before "going over the top" once again their plates are developed and carefully examined under high-powered lenses. Every detail is scrutinised by men who understand military strategy and have made a long study of map reading. These intelligence officers may spend hours poring over their maps and bringing them up to date. Unerring accuracy in this field will save the lives of thousands of men when a major offensive is launched.

At last all is ready for mosaic plotting. From numerous strips of overlapping film a complete plan of the photographed area is skilfully pieced together and duplicate copies prepared. When the jig-saw puzzle is completed the experts once again meet in the projecting room and examine the latest chart through powerful epidiascopes. Magnified enormously, a patch of Nazi Germany offers its latest secrets.

WE have advanced far indeed from the old hand-operated aerial cameras but, if I read the signs correctly, many sensational developments are just around the corner. Already there is a strong possibility that television may prove the trump card in modern warfare. Not long ago, a pilot flew a reconnaissance plane over Washington, equipped with a television set. He was able to photograph a man walking in a field over 200 miles away! There can be no doubt that once certain technical difficulties are removed television apparatus will prove of enormous value for military communication. Whole battalions will be kept in contact with each other by pilots in control of powerful television sets. Not the least comforting feature of this new development is the recognised fact that Britain still leads the world in the television field.

Meanwhile, our gallant airmen go out day after day, braving the elements and anything that enemy artillery has to offer. Critics may grumble that the war is not exciting enough, but these reconnaissance men know that in spotlighting enemy targets for our soldiers, sailors and bombers they are doing invaluable service. When the history of this strange war comes to be written I am sure that an honourable place will be found for those unassuming "eyes" of the R.A.F.—the camera patrols.

END

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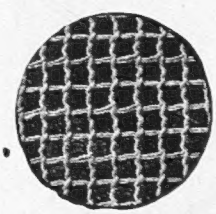

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